THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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March '74

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Mike Douglas:
Love In The Afternoon

by Starkey Flythe, Jr.

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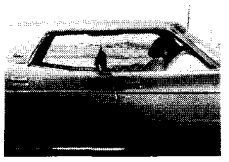

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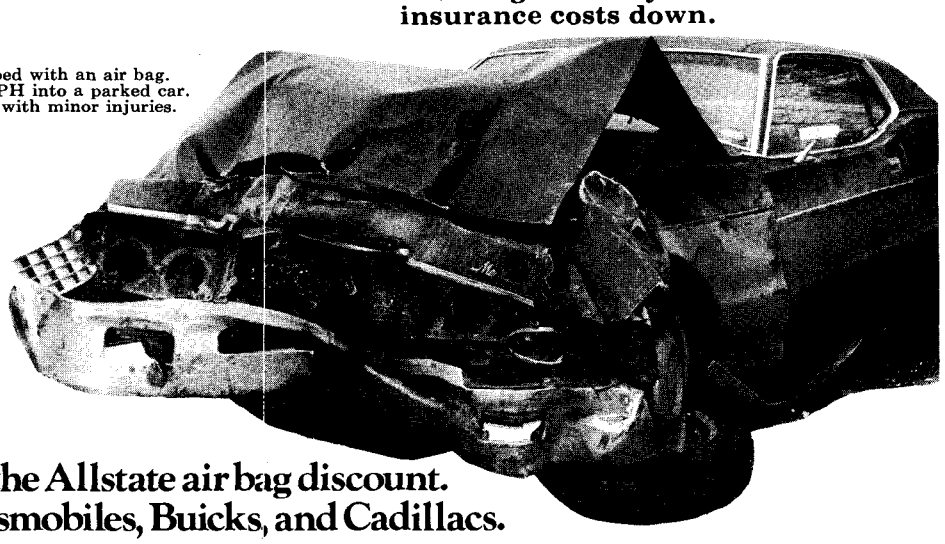

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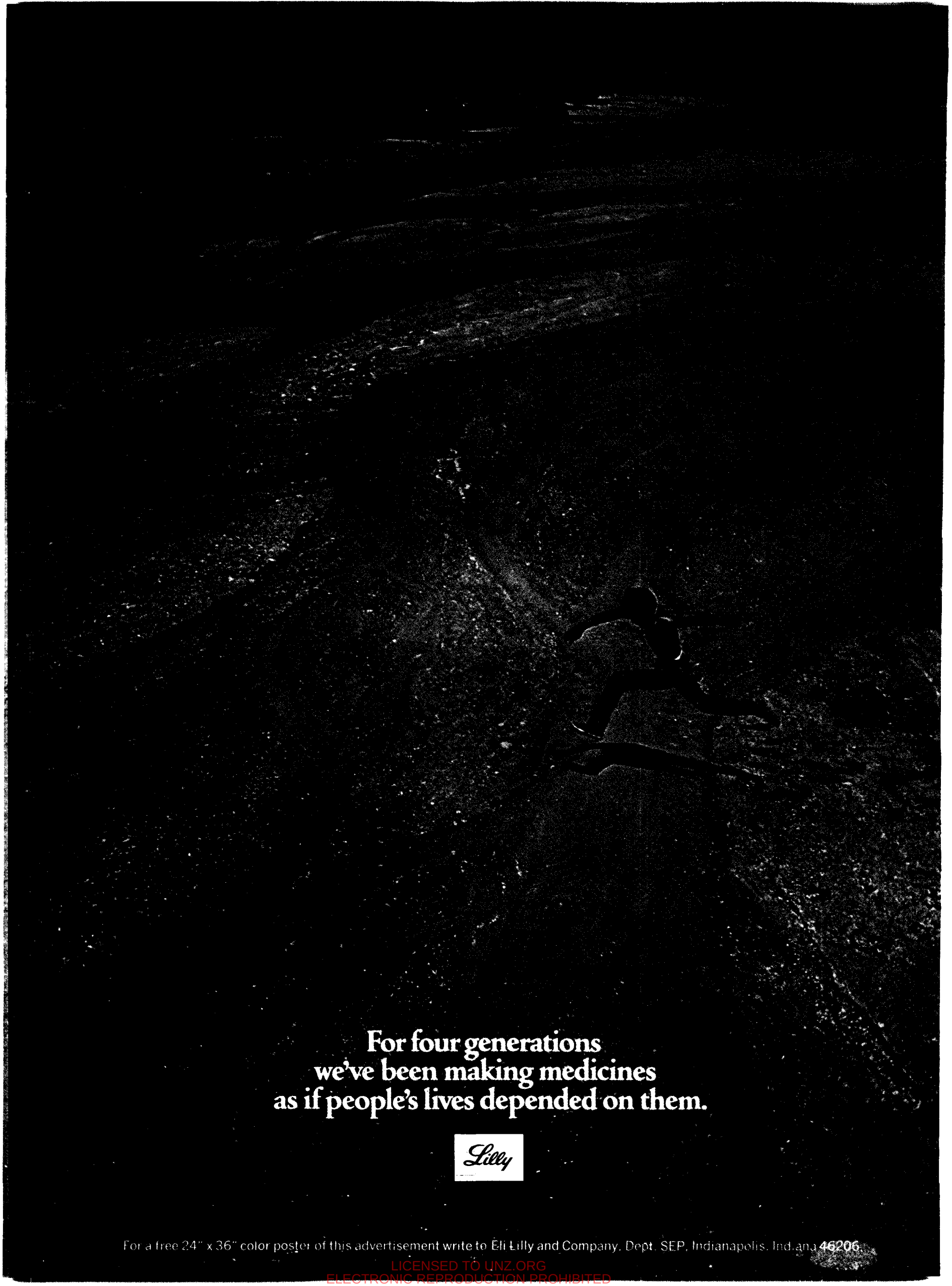

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Magazine of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness

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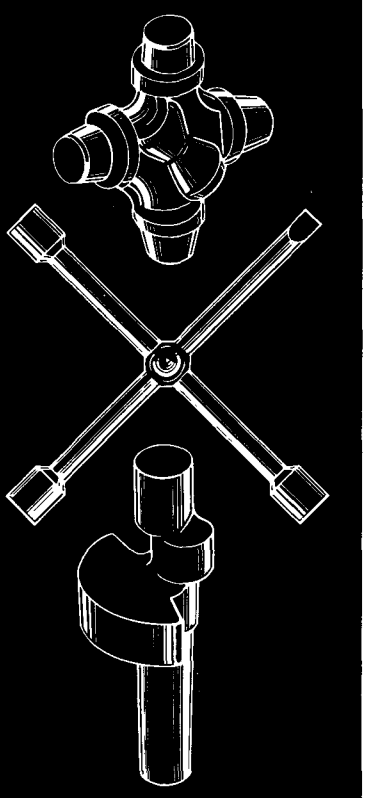

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Letters to the Editor

The Importance of Being Earnest

Your articles by Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban and Egyptian Information Officer Mahmoud Amr (November/December) were interesting and enlightening. Both men share an earnest desire for peace, since greed, prejudice and corruption are the devilish instruments that threaten to destroy mankind.

This prompts me to suggest that during these troubled and uneasy times, these two sensibly written articles should be thoroughly read, digested and remembered by all our world politicians at the conference tables and summit meetings. For it is an undeniable fact that, were it left to the average man and woman of *any* country, nations would never wage war against one another.

Charles Clement Haimo
New York, New York

Leyendecker Lingers

My thanks for the Leyendecker portfolio and splendid article (May/June '73). He was always my favorite cover artist and for years I saved my most admired covers until they became tattered. Washington parading at Valley Forge, Robert E. Lee mounted on a Traveller more magnificent than the real horse. And all the New Year babies. Leyendecker was good with animals, especially dogs, and I loved the red-and-white cow who broke up the family picnic with all four feet planted on the tablecloth.

Would copyrights allow reprinting one of the Thomas Beer stories? Besides "Mrs. Egg and Adam" there was a youth with total recall—closing his eyes, he could call up any subconscious memory. And an old Hudson River patriarch his family called "The Sachem." I would also delight in re-reading Ben Ames Williams's fraternity stories. And a Mary Roberts Rinehart "Tish" Carberry classic.

Inez L. Miller
Sherburne, New York

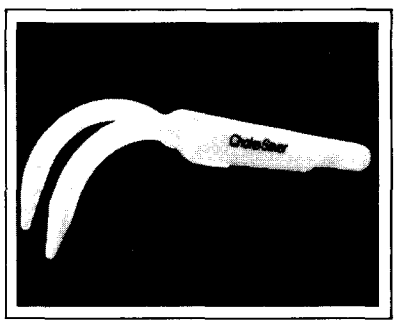
Lifesaver

For the most personal of reasons I wish to thank Dr. SerVaas and the unnamed airline stewardess for the publicity given to strangulation by food and its emergency treatment (November/December).

One of my best friends choked to death on a piece of meat. He enjoyed every moment of living and I was not at hand to save his life. I am sure he would want as much publicity as possible given to the emergency treatment of this very common catastrophe.

My sorrow and feeling of loss was increased by the fact that a few days before his death, I performed an emergency lifesaving tracheotomy upon another person who was choking to death.

If, after following Dr. SerVaas's excellent advice in "Medical Mailbox," a tracheotomy is still necessary, some further comments might be helpful. Tracheotomy is one of the easiest surgical procedures. Anyone with average mental stability and firmness can do it. As an army medical officer, I used to teach the procedure to enlisted corpsmen since battle injuries frequently shut off upper air passages. Fortunately we had a device which facilitated and expedited the procedure. In simple language it might be described as a curved spike, sharply pointed at one end with a handle on the other, fitting snugly into a metal tube with the same curvature. Together they are pushed into the windpipe and the spike withdrawn, leaving the tube in place. Such a tracheal trocar is obtainable from any large surgical supply house. If I were an airline steward I would not be without one.



Editor's Note: Above is a device similar to the "tracheal trocar" described in Horace Doty's letter.

One should not fear hurting a person in need of emergency tracheotomy. He is unconscious because of anoxia. When I use a knife, I prefer to cut the first cartilage ring which is just below the cricoid cartilage as shown in Dr. SerVaas's sketch. With a short midline incision, this decreases the patient's alarm when he tries to swallow, and causes little prolonged bleeding and very little scarring.

Horace W. Doty
Salt Lake City, Utah

More Than the Promise of a Happy Youth

In your excellent article on the city of Heidelberg (January/February) there is a sentence, "Heidelberg's attraction is its age."

I myself happen to be at an age when the years cease to be an attraction, and hence I was alerted in this article far less by the castles and the beer, pleasant enough in their own way, than by the information that cell therapy is available in Heidelberg which can revitalize man's human organs through an injection of sheep cells.

I am anxious to learn more of the scientific aspects of this treatment. I have no aversion whatsoever to enhancing both my memory and general stamina, a possibility mentioned in the article, since I am beginning to confess to myself that my store of both these attributes is diminishing, although my need for them is not. Can you suggest how I may learn more of this medical treatment?

William A. Manheimer
Chicago, Illinois

Information may be obtained by directing a request to The International Cell Therapy Association, Bergstrasse 55, 69 Heidelberg, Germany.

Prophets, With and Without Honor

Jeane Dixon (September/October) may claim to be a prophetess, but in my seventy-six years I have seen many prophets and prophetesses come and go, and I have yet to see one prove his or her case. My experience with prophets dates from the time of Babson, the financial wizard who predicted a rosy economy one month and a depression the next.

I might mention one other prophet, AFL-CIO President George Meany, who has predicted so many things about President Nixon—especially the one in which he said Mr. Nixon would turn out to be a dangerous man. Now, Mr. Nixon brought our boys home, ended the war in Vietnam and prevented a war with Russia by having the guts to tell the Russians off. How dangerous is President Nixon?

W.A. Simunich
Phoenix, Arizona

Unfilled Footsteps

I am a compulsive reader. I have spent many hours reading the *Post* when I really should have been studying or working. I missed the *Post* when it folded and was waiting in line when it came back, but alas; the *Post* now wishes to educate instead of entertain.

I miss the great stories by C. S. Forester, James Warner Bellah, Borden Chase, William Chamberlain, Nordhoff and Hall; the lesser ones by Leslie Ford, Luke Short, Ernest Haycox and even the long-winded Mr. Kelland. I miss the whimsical stories about Mr. Tutt and the fantasies about Millard the Mallard.

I don't really like to read long detailed word pictures of the garbage-filled streets in the ghetto or the garbage-filled minds of psychopaths. I can find reality on my own doorstep.

John Cheever, John O'Hara, John Updike, Vonnegut, Jr., Joan Didion? I get them all mixed up. They write like English instructors who caught a glimpse of the outside world and felt they must tell someone that it existed. While I'm picking on people, let me unload my other two pet peeves: those first person accounts of (1) "I crossed the Atlantic in a thirty-foot dinghy" and (2) "I was secretary (nursemaid, butler, footman, etc.) to Jackie (Caroline, John-John, Queen Elizabeth, Prince Charles, etc.)."

John L. Davis
Nicolaus, California

"The Four Hundred"

In "The Femininity Game" (November/December) Thomas Boslooper violates the most basic rules of logic and scientific reasoning. Without defining his terms he makes the flat statement that "most women are losers." Ignoring the proven biological and psychological differences between men and women, the writer tries to lead us to his preconceived conclusions that women are "losers" because they are not like men, and that they are not like men because their parents and culture have forced them into the mold of femininity.

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After conducting interviews with 400 women, this "counselor to women with problems" has convinced himself that, because of their femininity, most women have serious problems (and, by implication, that because of their masculinity most men do not have serious problems). He asks his readers to believe that any woman who is finding fulfillment and satisfaction in her role as wife and mother is simply a victim of delusion.

If a heart specialist should draw the conclusion that because all the patients referred to him were suffering from heart disease, therefore everybody must have something wrong with his heart, that specialist would soon be the laughingstock of his profession!

Quoting Adam Smith, Boslooper implies that a woman must choose one of only two "games" to play with her life: men or money. He makes no mention of the "service game" as a possibility for either men or women. And his only reference to love is the cynical statement that love is the "reward" offered to a woman for "conforming to a stereotype."

Velma DeVries
Belvidere, South Dakota

Which Came First—the Chicken or the Post?

I took the *Post* for years and years! Back during Depression years I paid for my subscriptions with things grown on the farm. Sometimes it was a couple of old hens. Sometimes two or three gallons of sorghum, or a few jars of home-canned fruit or vegetables—or a gallon or two of home-rendered lard. The young (usually) men would take almost anything.

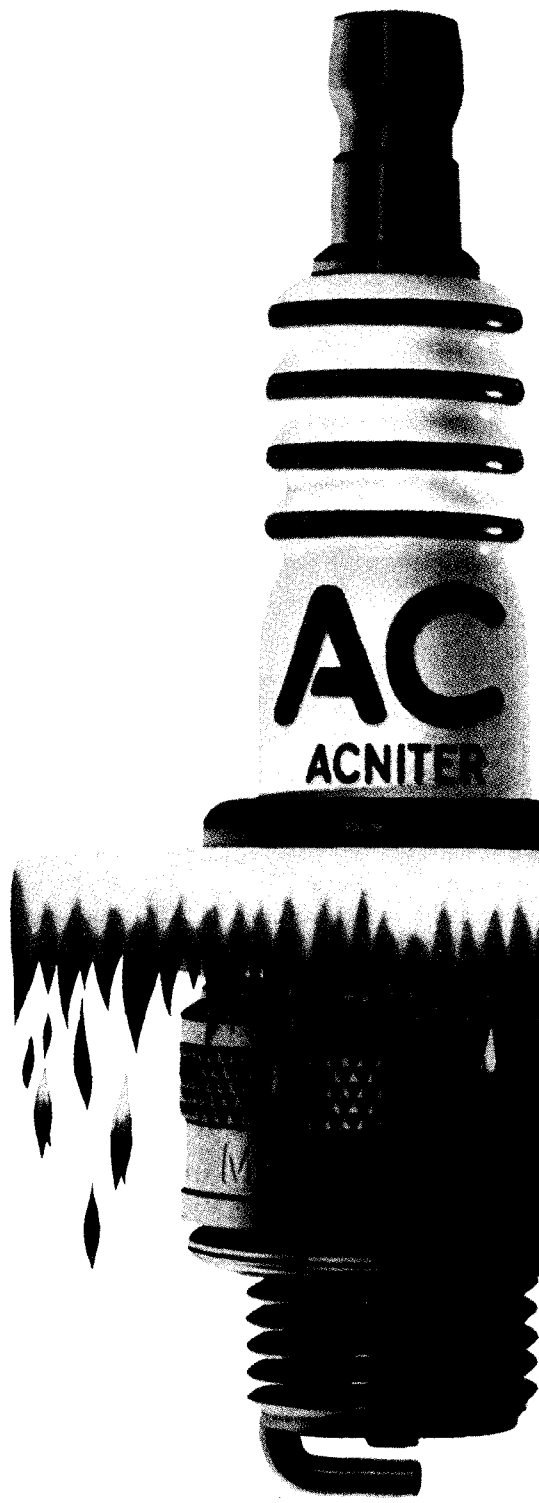
And oh, how I did enjoy reading the *Post*! Many is the time I'd come in so tired from work on the farm, I would think I could hardly keep going. But the *Post* had come in the mail and it was like "a shot in the arm." Chores were hurried through, children put to bed, then oh, blessed rest—with the *Post*, and it was read by light of a kerosene lamp.

Our children grew up with the *Post* and were considered sort of "smart" at school, because of their exposure to and "absorption" of the contents of the *Post*.

Somehow we managed to get them through high school, then on to college and into nurse's training. And it was along about there I had to let my subscription drop, with two in high school and two in college at the same time, and only an old upland farm to wrest our income from. But I managed to pick up a *Post* here and there. Friends of ours might have a copy or two around their house, and they were always glad to lend them to me. The issues might be late, but never old.

Mrs. H.T. Williams
Waveland, Arkansas

Tune-up America WITH... AC



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HOW'RE YOU GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE RUHR AFTER THEY'VE SEEN PAREE?

The European worker carries a lunchbox in one hand and a suitcase in the other.

By Otto von Habsburg

During a long strike by Germany's air security personnel, I was standing not long ago between two trains at the railway station in Cologne. Germany, like the rest of Europe, has seen its newsstands glutted with pornography, and I was curious to see who was buying it. At the newsstand in Cologne, traffic in pornography was brisk, but more interesting to me was the sale of newspapers in many languages. Within an hour I found that 40 percent of the papers sold were Turkish or Greek, while roughly 35 percent were either Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Serb or Croat. Only 25 percent were German.

The extraordinary sale of foreign newspapers reflects the shifting nationalism of the work force in the towns of industrialized Europe. Even in countries dominated by tradition, change is rapid. In Spain, for example, industry employs only domestic labor, but roadbuilding and construction attract an influx of Portuguese.

The mass migration set in gradually and attracted little notice until it had reached major proportions. For economic reasons the foreign workers came in successive waves. In an early phase Italians and Spaniards moved to Germany, France, Switzerland and, in fewer numbers, to Austria and the Scandinavian countries.

The movement of labor has spread beyond Europe; the traditional immigration from North Africa to France has vastly increased. Troubled conditions in Algiers and the expectation of trouble in Morocco are likely to tempt Arabs and Berbers to settlement in Europe. The reflux phenomenon, not uncommon in Spain and Italy, is unlikely to occur when political conditions are unsettled; Yugoslavs, for example, are more likely than natives of West Germany to remain in another country.

Turks are beginning to appear in Germany, the Benelux countries and, to a degree, Switzerland. Their movement is likely to extend to other areas of the Middle East, where advance groups have come from Jordan and Syria. Most of the newcomers are hardworking people, though the presence of the Palestinians in Germany has created grave political problems.

In this mass migration, now affecting more than six million people, two phases are discernible. In a first period only men and a few younger women appear. They are on temporary permits and they are required to return home; some of them do. Once communities have been created, however, families arrive and they bring a way of life with trades and services. The effect on the host country has deep social and political implications.

More often than not, a social problem is ignored until it becomes a social crisis. In the present instance public concern was aroused only when demagogues began to publicize and exploit the issue.

It is no accident that the first country to suffer was Great Britain. On the continent, until quite recently, we have imported mainly people with whom we had much in common, either Europeans or strongly Europeanized elements like the Algerians. In Britain, on the other hand, immigration came primarily from far away, such as Pakistan, the West Indies or areas of Black Africa. Here the cultural differences were greater, the feeling of an alien invasion stronger. This brought about the rise of Enoch Powell; he was followed in Switzerland by the controversial James Schwarzenbach. Similar occurrences were recently noted in France. Germany and Austria, so far at least, remain undisturbed.

The anti-foreign-labor groups are made up almost exclusively of the lower strata of the population, though their leaders, in Great Britain and in Switzerland, are men who belong to the intellectual and economic aristocracy of the country. This is understandable. People who compete with foreign labor for jobs are more likely to react than those without rivals—and the most articulate demagogues are the least likely candidates for menial employment.

At the other end of the spectrum leftist political leaders are trying to use foreign workers to foment revolution, since the workers are not fully integrated in society. The attempts are made mainly by Maoists and anarchists; official Communists, who are more careful, prefer the role of manipulator. Since February 1972 China has suspended all support of revolutionary movements in Europe. Bulgaria and East Germany, on behalf of the U.S.S.R., stepped into Peking's place. Moscow thus obtained expendable auxiliary forces for which it can disclaim all responsibility.

Quite apart from this political activity, foreign workers are beginning to understand their importance and to press for added demands, by strikes if necessary. What amounts to a social change should not be confused with extremism. Foreign workers, in general, want a higher standard of living, which means they don't want to upset the applecart. Furthermore, when the countries of origin look after their emigrants, people remain largely unmoved by agitators. The Spaniards, for example, enjoy social, cultural and religious help from home; recently, the same applies to Greeks. Workers from these countries most often ignore revolutionary slogans and advance more quickly in their jobs. They have fewer housing and social security problems than those foreign workers who are neglected by their official representatives.

A special political problem is presented by the Yugoslavs. Coming from a country with a modified form of Communism, they are for the most part strongly anti-Communist. In Germany, for instance, the emigré Croat publications, which are doubly expensive, outsell the government-sponsored papers by four to one.

The huge population movement creates serious problems. Beyond politics there is the question of housing and the transfer of people into already overcrowded areas. Even for the German worker who holds a prime job, life in the Ruhr is becoming difficult. I know quite a number of persons who, on paper, work seven hours a day. Yet their real work day is frequently twelve hours, since they spend five hours commuting. The newly arrived people, of course, live in the least desirable places. Objectively speaking, the housing problem in certain areas is virtually insoluble. In these places the establishment of new industries should be banned, because human dignity and industrial urban blight rarely coexist.

Local integration on questions such as housing, social security, and culture, is also an urgent need. Much has been achieved already; much, however, remains to be done. Of particular urgency is the question of education and language. Signposts along the highways of the continent are already in three or four languages. Schools, too, will have to adapt to the language of the new arrivals, and they have already made hopeful beginnings.

It bears repetition that integration is easiest when foreign labor stems from Europe or European culture. Present tensions should not be exaggerated. We had similar problems in Germany when millions of East Germans arrived, and we had them in France when the *pieds noirs* came back from Algeria. In both instances the problems resolved themselves in a short time with goodwill on all sides. We can expect as much today when demagogues are less likely to succeed.

Political rights are a secondary issue. True, political and union rights are important, especially after people have been integrated. Much more decisive, however, is the human social attitude.

The problem of migrant labor is a sign of the times. It is an element of industrial progress which will stay with us for a long period. The developments during the last decade do not justify widespread pessimism. We can solve our problems as preceding generations solved theirs. The question is primarily one of goodwill and understanding.

We will succeed if we remember the hard lessons of the decades between the World Wars and the terrible price we paid for racism.

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Q. When will I first hear from my child?
A. Just a few weeks after you become a sponsor, your child will write to you.

Q. How do I make my sponsorship payments?
A. You may send your check monthly or annually. You will receive a receipt, along with an identification card and envelope for use when you make your next gift. Your contributions are tax deductible.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated?
A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a non-profit organization. We work closely with missionaries of all faiths, welfare agencies and foreign governments, helping youngsters regardless of race or creed.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now?
A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 180,000 children are being assisted in 60 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. What benefits do the children receive from my help?
A. In general, children receive supplementary food, clothing, shelter, medical care, education, school supplies—and love. You will receive detailed information according to the country where your child lives and the type of Project.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child?
A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each Home is required to submit an annual audited statement.

Q. How long does a sponsorship last?
A. This is up to you. We realize your financial conditions may change, but we hope you will be able to continue for at least one year—and then as long as you wish.

Q. May I sponsor a child for less than $12 a month, and still receive the child's name, address and picture?
A. No, but you can become one of our contributors. Your gifts—large or small—will help provide emergency medical care, buy milk for abandoned babies, or help care for unsponsored children.

Q. May two people share a sponsorship?
A. Yes, and please give both names and addresses of persons sharing the expense of a sponsorship.

Q. May groups sponsor a child?
A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans?
A. No. Although many children have no parents, some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, serious illness of one or both parents, or parents just too poor to care for their children.

Q. Where do the children live who are being sponsored?
A. The child you sponsor may live in an orphanage, home for abandoned babies, school for the blind, hospital, nursing home, day care nursery or vocational training center. Or the child may be in one of our Family Helper Projects—a youngster with a widowed mother, impoverished parents or from a broken home. Your support will help keep the child with the family by helping supply food, clothing, school books, family guidance and a variety of services directed by a trained caseworker.

Q. How long do the children remain in the Home or Project?
A. This depends on the country but usually until they are 18. We do everything possible to see that they are equipped to make an adequate living before they go out on their own.

Q. Is it possible for sponsors to legally adopt the child they sponsor?
A. Many people want to take these needy children into their homes, but the majority of them cannot be legally adopted. In all cases it is necessary for the U. S. Immigration and State Welfare authorities to approve legal adoptions. CCF does not handle legal adoptions.

Q. May I visit my child?
A. Yes. Our Homes and Projects around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. Can my child visit me?
A. This decision must be left entirely with the superintendent. If allowed, all traveling expenses and responsibilities are assumed by the sponsor.

Q. Are my letters to the child censored?
A. Absolutely not. Your entire letter is given to the child along with a literal translation in the child's language.

Q. Which would you advise me to send? Packages or a money gift?
A. Money gifts are more practical because custom duties often equal several times the value of the package itself! Also goods purchased overseas usually cost less and will be the proper size.

Q. Should I always send a money gift through the Richmond Office?
A. Always! It would be extremely difficult for your child to cash a check or exchange currency. The total amount of your gift will be sent to the Home, along with your instructions for its use. This is a service provided for our sponsors, without any deduction for handling.

Q. Is CCF registered with any government agency?
A. Yes, CCF is registered with the U. S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, holding Registration No. 080.

Q. Where do I send my checks?
A. All contributions, whether sponsorship payments or money gifts for your child, should be sent to our Richmond Office and made payable to Christian Children's Fund.

She needs your love.

When this picture was taken, little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knew many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

But she had never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can help give children like Mie-Wen the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters, and create a bond of love between you and the child.

The cost? Only $12 a month. And your love is demonstrated in many practical ways . . . nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . school books . . . understanding housemothers.

In return you receive a personal history, photograph, plus a description of the Project where your child receives assistance. You can write to your child and your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Won't you help? Urgent requests come from overseas every day. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with children around the world.

Little Mie-Wen and children like her need your love—won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Philippines, Indonesia and Guatemala. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

(Country)_____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month.
I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.
I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.
☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

SA 7130

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HOW BIG ARE THE MULTINATIONALS

IS IBM REALLY BIGGER THAN CHILE?

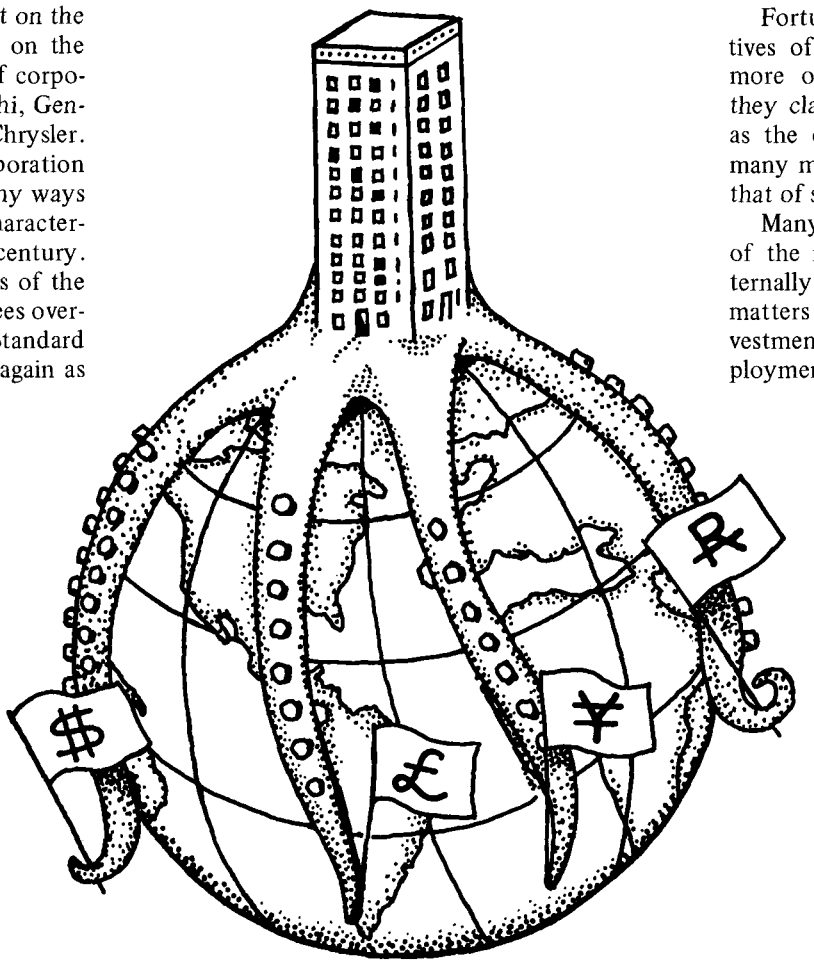
By Lester R. Brown

It was once said that the sun never set on the British Empire. Today the sun does set on the British Empire, but not on the scores of corporate empires including those of Mitsubishi, General Electric, Volkswagen, Unilever and Chrysler. The emergence of the multinational corporation as a dominant global institution, in many ways challenging the nation-state, is a novel characteristic of the last half of the twentieth century. Indeed, some have assumed the trappings of the nation-state. IT&T has far more employees overseas than the U.S. State Department. Standard Oil's six-million-ton tanker fleet is half again as large as that of the Soviet Union. General Motors is owned by more than a million stockholders, a group comparable to the population of Liberia. IBM's research and development budget is larger than the research budgets of all but a handful of nation-states.

The emergence of a large number of multinational corporations and their rapid growth since 1950 has put the larger ones on a par economically with a majority of the world's nation-states. A listing of countries and corporations according to gross national product and gross annual sales, respectively, affords a rough comparison of their relative economic strengths. The first twenty-two entries are nation-states ranging from the United States to Argentina. The twenty-third entry on the list is General Motors, with gross annual sales of $24.3 billion. Its sales are larger than the GNP of Switzerland or Pakistan. Standard Oil and Ford, ranking twenty-seventh and twenty-ninth, are sandwiched between the Republic of South Africa and Austria. Of the top 100 entries in the merged list, fifty-nine are nation-states and forty-one are multinational corporations.

The nation-state and the multinational are the two dominant institutions in the world of the late twentieth century. In some ways these two institutions are quite similar, in others quite different. The nation-state is primarily a political institution, the multinational an economic one. Behavior of the first is decided in large measure by the ballot box, and of the second by the marketplace. Neither of these two institutions acts solely in the public interest. Response to the electorate in the democratic nation-state is often strongly modified by the influence of the special-interest groups. This is particularly true where restrictions on campaign funding are lax, as in the United States. The multinational not only responds to the marketplace, but through its Madison Avenue style of advertising it attempts to create and shape consumer tastes and wants.

The nation-state and the multinational are similar in that both engage in long-term economic planning and both allocate resources—financial, human and natural resources. Planning in



the nation-state is geographical in character, relating to its territorial confines. The multinational is often global in scope but confined to a particular industry or sector, such as pharmaceuticals, automobiles or food processing.

The nation-state uses the budget mechanism along with a wide array of economic policies both to directly allocate and to indirectly influence the use of resources. Multinationals formulate a global strategy and in the process make decisions on where to procure raw materials and components, in which capital markets to seek financing, where to locate plants, offices and research laboratories, and in which parts of the world to concentrate marketing efforts.

For the past few centuries the world has been neatly divided into a set of independent, sovereign nation-states, including in some cases their colonial extensions. With the emergence of literally hundreds of multinational or global corporations, this organization of the world into mutually exclusive political entities is now being overlaid by a network of economic institutions, creating a complex political-economic matrix. Within this matrix there is often overlap between countries and corporations in functions, responsibility and authority. In this sense there is no clear line of demarcation between countries and corporations.

Fortunately, the broad interests and objectives of the nation-state and the multinational more often than not coincide; but sometimes they clash. This is becoming more of a problem as the enormous size and range of activity of many modern multinationals increases relative to that of smaller nation-states.

Many decisions once considered the province of the nation-state are now being made by externally based multinationals, particularly in such matters as the nature, timing and location of investment. These decisions may affect the employment level, the rate of economic growth, the balance of payments, or whether a given natural resource is developed. A planning commission sitting in Accra, the capital of Ghana, may make certain decisions concerning, say, the creation of additional employment, but critical decisions influencing the number of new jobs to be created in Ghana may be made in the executive offices of multinationals headquartered in New York, Amsterdam or Osaka.

In addition to the overlapping responsibility, the rules which govern the relationship between the nation-state and the multinational are determined on a country-by-country basis, and they vary widely between countries, even those with adjacent borders. Rules are often changed at the whim of national leaders or when governments change. There is no universal set of rules governing the interface between these two dominant sets of institutions. Rules are outdated, often going back to the days when corporations were national rather than multinational. National governments cannot always deal satisfactorily with multinationals by relying solely on their national laws and national policies. The net result of this situation is a great deal of confusion, suspicion and distrust.

Economic relationships among nation-states, traditionally dominated by international trade, are today increasingly dominated by international production. Indeed, the internationalization of production, which results from combining production inputs from more than one country—say capital, technology and management from one country with labor and raw materials from another, within the framework of the multinational corporation—may be the most significant economic phenomenon of the late twentieth century. Technological progress, particularly in transportation, communications, computer science and management, has created a situation in which for the first time men are in a position to treat the world itself as the basic economic unit in pursuing that core economic objective, "seeking the most efficient combination of production inputs."

According to calculations by Judd Polk of the U.S. Council of the International Chamber of

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Commerce, U.S.-based firms alone have direct investments abroad in excess of $70 billion. Assuming two dollars of annual output for each dollar invested in plant and equipment, these investments now yield $140 billion in output yearly. This volume of goods produced abroad with management, technology and often capital from the United States is four times that of U.S. exports. Production resulting from indirect U.S. investment abroad is estimated at $70 billion, assuming conservatively one dollar of output for each dollar invested. Both direct and indirect investment thus give a total of $210 billion of production abroad, which is partly U.S. in origin.

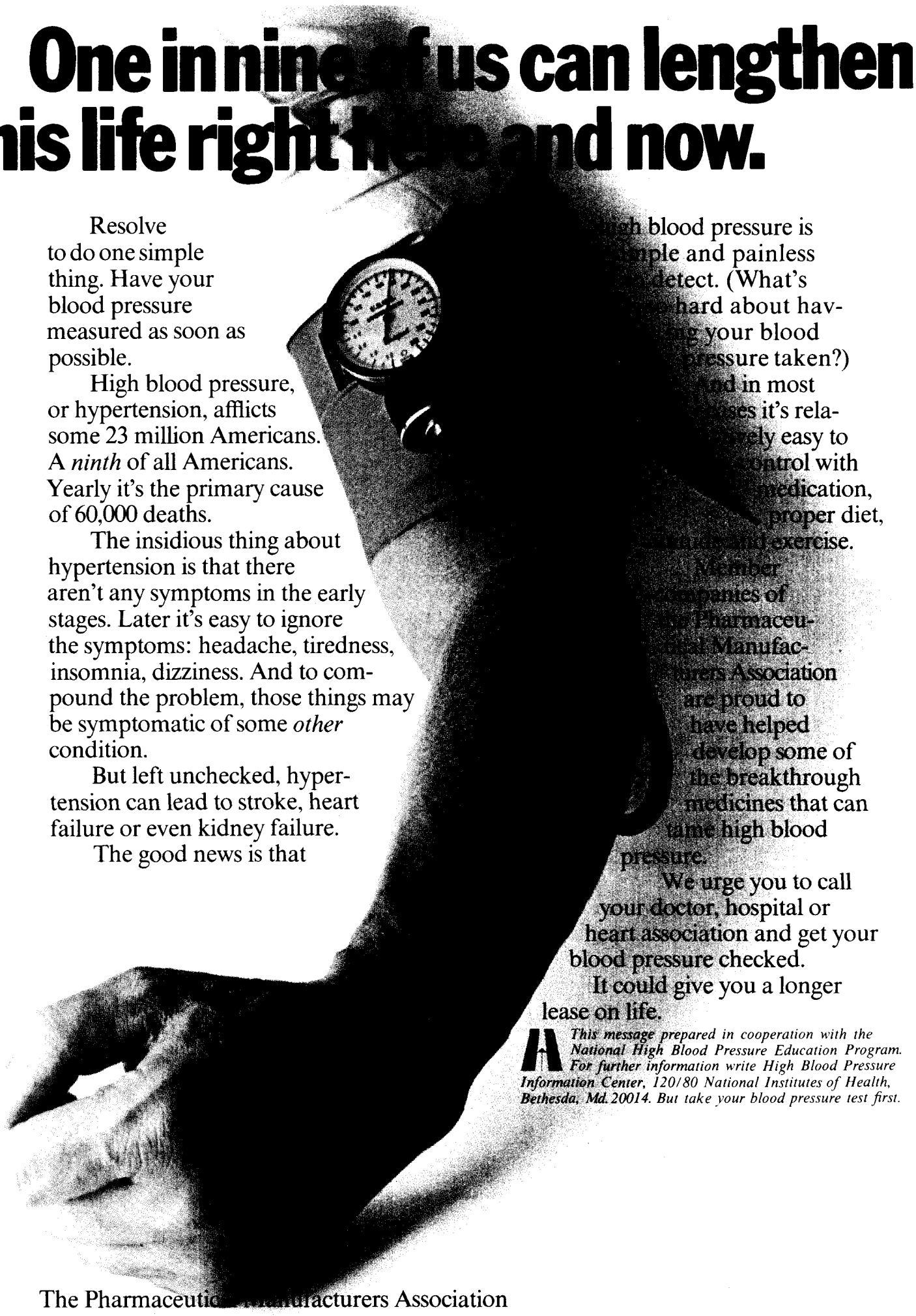
On the domestic side, Polk estimates that one-tenth of the U.S. GNP of $1 trillion is associated, directly or indirectly, with investment from abroad. International production worldwide now totals an estimated $450 billion or one-seventh of a gross world product (GWP) of just over $3 trillion. Growing at eight percent or more yearly, this sector is expanding far more rapidly than the GWP, heralding the eventual emergence of a global economy, organized much more along economic than political lines.

Trends of the past two decades indicate that multinational corporations are profoundly affecting the economic relationships among countries, and the structure of the global economy. These mammoth economic entities are responsible for the internationalization of production, finance and ownership, and for the increasing integration of national economies into a single global economy.

Among the unique newer multinational production activities are the industrial complementation agreements, where a group of countries permit free trade in the products of a certain industry, such as automobiles, computers or petrochemicals. These agreements may involve either the manufacturing of several related products in different countries or the manufacturing of components which are eventually assembled into a final product. The agreement worked out by International Business Machines with Argentina, Brazil, Chile and Uruguay in the computer industry is an example of the latter. Components are manufactured in Brazil and assembled in Argentina. A Chilean firm is licensed to produce punch cards and the entire operation is headquartered in Uruguay. In exchange for these arrangements the four countries now constitute a duty-free zone for IBM products.

By far the most ambitious regional arrangement conceived to date is one by the Ford Motor Company to build an Asian Ford. In many ways an Asian version of the Model T, it is to be small and rugged in design, cheap to operate and a

One in nine of us can lengthen his life right here and now.



Resolve to do one simple thing. Have your blood pressure measured as soon as possible.

High blood pressure, or hypertension, afflicts some 23 million Americans. A *ninth* of all Americans. Yearly it's the primary cause of 60,000 deaths.

The insidious thing about hypertension is that there aren't any symptoms in the early stages. Later it's easy to ignore the symptoms: headache, tiredness, insomnia, dizziness. And to compound the problem, those things may be symptomatic of some *other* condition.

But left unchecked, hypertension can lead to stroke, heart failure or even kidney failure.

The good news is that

...h blood pressure is ...mple and painless ... detect. (What's ... hard about having your blood ...pressure taken?) ...d in most ...es it's relatively easy to ...ontrol with ... medication, ... proper diet, ... and exercise.

... Member ...panies of ... Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association are proud to have helped develop some of the breakthrough medicines that can tame high blood pressure.

We urge you to call your doctor, hospital or heart association and get your blood pressure checked.

It could give you a longer lease on life.

This message prepared in cooperation with the National High Blood Pressure Education Program. For further information write High Blood Pressure Information Center, 120/80 National Institutes of Health, Bethesda, Md. 20014. But take your blood pressure test first.

The Pharmaceuti... Manufacturers Association

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combination car-pickup for transporting passengers and freight. Components will be produced in individual countries and then transported from country to country by what amounts to a conveyor belt of ships, with every country involved, except Singapore, assembling the vehicles for local sale. Ford expects to establish an electric and plastic parts factory in Singapore, engine foundries in Thailand and Taiwan, axle and transmission factories in Indonesia and a diesel engine plant in South Korea. A plant is also scheduled for Malaysia, possibly one for India and even one for mainland China if it should open up to foreign investment. By 1980, Ford plans to invest a billion dollars in this integrated regional production enterprise.

An agreement negotiated between the United States and Canada in 1965 abolished tariffs on automobiles and parts, permitting free movement of both across the border. Before the agreement, Canadian plants of U.S. firms had been established in order to overcome the high Canadian tariff on imported cars. These plants were too small to operate economically, resulting in a high production cost. Today all this is changed. Ford supplies its entire North American market for its Maverick model from its Canadian plants. Chrysler, which used to produce six models in Canada, now produces only two models there, but these supply much of the U.S. market as well as Canada. Direct effects on trade are reflected in the climb of U.S. imports of cars, trucks and parts from Canada from practically nil in 1964 to around $3.1 billion in 1970. Imports into Canada from the United States also increased, though on a considerably smaller scale.

The basic principle underlying industrial complementation agreements is the enlargement of a market beyond the national market for a product or related group of products in exchange for the sharing of production among the countries involved. Industrial complementation agreements are much less difficult to negotiate than are regional economic groupings, which are far broader and more complex, and whose consequences are much less certain. Another advantage of these agreements is that their impact may be almost entirely positive in terms of employment, balance of payments and economic growth, especially if the group of countries involved is entirely dependent on imports for the product or products in question. These agreements can often serve as a useful intermediate step as economies move toward regional integration. The initiative for the formation of regional economic groupings comes from national governments, whereas that for industrial complementation agreements more often comes from multinationals. Individual firms, with their more detailed information and understanding of the market for their products, can see an opportunity for creating a market for a product or group of products large enough to justify an investment much more readily than governments.

In its efforts to achieve the most efficient possible combination of production inputs at the global level, the multinational contributes to the creation of a more equitable world order. It raises investment capital in countries where it is abundant and invests it where capital is scarce and interest rates are high. Likewise, it attempts to locate its more labor-intensive operations where wages are lowest, thereby helping to raise incomes among the world's lowest income groups. At an earlier point in history, the emergence of national corporations within the United States played a similar role. For example, the marked reduction in wage differentials between the Southeastern United States and the Northeast is in large measure attributable to national corporations shifting labor-intensive activities into the traditionally depressed Southeast.

The multinational uses the most efficient technology available irrespective of the country of origin. An advance in technology made in one country in which a firm is operating may be made available in all other countries in which it operates, almost simultaneously. Technology is also transferred through licensing arrangements between firms. Exports of technology from the United States in 1970 in the form of licenses and patents totaled $2.2 billion. The multinational is by far the most effective agent yet devised for disseminating technology across national borders. The net effect worldwide is to provide a higher level of living for a given use of resources and effort than would otherwise be possible. In this sense the multinational is, by definition, a socially constructive force at the global level.

At present the relationship between nation-states and multinationals is a troubled one, plagued by mistrust and suspicion. Agreements between the two are often broken, most frequently by governments. This is a common occurrence in countries where governments change hands frequently as is the case in many poor countries, either through elections or coups d'etat. Scarcely a week passes in which a government somewhere in the world is not either overthrown or threatened with overthrow. Bolivia, with 186 coups d'etat in its 145 years of existence, is an extreme case in point.

There is not at present an effective legal means of resolving disputes between corporations and national governments. The International Court of Justice in The Hague, seemingly a logical institution to resolve national-corporate conflicts, refuses to rule on these disputes, claiming they are beyond its purview.

Relations between nations and corporations are shaped to a substantial degree by particular circumstances and by the relative negotiating strengths of the two parties in a given situation. National governments must offer certain terms in order to attract investors. Expropriation or even the threat of it by a government can dry up the

NATIONS AND CORPORATIONS

One way to show the size of today's large multinational corporations is to compare their gross annual sales with the gross national products of countries. This table uses 1970 figures for all except the centrally planned economies (excluding China) and General Motors Corporation, for which 1969 figures are used. The amounts are shown in billions of dollars.

1	United States	$974.10
2	Soviet Union	504.70
3	Japan	197.18
4	West Germany	186.35
5	France	147.53
6	Britain	121.02
7	Italy	93.19
8	China	82.50
9	Canada	80.38
10	India	52.92
11	Poland	42.32
12	East Germany	37.61
13	Australia	36.10
14	Brazil	34.60
15	Mexico	33.18
16	Sweden	32.58
17	Spain	32.26
18	Netherlands	31.25
19	Czechoslovakia	28.84
20	Romania	28.01
21	Belgium	25.70
22	Argentina	25.42
23	GENERAL MOTORS	24.30
24	Switzerland	20.48
25	Pakistan	17.50
26	South Africa	16.69
27	STANDARD OIL (N.J.)	16.53
28	Denmark	15.57
29	FORD MOTOR	14.98
30	Austria	14.31
31	Yugoslavia	14.02
32	Indonesia	12.60
33	Bulgaria	11.82
34	Norway	11.39
35	Hungary	11.33
36	ROYAL DUTCH/ SHELL	10.86
37	Philippines	10.23
38	Finland	10.20
39	Iran	10.18
40	Venezuela	9.58
41	Greece	9.54
42	Turkey	9.04
43	GENERAL ELECTRIC	8.73
44	South Korea	8.21
45	IBM	7.50
46	Chile	7.39
47	MOBIL OIL	7.26
48	CHRYSLER	7.00
49	UNILEVER	6.88
50	Colombia	6.61
51	Egypt	6.58
52	Thailand	6.51
53	ITT	6.36
54	TEXACO	6.35
55	Portugal	6.22
56	New Zealand	6.08
57	Peru	5.92
58	WESTERN ELECTRIC	5.86
59	Nigeria	5.80
60	Taiwan	5.46
61	GULF OIL	5.40
62	FORD [illegible]	4.82
63	Cuba	4.80
64	Israel	4.39
65	VOLKSWAGEN-WERK	4.33
66	[illegible] SHIPPING BOARD	4.31
67	STANDARD OIL (Calif.)	4.19
68	Algeria	4.18
69	PHILIPS EINTER	4.16
70	Ireland	4.10
71	BRITISH PETROLEUM	4.06
72	Malaysia	3.84
73	LING-TEMCO-VOUGHT	3.77
74	STANDARD OIL (Ind.)	3.73
75	BOEING	3.68
76	DUPONT	3.62
77	Hong Kong	3.62
78	SHELL OIL	3.59
79	IMPERIAL CHEMICAL	3.51
80	BRITISH STEEL	3.50
81	North Korea	3.50
82	GENERAL TELEPHONE	3.43
83	NIPPON STEEL	3.39
84	Morocco	3.34
85	ELF AQUI	3.25
86	RCA	3.23
87	GOODYEAR TIRE	3.20
88	SIEMENS	3.20
89	South Vietnam	3.20
90	Libya	3.14
91	Saudi Arabia	3.14
92	NESTLE	3.08
93	LITTON INDUSTRIES	3.03
94	UNILEVER	3.02
95	DAIMLER BENZ	3.02
96	PROCTER & GAMBLE	2.98
97	AUGUST THYSSEN-HUTTE	2.96
98	BETHLEHEM STEEL	2.94
99	BASF	2.87
100	MONTECATINI EDISON	2.84

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DATSUN

The luxury car that isn't a luxury.

Datsun 610 for '74 combines the engineering sophistication and economy of an import with the luxury of a large car. Compact outside, the 610 has a family-sized interior with full carpeting, reclining bucket seats, tinted glass, clock and more, all standard equipment.

In motion, there's a big car ride with fully independent suspension on the Sedan and Hardtop. Performance is everything you want it to be... including Datsun's great fuel economy.

Datsun 610. A luxury economy car. An idea whose time has come!

Datsun Saves

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inflow of capital and technology quickly. Multinationals which have exploited the smaller, weaker poor countries, which have attempted to prevent governments from taking power, or which have attempted to oust governments whose policies they disliked, will find they are no longer welcome in many parts of the world. At the same time, political leaders in these countries who wish to use the multinational corporation as a convenient whipping boy must rise above temporary political expediency lest the economic costs of their actions far exceed personal or partisan gains. A favorable view by world business in a particular country is a valuable asset and should not be sacrificed lightly.

One of the greatest problems facing the multinational is its ancestry, its beginnings as a national corporation. The close association of the multinational with its government and with the interests of the country in which it is domiciled makes actions of the multinational suspect in the eyes of other governments. For example, until quite recently the U.S. Government required overseas subsidiaries of U.S.-based firms to adhere to its national policies in such areas as antitrust and trade with the centrally planned economies.

Pressures are now being brought to bear on foreign governments by the U.S. Government on behalf of American-based multinational corporations epitomized by the Hickenlooper Amendment to the American foreign aid legislation, which directs the U.S. Government to discontinue aid to countries which expropriate holdings of U.S.-based firms without adequate compensation.

If the multinational is to realize its full potential for raising living standards around the world, it must be willing to divest itself of some of its national ties, particularly where the ties are to the more influential nation-states such as the United States and, increasingly, Japan. Only as it becomes truly multinational and global can it function at full effectiveness. The day when the multinational can expect the government of its country of origin to represent its interests in other countries is fading. Achieving a genuinely multinational character requires that employment, ownership, and research and development activities acquire a multinational character. Some firms are moving rapidly in this direction. IBM has fewer than one hundred Americans in management positions in its vast overseas operations. For several years, the chief executive heading IBM activities outside the United States was a Frenchman.

Encouraging progress has been made during the past few years in broadening the base of corporate ownership. Shares of a long list of multinational corporations are now listed on securities markets in more than one country.

When Japan's Sony Corporation was added to the 1,317 listings on the New York Stock Exchange in September 1970, it became the thirty-third foreign-based firm to join the list. It was the sixth such firm to be added to the Big Board list in 1970, following British Petroleum and Plessey Corporation of Britain, Northgate Exploration, Northern and Central Gas of Canada, and Norlin Corporation of Panama. Sony's reason for requesting a U.S. listing was that 35 percent of the firm's output is sold in the U.S. market. British Petroleum is deeply involved in the development of Alaskan oil reserves, and in addition owns 25 percent of Standard of Ohio. Shares of a large number of U.S.-based firms are traded on stock exchanges abroad, most of them in Europe.

As computer communications technology continues to advance it seems quite likely that a single world market for shares of corporations will emerge. Ultronics, a subsidiary of General Telephone and Electric, recently teamed up with Reuters to organize a worldwide system providing price quotes on corporate shares and commodities. At present the system is operational in Europe and covers some 10,000 stocks and commodities. Stock exchanges included are Düsseldorf, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Munich, London, Amsterdam, Milan and Zurich. Outside Europe, there are Stockmaster subscribers in Hong Kong, Beirut and Latin America. Japan and Australia are also subscribers. Even the Soviet government has toyed with the idea of subscribing to Stockmaster in Moscow.

The result of this information becoming available globally is the gradual emergence of a single world market for securities, with continuous trading in one market worldwide, twenty-four hours a day. The opening price on the New York Stock Exchange will in the future be influenced not so much by the closing price of the preceding day in New York as by trading progressing through the night around the world, time zone by time zone, from New York to Los Angeles to Sydney, Tokyo, Singapore, Beirut, Frankfurt and London.

As economic integration among nations proceeds, it eventually begins to make war both more costly and less probable. Where integration has proceeded furthest, the prospects of war have diminished most. The United States and Canada do not guard their common borders. No one any longer gives serious thought to France and Germany going to war again, though they did so repeatedly for generations.

If the multinational corporations continue to expand their activities as projected, they can contribute importantly to a more equitable world order and to a reduced prospect of conflict between the more thoroughly integrated countries. Like nation-states, they have a growing vested interest in a smoothly functioning international system. As war becomes a less practical instrument of foreign policy, the prospects will improve for creating a socially and politically unified global community and for restructuring the global economy to eliminate poverty.

Multinational corporations are not always socially constructive; and many have been blindly negligent in environmental matters, unwisely resisting even constructive efforts by governments to legislate and enforce pollution controls. Scores of multinationals with investments in South Africa are virtually ignoring apartheid there. However, beyond certain specific actions which illustrate the less socially acceptable side of corporate behavior, their actions to alleviate some of the world's most aggravated social ills, such as poverty, overpopulation and rising unemployment, though not calculated, are often more effective than the traditional efforts of the national government responsible.

The past two decades have witnessed an enormous growth of corporate power at the global level without a corresponding growth of public accountability in the conduct of business affairs. But the issue facing the community of nations is not so much whether multinationals are good or bad. They exist. The real issue is how to harness the capacities and resources of multinationals to more effectively meet man's social needs, how to capitalize on their strengths while minimizing their weaknesses. Can the multinationals collectively evolve a socially responsible code of conduct or must this be imposed through regulation at the international level? If the latter, then can the community of nations get together to create a supranational institution with the necessary authority, or is this but another example of a global problem which the community of nations is not yet capable of dealing with? ⚖

"Just how long is 'all the live long day'?"

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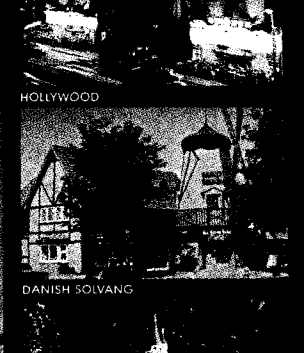
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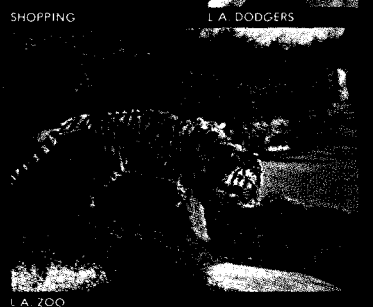
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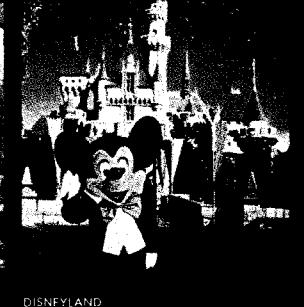
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THE WOMAN IN POLITICS

Combat communiqué direct from the battlefield

By Sissy Farenthold

In the spring of 1949 at the time of my graduation from law school two classmates took me to dinner. They presented me with a gift. The gift was comprised of three objects. They told me each represented the course my life might take. One was an old parchment-bound law book which, of course, represented the practice of law. Another was a gardenia which they told me represented the social life of a Southern white woman; the third was a newsletter from the League of Women Voters. I often thought of this gift, for as time went by, I would find myself first in one area and then in another. But neither they nor I gave any thought on that spring evening of 1949 to what would in time develop as my chosen vocation—electoral politics.

Once when I mentioned that I had decided to run for the legislature in 1968 only a few hours before the filing deadline, a friend objected and said that from her observations I had actually been preparing to run all my life. Her statement made me think again. No, there had not been any conscious direction on my part, but her statement gave me recall of political events that I had catalogued in my memory.

My first political recollections surrounded the presidential election of 1932. I remember the deep hostility felt toward Herbert Hoover in the little city of Corpus Christi—the anger and the derision directed toward him. I remember listening to the election returns on that November 9 in 1932. Then there were other election nights when the vote totals would be flashed upon the side of an old frame building.

Sometime in the middle and late Thirties I can recall hearing what I later termed the canned speech on the Constitution by Texas office seekers and office holders. The last time I heard it was by a state official at a joint session of the legislature in 1969, and that time I got up and walked out of the session. It is a speech singularly devoid of content, repetitious in its generalities, and one I pledged long ago never to make. It is such a paradox that this speech would be delivered with such regularity, such uniformity, such irrelevancy—in a state that has not been known for upholding some of the basic tenets of that very Constitution.

I remember 1948 in the Jim Wells County Courthouse as my father argued on behalf of Lyndon Johnson what we in Texas call the Box 13 Case. I did not follow the arguments closely because I was more concerned with my father's health than the outcome of the hearing. That hearing was the first judicial step toward the determination of the 1948 senatorial outcome. Lyndon Johnson was to become the junior senator from Texas. His tenuous hold on the office at that time contrasted most vividly with my next political recollection. In the fall of 1949 I journeyed to Washington with my father who was accompanying some trade union officials from Corpus Christi to see the junior senator to express their concern over the pending closing of a naval installation. That meeting is seared into my memory. How times had changed. No longer was the senator the candidate seeking votes but the unsolicitous office holder; in short, he struck me as impatient, intemperate and insufferable. That occasion burned into my memory as no other political recollection had and came back into focus in the summer of 1972 after the gubernatorial race, after the Democratic National Convention and during a special session of the legislature when I was in my office at the State Capitol. The unattended papers and letters had piled high on all the desks, and I was demanding the impossible of an already overworked staff of one paid employee and two volunteers when a friend of mine, who in the past had worked in Senator Johnson's office, observed my irritation and manner and quietly drawled, "Well, well, we have a little Lyndon here." I have tried to learn the lesson.

Ms. "Sissy" Farenthold, Democrat, who ran for governor of Texas.

My public life has been of only five years' duration, but it hasn't been a matter of instant politics. Electing women to public office in South Texas was such a remote and farfetched notion, with rare and infrequent exception, that had there been a place for me in the Democratic Party in Nueces County, I probably would not have considered any further step. When there was a vacancy as secretary of the Democratic Party in Nueces County in the Sixties, I was interested. As a beginning I solicited the support of a friend of mine on the County Democratic Executive Committee. We had worked in campaigns together. He said that I would be acceptable for Secretary, but he theorized that the county chairmanship might become vacant some day and that I might covet that position and that, of course, a woman in the county chairmanship would be unacceptable. If a friend felt this way, I reasoned, why try to make the effort through the party route.

No race of mine has been or ever will be more difficult than that first one for state representative in 1968. For many considered knowledgeable in political matters, I was not a token; I was a joke. A woman running for a multi-county position; was she serious? Yes, I was serious. And in the beginning it was exceedingly difficult for me. The story that my husband left me at a shopping center, handed me a dime and told me to telephone him *after* I passed out one thousand of my cards is true. Also true was the torturous transcriptions of my speeches which I stumbled through. To move among large groups of people when I did not have an easy response was awkward. I never will forget the time at a League of Women Voters' meeting when a woman stood up and with evident hostility asked what I was doing with my children.

I started that campaign on the back of a flattop truck in poverty-ridden Robstown, Texas, speaking to a group of Mexican-Americans. It was incredible. There was a man named Sancho de la Paz who, for a sum of ten dollars, would translate a candidate's remarks into Spanish. First he would translate your remarks and then those of your opponents. I started there, and nine months and a political lifetime later, I concluded the campaign there the night before the general election in November.

During this period I grew to know and care for the people that I was speaking to through direct contact. I realize that candidates can conduct campaigns in large part through the media and have only minimal contact with the public, but I think this ill serves the people that will be represented. If you campaign among people, you live their hardships and their hopes, and it will well serve you when you attempt to represent them.

There was apprehension among my advisors that my gender would become an issue in the campaign, but when it didn't surface and after I was elected I thought that would be the end of the subject. Consequently, some of my experiences in Austin came as jolts and surprises. It was only after this exposure that I began reading about the history of the women's movement in the nineteenth century. I was infinitely curious because, finding the attitudes that I did, I

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marveled that women had ever achieved the franchise for two reasons: the attitudes I found among some men and the attitudes I found among many women.

In December of 1971, when I was considering running for governor, a friend of mine reminded me that "considering all the circumstances, if your name were Frank Farenthold you would have already announced." The remark had the nettling effect that presumably it was intended to have.

In the beginning of my campaign I was troubled by the loss of direct contact with constituents and with my increased mail because my activities exceeded what I had become accustomed to in a legislative office. In the beginning I complained about the dehumanizing aspects of a statewide campaign in a state the size of Texas. But soon I realized, to the contrary, the humanizing aspects of such a campaign.

I remember the young man who introduced himself as my campaign manager in Texarkana. It was the ultimate in local control, for he had appointed himself.

I remember the young, blind mother who canvassed her neighborhood and so many others who gave of themselves.

I remember the permanently crippled hand of a young man in junior college who had just been released from the state prison on a marijuana charge, and his hand had been mutilated while he was there.

I remember the man at the plant rushing in with his lunch pail whom I asked to vote for me and who replied in anguish, "I can't vote; I'm a convicted felon."

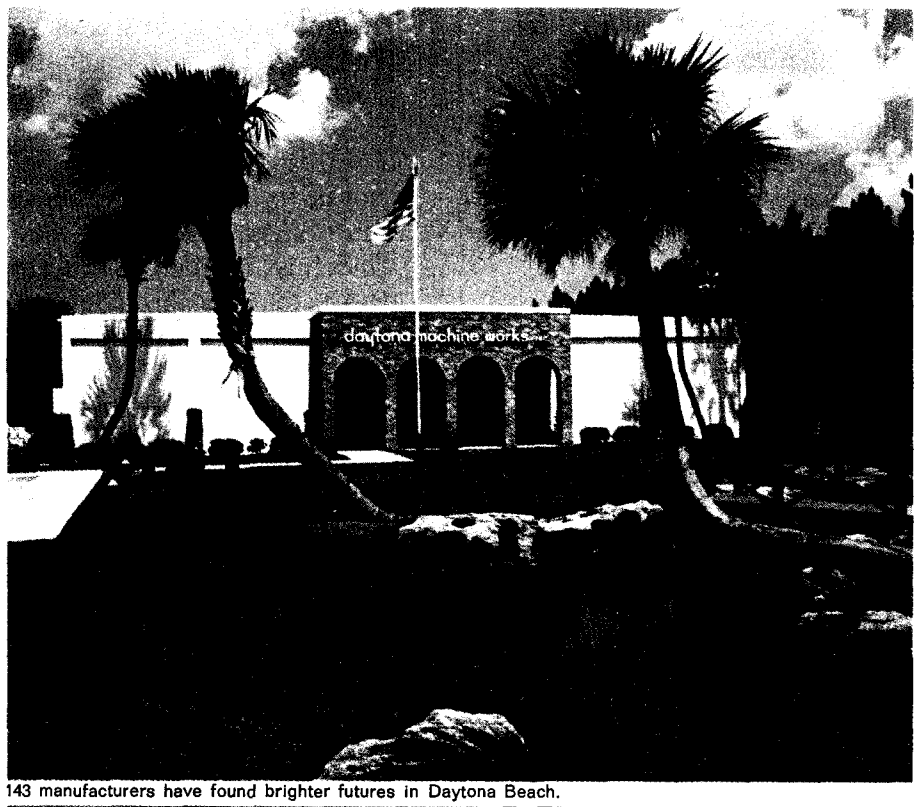
I remember the lifetermer who sent his total savings of $37.00 and the college student who sent his savings of $830.40.

I have been fortunate to have my families, both immediate and extended, who have supported me. There are wonderful family stories because of the diversity of opinions and ideologies, because of the number of cousins, aunts, uncles, nieces and nephews.

The night of the first primary I moved up into the front part of the airplane cabin to be alone in the dark as our DC-3 lumbered its way through a rainstorm back to Austin. After a while my sixteen-year-old son came in to ask me what I was doing. I told him I was composing myself in preparation for a defeat. I told him defeat was difficult in the beginning, but problems of victory come later. He sat in silence with me for a few minutes, sharing my thoughts, and then went back to join the rest of the family. Defeat didn't come that night. Rather, we had moved into a runoff that the statewide pros had found as startling as the skeptics

Continued on page 101

FIND YOUR FUTURE IN DAYTONA BEACH



143 manufacturers have found brighter futures in Daytona Beach.

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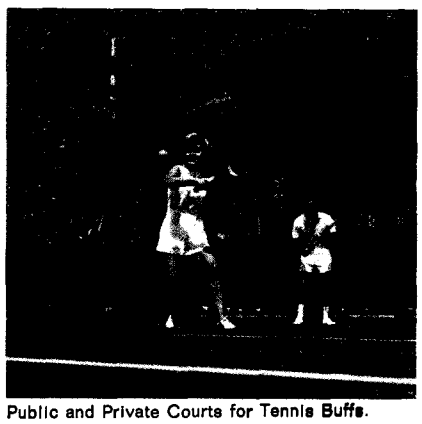
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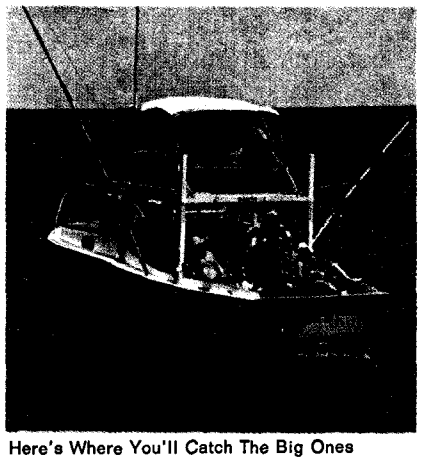
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Reliable transportation. By air — 16 flights a day from our regional airport. By freight — fast north-south service. By water — the Halifax River, part of the nation's inland waterway. By interstate highway — connecting links to the southeastern markets.

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GOOD MORNING

Last poems of Mark Van Doren

Wind Is Not Modest

Wind is not modest, it lets us
Know it is there, it masters
All languages, uses
Every thing that's loose:
Leaves, milkweed silk,
Vain butterflies, small
Birds that go like sparks,
Like seeds sailing; smoke,
Bullied as it tries to rise
Then sent off tattered, tumbling;
Snow, everywhichway
Whitening the whole
World; rain driving
Grey waterfalls before it;
Sleet, seaside sand
Cutting our faces; clouds
On a blue day, majestically
Moving; waves far out,
Close in—no matter—
Mounting each other; dust,
Suddenly up and off,
Restless, whirling sometimes
Briefly in dance, though sometimes
The strength behind it grows
Terrible, uprooting
Oaks, scattering the boards
Of houses, levelling all
There ever was of a certain
Town—blast of tornado,
Hurricane, and tidal
Death along the coast;
But then, too, the gentlest
Kiss on cheeks, on eyes,
From the soft South; and sounds
Borne, of bells, of voices,
Of dogs barking, as clothes
On a line flap, and treetops
Bend a little, studying
How not to break when the roar
Comes—see, says the wind,
I'm here; listen, feel,
Look—oh, all of these,
Then more; forever here.

The Racehorses

I can remember them back there
In time so old and far away
It must have been somebody else
They breathed upon. And yet not so,
For still I hear them, and my mind
Cannot forget those frantic feet,
Those blowing nostrils, and the foam
That flecked their shoulders as they passed.

For they did overtake me then.
Not now. They are not there at all.
But I can remember how they raced
Unevenly, breaking their several
Hearts to come abreast of each other
Then on for my mind to follow—on,
On—oh, when did the sound of their going
Cease? And what did it sing, did it say?

Rain Beautifies the City

Rain beautifies the city;
Makes mirrors of it, flattering
Our minds, our eyes; even
The sparrows, resting, glance at themselves
In windows and think they are cleaner
For once; while cornices drip
And gutters gurgle, and tires
Hiss incessantly, saying
Look, it is different now, listen
And look, it is not the same
City at all, it is old, old—an old
Woman with bright eyes, remembering
The youth of the world, the cool,
The dancing feet, the flung capes, the morning
Cries, the sun, the whistles, and the unkillable
Hope, the unstoppable joy.

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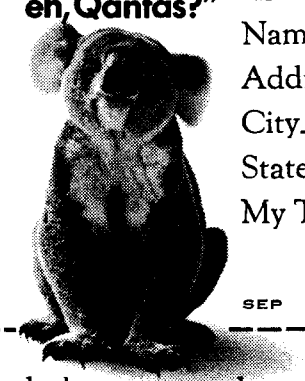

"The old 'divide and conquer' ploy, eh, Qantas?"

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NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER

A blueprint for realistic management

By Henry Ford II

Henry Ford II, the Chairman of Ford Motor Company, is a businessman whose participation in the company bearing his name is immediately evident in any conversations with executives of any division. Yet he finds time to form the Committee for Concerned Consumerism, which aims to revitalize the nation's Better Business Bureaus, and he is personally involved with a $500 million project which he expects may be "a catalyst for the total redevelopment of Detroit's Central Business District."

He has been quoted recently on such subjects as the energy crisis, Arab power, race relations, self-appraisal, and even his own image as a social pacesetter. In every case he has been frank and direct. That is the author's tone in this article: the future is the subject, but the scene is here and now.

Henry Ford II says, "Whatever new worlds we set out to conquer—whether as individuals or as citizens of the nation—we should keep in mind that the way we go about it is as important as the purpose we seek in the end."

The words "New Worlds to Conquer" now evoke a certain nostalgia. Like many of the new movies these days, they take you back to those not-so-far-off days of the 1940's, 50's and early 60's, when no task seemed too great and no goal too high for a confident and ambitious America.

The United States came out of World War II as the proud and powerful leader of the free world. We thought for a long time that we could prevent aggression, stimulate economic growth and build democracy throughout the world. We had high hopes for the United Nations, the Alliance for Progress, the War Against Poverty. We were going to eliminate racial prejudice, rebuild the cities, provide decent housing for every American and send men to the moon.

We have, of course, sent men to the moon. But none of the other goals has been achieved. Today, we find ourselves at the mercy of forces that seem beyond control: conflict in the Middle East, soaring worldwide inflation, the continuing decay of the cities, rising crime rates, shortages of energy—including the most basic of all forms of energy, food for people.

In the aftermath of Vietnam the American people have begun to lose faith in their institutions and their leaders. We face the future in a mood of confusion, frustration and growing cynicism. And so, as I've said, the theme of "New Worlds to Conquer" has the ring of yesterday, not tomorrow.

This is too bad. The pendulum of our national mood has swung much too far toward pessimism and despair. It must and it will swing back again, but I hope that it will not swing all the way back to the naive optimism of the recent past.

If we are to profit from the failures of the past quarter century, we must learn the lesson that every football coach knows—the main secret of a winning season is to select an appropriate schedule.

I believe that a large part of the reason for the failures of the recent past is that we picked a schedule that was bound to give us a losing season. We thought we could achieve everything we wanted and admired all at once. We were so taken by the glitter of our goals and our faith in ourselves that we failed to notice all the obstacles in the way and our limited means for overcoming them. And, as a result, we wasted much of our efforts and resources on fruitless tasks. And even when we made progress, we called it failure because we did not get all the way to unreachable goals.

There are many areas in which, as a nation, we have accomplished more than we usually give ourselves credit for. We have not abolished poverty, but we have greatly reduced the number of poor people and raised the incomes of most of the remainder. We have not eliminated prejudice and discrimination, but we have reduced their effect on the lives and opportunities of minority groups.

We did not prevent Watergate, but we are facing up to the problems of government corruption and abuse of government power more honestly and openly than most countries would be able to. We have not preserved peace in the world, but we did finally get out of Vietnam and we have greatly reduced the tensions among the great powers.

Measured by the targets we set for ourselves, we have failed. Measured by more humble standards, we have accomplished a great deal. We should not feel ashamed or defeated because we have failed to accomplish the impossible. But I hope we have learned that we can accomplish more at a lower cost and with less damage to our national spirit if we set our goals with a little humility.

I am not saying that we should settle back into complacent stagnation. We need to have new worlds to conquer. But we also need to recognize that conquest is almost always gradual and incomplete, that for everything we do, there is something else we cannot do.

As we face our national future, our task is not to select great new goals and mobilize our spirits for the battle. We have been through that, and it has not worked. Our task is the more prosaic one of improving the processes and procedures through which we select and pursue our goals. What we need to regain our confidence and sense of purpose is not more inspiration from our leaders, but better management of our national affairs. There are certain basic principles of good management which should govern the way we select and pursue our goals, whatever they are.

There is nothing new or controversial in the principles I would like to propose. They are so basic and self-evident that no one would think of quarreling with them directly. Yet, they are worth thinking about because they are so seldom honored in practice.

First is the principle of realistic goals. Since I have already discussed this principle at some length, I will add only one brief comment. Nothing is more demoralizing for a nation, a company or an individual than goals which cannot possibly be reached no matter how great the effort. Second is the principle of measuring progress. To establish new programs with ambitious new goals is a meaningless exercise unless we also establish some method of measuring whether and how far the programs are moving toward their goals.

One of the greatest shortcomings of our governmental system, it seems to me, is the lack of any systematic and effective mechanism for mea-

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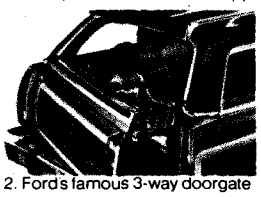
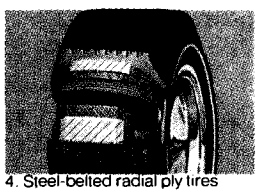
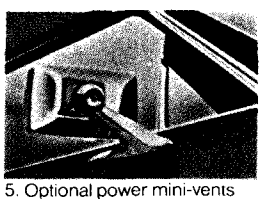


2. Ford's famous 3-way doorgate

3. Seats fold away easily



4. Steel-belted radial ply tires



5. Optional power mini-vents

6. Adjustable roof rack

7. Standard spare tire extractor

1974 Ford LTD Country Squire shown with optional vinyl roof, vinyl insert bodyside moldings, deluxe luggage rack, deluxe wheel covers, WSW tires, Squire Luxury Group and front cornering lamps.

The closer you look, the better we look.

1. Unexpected wagon luxury is reflected in the split bench seats of super soft vinyl and deep 25 oz. cut pile carpeting. Ford also offers exclusive DuraWeave vinyl trim that looks and breathes like cloth, cleans and wears like vinyl.

2. The Country Squire's convenient 3-way doorgate and power tailgate window are standard. You can have dual-facing rear seats, even a recreation table for the kids.

3. Ford's design lets you convert from passenger to cargo wagon with ease. There's lockable below-deck stowage space too, and a cargo area dome light.

4. Power front disc brakes and steel-belted radial ply tires are both standard this year.

5. You can order optional convenience features like power mini-vent windows, dual remote control mirrors and a power tailgate lock.

6. The Country Squire offers an adjustable roof rack that makes it easy to secure your extra cargo. Optional vinyl roof now comes in a variety of colors.

7. Ford's innovative spare tire extractor makes changing less of a chore.

See your Ford Dealer for a closer look at a great family wagon. Ford LTD Country Squire for '74.

Wagonmaster again in '74.

FORD WAGONS

FORD DIVISION

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suring the results of legislation against its aims. Government programs are seldom abandoned because they have failed; generally, there is no good way to tell whether they have succeeded or failed.

Senator Edmund Muskie took the floor of the Senate recently to protest the Environmental Protection Agency's decision to cut funds for research on the health effects of air pollution and to close four of the monitoring stations which measure the quality of the nation's air. In this instance, I agree with him entirely.

Under the provisions of Federal legislation, the nation will be spending tens of billions of dollars over the next decade to protect public health by eliminating air pollution. There can be no excuse for imposing such costs without measuring how great the menace is, how stringent the control measures need to be, and whether, in fact, the air is getting cleaner as a result.

The third principle of good management is the principle of priorities, of putting first things first. There are never enough resources of talent, skill and money to accomplish everything desirable. And consequently, if we are to use our limited resources to best advantage, we must put essential tasks ahead of those that are merely desirable.

Priorities can be debated endlessly. But surely the most basic task of government is to protect the lives and property of the people from violent and criminal attack. If we had our priorities straight in this country, we would find the methods and the means to transform our prisons from schools for crime into schools for normal life and work. If we had our priorities straight, we would also have more and better housing, better health care, better education for those who need it most, and better public transportation systems—and we would spend less money and effort on many of the other things that government tries to do.

One major reason for poor priorities is the lack of effective mechanisms for rational prioritizing. The Federal budget is the mechanism for allocating a large and growing fraction of our national resources. Most experts seem to agree that the budget-making process, particularly in Congress, does not provide a good way of balancing competing claims. Although some improvements have been made in recent years, the appropriations process simply does not permit adequate comparison of the merits of different programs.

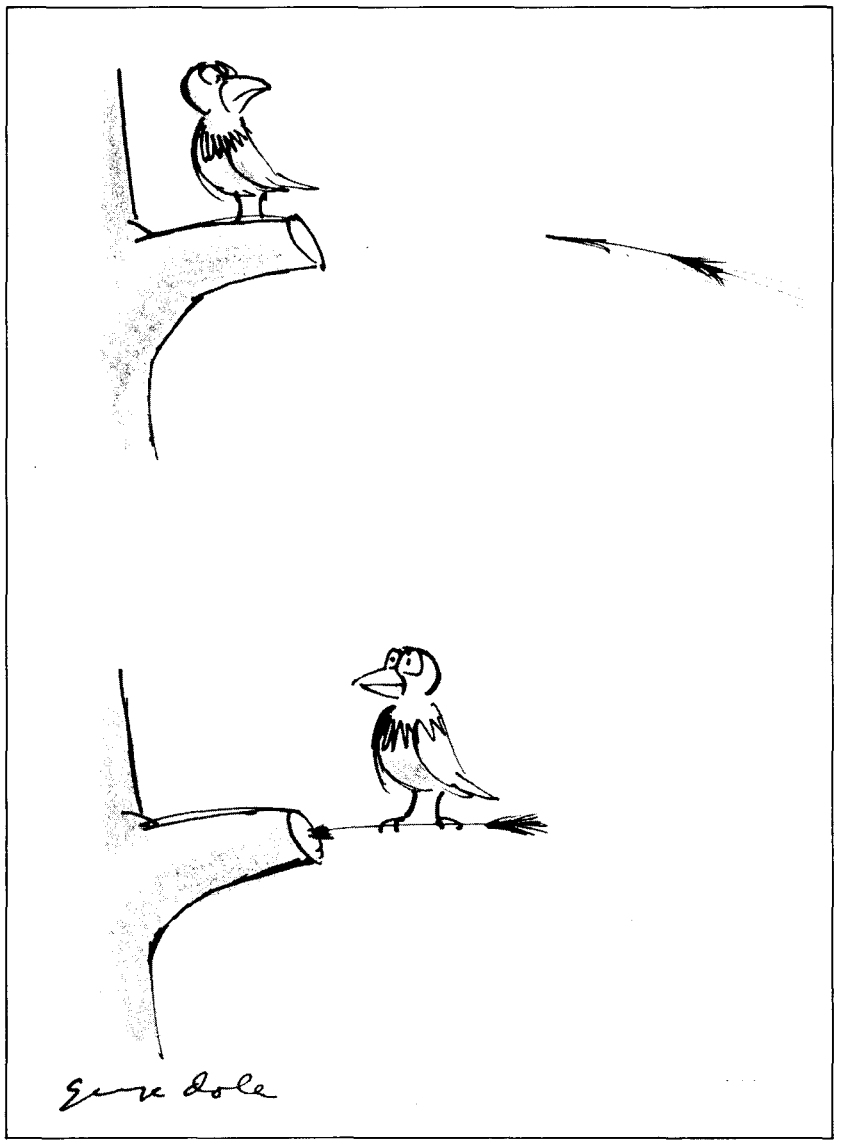
The failure to prioritize, incidentally, makes it impossible for government to fulfill another of its most basic functions—the maintenance of a stable currency. Inflation is the inevitable result when the claims on the nation's resources add up to more than the sum of the resources available.

At the state and local level, the fragmentation of metropolitan government makes a mockery of any system of rational priorities. There will never be a solution to urban problems as long as the problems are concentrated in the central cities, the resources are increasingly in the suburbs, and there is no way to bring the two together.

Fourth on my list of management principles is one that's called cost effectiveness in government circles. In business, we call it return on investment.

What it means is that priorities can never be based on need alone—no matter how urgent the need. They must also be based on the prospects for meeting the need by the methods available. Only if the results will bear some reasonable relationship to the efforts and resources expended does it make sense to go ahead.

Failure to respect the principle of cost effectiveness is reflected in the common statement



that no cost is too great when human life is at stake. This is a demagogue's way of turning aside any argument about the relative effectiveness of a given course of action affecting public health.

As I mentioned earlier, tens of billions of dollars will be spent over the next decade in the effort to meet the extremely stringent requirements of the Clean Air Amendments of 1970. These expenditures are often justified on the grounds that any degree of air pollution is harmful, to some degree, to the health of some people. If, however, we want to do as much as possible to improve health and extend life, we should ask whether enormous expenditures on the last few percentage points of pollution control will do more than equivalent expenditures on medical research, public health education, expansion of the supply of doctors, better nutrition or any other way of meeting the need.

Fifth on my list is the principle of diminishing returns.

Whether the goal is national security, clean air, better health, stable prices or lower unemployment, initial efforts and expenditures generally produce substantial results and a large return on investment. But the more we have already achieved, the less gain will flow from additional effort, the more it will cost to make further progress, and the more sense it will make to settle for what we have and put our resourses to other uses.

My sixth principle of good management is the principle of appropriate means. Inflation, for example, can be controlled only be keeping aggregate demand in balance with aggregate supply through fiscal and monetary restraint on the part of the Federal government. In the absence of such restraint, inflation cannot be controlled by exhorting, pressuring or forcing unions to restrain their demands, or producers to restrain their prices. When government seeks to shift the whole burden, it guarantees failure, frustration, bitterness and injustice.

On the other hand, there are some things that government should not do because there are better and easier ways to achieve the same results. For example, the shortage of petroleum products has led to the introduction of many bills to force a quick shift to smaller cars that get better gas mileage. If passed, such legislation will have little effect on the immediate problem because it cannot affect the design of cars for several years, because even then it will affect new cars only, and because new cars account for a very small proportion of the nation's total petroleum consumption.

Moreover, such legislation does not appear at this time to be urgently needed. In response to shortages and rising prices of gasoline, consumers are already shifting to smaller cars. The small car share of the new market has gone from 25 percent a few years ago to 40 percent this year, and we expect it will reach 45 percent or more next year. To survive in the market, producers are already converting their facilities from larger to smaller cars.

There are many things the government could do in response to the energy crisis that would be more constructive than rushing headlong into a task that is already being accomplished by the free choice of consumers acting in their own interests.

The seventh item on my list is the principle of relatedness. Almost everything we do to achieve one goal has consequences, good or bad, for other goals. The energy crisis, for example, has been accelerated and aggravated by the nation's efforts to achieve a series of other goals—to conserve the nation's domestic petroleum reserves, to minimize dependence on energy imports, to protect

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the environment from the effects of extracting, transporting and burning fuels and to keep the price of energy to consumers at the lowest possible level.

Each of these goals is desirable in itself. But in practice they are often inconsistent with each other and with the need for energy to keep the nation going.

Attention has been focused on the conflict between energy needs and environmental goals, but perhaps the sharpest conflict of all is the conflict between energy needs and price controls. The simplest and most effective way to provide the incentives necessary to expand energy production, conserve the supply, develop new forms of energy and new energy technology, and encourage shifts from scarce to abundant fuels is to allow prices to reflect supply and demand.

It makes no sense for the Cost of Living Council to encourage gasoline consumption by holding down the price of gasoline (and, I might add, of new cars) while other agencies are urging people to conserve fuel and making plans for rationing petroleum products.

The nation is running out of natural gas largely because artificially low prices have encouraged consumption and discouraged exploration and production simultaneously. The same could happen with petroleum.

To get our national house in order, we must aim for the best balance among our many goals rather than for the most and best in each area without regard to all the others.

The eighth principle of good management I want to mention is the principle of honesty and candor. To follow any of the principles I have already discussed, we must first of all be willing to speak the truth and face the facts. We must stop telling each other that the impossible is possible. We must stop pretending that problems have been solved or soon will be when no solution has been found. And, conversely, we must stop arousing public fears that each new problem will automatically lead straight to disaster if we fail to adopt one drastic remedy or another.

Before we plunge ahead with bold plans to conquer new worlds we should make sure that we have gathered and considered the facts, as far as they are available. How great is the need? What means are available and effective to meet the need? What will the related consequences be? How much will it cost? Can we afford the cost in light of all the other claims on limited resources?

If, instead, we allow ourselves to be carried forward on a wave of emotional fervor for noble goals, we will continue to fail, to create more problems than we solve and to sink even further

Continued on page 138

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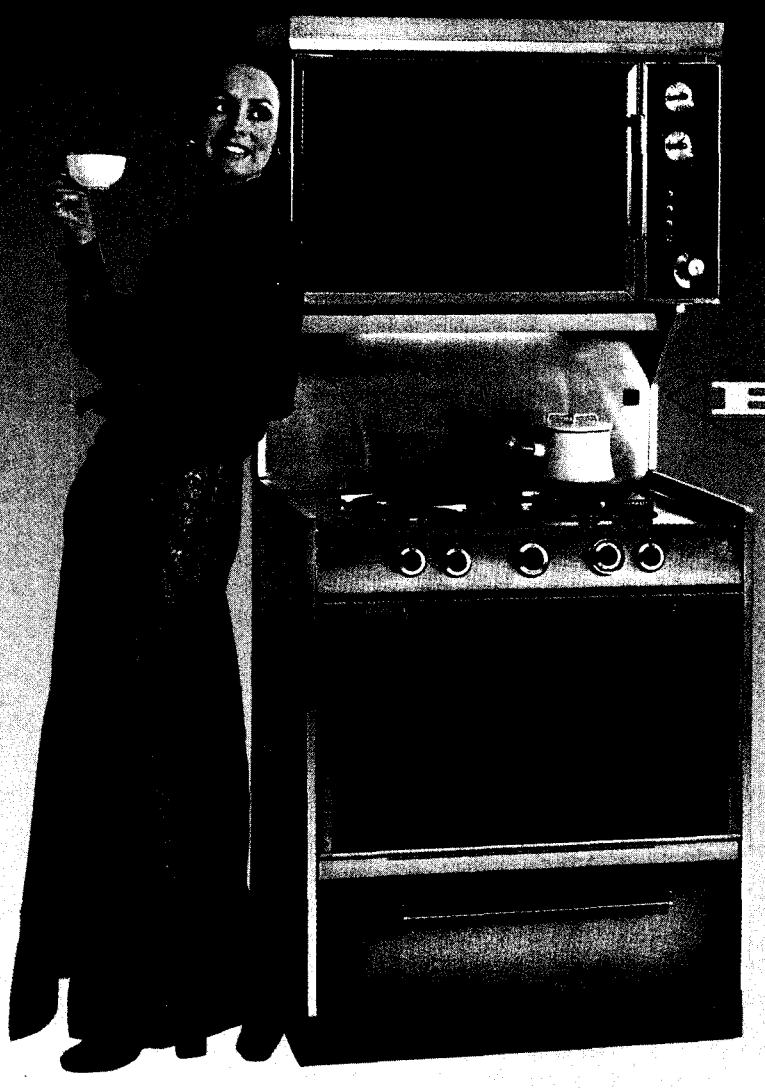

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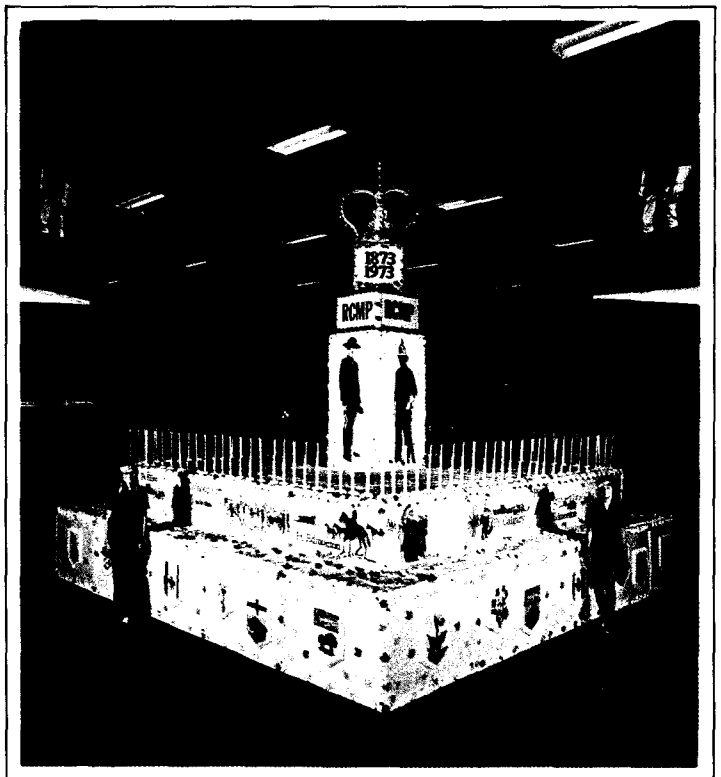
"THE LARGEST BIRTHDAY CAKE IN THE WORLD"

George Molecey does not flinch at the thought of a 200,000-pound pastry

By John Alexander

Hannibal crossing the Alps. Jules Verne journeying to the center of the earth. Caesar bridging the Rubicon. Napoleon turning his artillery against Mother Russia. Stout-Cortez on a peak in Darien, gazing at the Pacific in wild surmise. Pikers one and all. Pifflers, triflers, and men of small dreams and lesser substance. That is, compared to a Canadian gentleman, late of His Majesty's Royal Rifles and a Captain therein, who may be found in the offices of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Veterans' Association, in Burnaby, British Columbia.

There, gentle readers, is a man worthy of his hire. Captain George Molecey, who out of admiration and fondness for these United States, has offered to bake a cake of 200,000 pounds to celebrate the Bicentennial of our country. And, not content with one, further proposes to bring forth from the oven simultaneously five others, to be exhibited and consumed simultaneously on the birthday of this nation, with appropriate ceremony—the only possible appropriate gesture at such time being, one might infer, a space shot for coffee and liqueur on Venus, planet of extraterrestrial love.



This is the cake, all 30,000 pounds of it, which the dauntless Captain Molecey prepared for the Mountie Centennial

The story of Captain Molecey must begin with apologies and the fully documented statement that he is wholly in his right mind, and not a man thrown out of perspective by a lifelong diet of raisins and egg whites. For he is neither a baker, nor an architect, nor a designer—although he must be skilled in these things—but a man of letters whose full life took a turn once upon a time toward the preparation of birthday cakes for a Congress of Gargantuas.

But to assay the stature of Captain Molecey, this man of great dreams and heroic batter, one must first turn the mind's eye to a contemplation of his proposed masterpiece. Proof that Captain Molecey is capable of what he proposes, that the weapon suits the target, is demonstrated on this page in the photograph of the cake the good Captain tossed off for the centennial of the Royal Mounted Police.

Although a mere 30,000 pounds, paltry when compared with Captain Molecey's current project, this is still no small potatoes, to mix a kitchen metaphor. The Captain describes it modestly enough:

"The first tier of the cake, measuring twenty feet square, is topped by a second layer sixteen feet square with a plinth six feet tall and four feet square, two smaller layers are grandly surmounted by the beautiful R.C.M.P. crest revolving in full color Royal Icing.

"The elaborate hard icing decor depicts historic events of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, early and present uniformed personnel, the Provincial Coats-of-Arms and floral clusters. More than 1,500 pounds of icing sugar went into the elaborate decorations, including some 10,000 separate sugar rosebuds and floral sprays.

"All major sugar decor was created by the talented artists from ranks of top professional decorators headed by Werner Kohl, Instructor, Food Service Department at the South Alberta Institute of Technology, Calgary. Under direction of Z.P. Mastalir, head of the Food Services of S.A.I.T., the decorations created by seven skilled sugar artisans took six weeks to complete. Some forty-eight colorful panels, each decorated in brilliant sugar, collectively present a new concept in cake decorating. Ingenious new devices were necessarily invented owing to the giant dimensions of the cake."

The cake's recipe in part: "Take 10,500 pounds of Western Canadian wheat flour; 4,800 pounds sugar; 7,000 pounds choice raisins; 2,800 pounds best pecans; 3,000 pounds glacé pineapple; 1,600 dozen Canadian fresh eggs—stir in more fruit by the ton, sprinkle with hundreds of pounds of shredded almonds, add a 200-pound 'pinch of salt,' mix thoroughly. Bake, with lots of professional pride, in giant ovens."

At the time the Captain baked this cake for the Mounties, who certainly got their man this time to celebrate the Centennial of their corps, it was the world's largest and most delicious fruitcake. (Note: the author knows whereof he speaks, having eaten some of this very cake, and had the rest of his supply stolen by office associates, who greedily wolfed it down as if it came from a mundane ten-pound confection.)

But the Captain always progresses from one peak to another, constantly going higher in his aspirations and in his accomplishments. You understand by now that any man who could bring together such a cake, festooned by such creative decoration, much less envision such a mountainous delight, has got to be a man perhaps out of his time and certainly worthy of hobnobbing with such as Hannibal and Caesar, who merely had the Alps to cross or the Western world to conquer. So, we must begin by knowing that he can do it, has done it more than once, in fact—Canada's own Centennial was celebrated by a Molecey masterpiece, a 12,000 pounder baked in 1967; the Captain put into the oven a 25,000 pounder for the Food Circus at the Seattle World's Fair in 1962; a 25,500 beauty to celebrate the '71 Centennial of British Columbia's confederation with Canada. . . and now, of course, he proposes to outdo all of these cupcakes with a *chef d'oeuvre* greater than anything ever baked before on this planet.

The topic must be approached with a certain amount of awe, like the subject of an Oriental despot approaching his ruler with a body bowed in deference from a distance of a hundred yards and finally with prostration before the Infinite and the Inconceivable. Only Captain Molecey himself is fit to describe his U.S. cake, because no one could really finish discussing it without having a nervous breakdown in the process, and winding up in the therapy ward at the sanitarium, weaving tiny (preferably) baskets.

First, to the recipe:

200,000 pounds
40 feet high

Flour	70,000 pounds	U.S. milling companies
Raisins	40,000 pounds	California grape growers
Pineapple	20,000 pounds	Hawaii
Eggs	10,000 dozen	U.S. egg marketing
Sugar	32,000 pounds	Domestic beets
Pecans	17,000 pounds	Texas growers
Cherries	24,000 pounds	Washington State

Toss in a "pinch of salt," about 2,000 pounds.

"We have perfected a system in which elaborate sugar decorations mounded on panels permit extraction of cake, leaving the decor virtually intact. The decor is done, as in the case of wedding cakes, in Royal Icing (hard sugar frosting). This can be used by an artist as freely as he might use oil paint; this in effect, creating a new graphic medium in sugar. Icing may also be used in molds

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or sculpted. Thus a magnificent creation in full color (food coloring) may be produced. And, since it is hard icing, it may be exhibited over a long period if kept below a humidity of, say, 80 percent... the cake proper, being a fruitcake, keeps also without refrigeration.

"The cake display is 'put together' just as is a gargantuan wedding cake, through using heavier supporting elements, such as aluminum paneling. Thus by using this system we can in fact 'have our cake and eat.'

"Put in appropriately designed cartons, the cake may be mailed to all points in the world... carrying with it tastefully designed brochures or booklets and the message of goodwill (advertising or whatever).

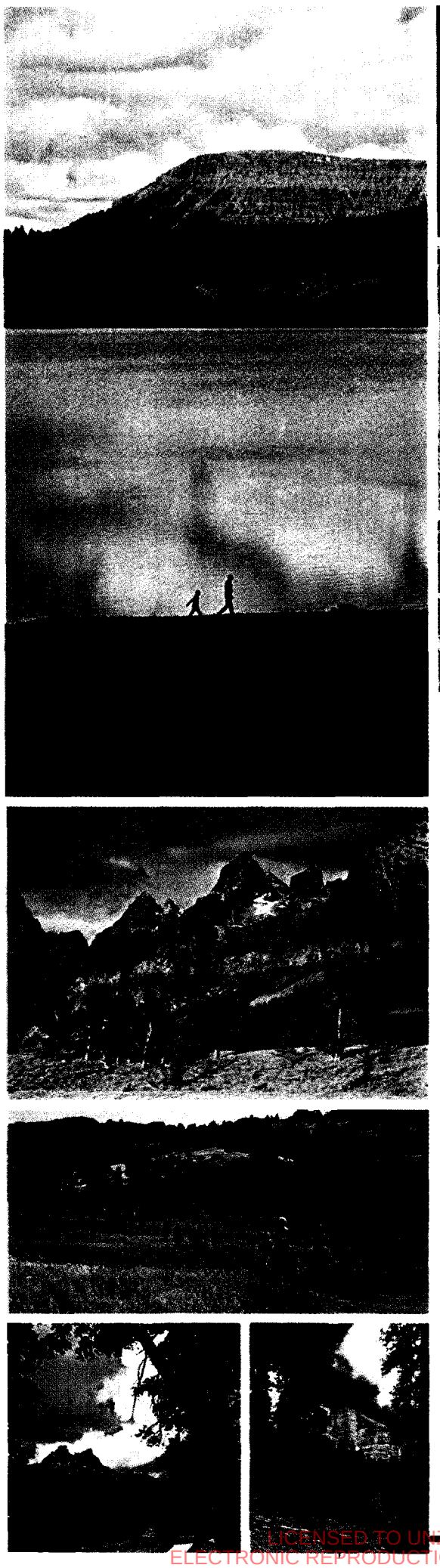
"The decor, from the Mayflower... Betsy Ross, Declaration of Independence, Liberty Bell... Busts of all U.S. Presidents (a la Rushmore)... Boy Scouts... Girl Scouts... Four Freedoms... by Norman Rockwell, Bob Howe and Gene Boyer... Holy Cow!!!

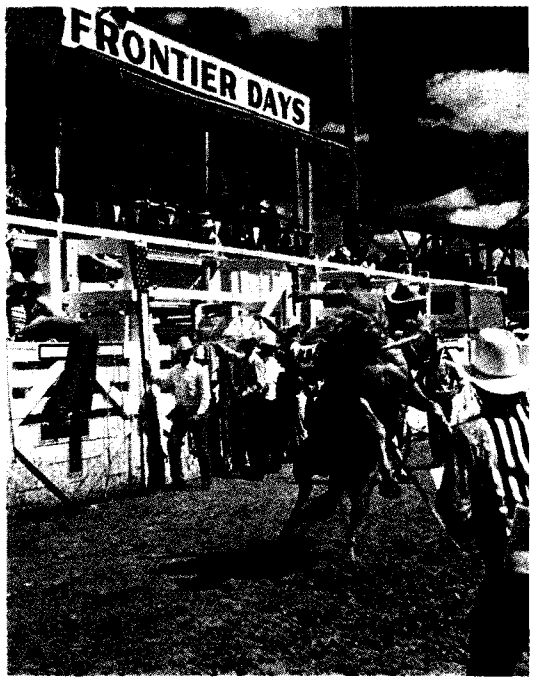
"As to official cutting... the First Lady, of course. (In Canada, we had the honor of HRH Princess Margaret officiating.)"

Now that we have measured the mettle of the man by his work and his dreams, it is instructive to learn something about Captain Molecey personally.

The Captain is a gentleman of wit and modesty, who refers to his life history as a "bland story, really." Now in middle age, he was born in Canada, then attended the University of Southern California, and went on to a career first as a radio operator and then in journalism. He was based for a long time in Vancouver, although with his predilection for things American, he sold frequent articles to national magazines in the U.S. The Captain has competed in England, Australia, and the U.S.A. in shooting competitions and has won, in fact, some 214 shooting trophies. If you can imagine anything like this, he won the Duke of Cambridge Cup, at the Bisley Competitions, England, for shooting at 900 yards! In World War II, a crack shot like the Captain was kept busy as an instructor, including a stint at our own Fort Benning, where he made local sharpshooters' eyes pop out with what he could do with a British Enfield rifle.

He is very casual about the origins of his cake projects. At an early point, while a resident of one of the islands off Vancouver, he somehow got himself inveigled into baking a community cake which amounted to no more than forty or fifty pounds, a frosted cookie, so to speak, in his lexicon of baking. Since that did not fall, he acquired something of a fascination for this type of avocational endeavor, and soon became known from coast to coast as the man to bake a cake for





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your next party, especially if you had a little get-together in mind for something more than a few thousand friends.

You will have noted at this point in our article that Captain Molecey has to be a tactician and a planner on the strategic level as well as a dreamer. It is all very well and good to envision a cake that will give every one of the Mounties in Canada a piece in honor of his *gendarmerie*, but getting that in and out of the oven and out where the boys can hack away at it with their sabres is another matter again. Therefore, let us follow Captain Molecey from beginning to end of his quest for the Grail in the matter of his British Columbia birthday cake, easily as splendid as his Mountie effort. Here is the Captain's own battle communiqué of this particular skirmish:

"The then world's largest, tastiest birthday cake—twenty-six feet in height and weighing 25,000 pounds—was baked to celebrate British Columbia's centennial of confederation with Canada as the country's sixth province.

"Representing the collective endeavors of the merchants and owners of the Lougheed Mall in Burnaby, this imaginative creation was dedicated to British Columbia's pioneers of every origin as well as to those whose good fortunes place them in British Columbia at the time of centennial celebrations, and to those who will assume the burdens and the benefits of this province's future.

"An essential ingredient of the '71 Centennial Cake was its $50,000 cost. And here is the rest of the recipe:

"Take 9,500 pounds of western Canadian wheat flour, 4,000 pounds of sugar, 6,500 pounds of choice raisins, 2,300 pounds of best pecans, 2,800 pounds of glacé-pineapple, and 1,500 dozen Canadian fresh eggs; stir in more fruit, by the ton; sprinkle with shredded almonds, add a 150-pound 'pinch' of salt, then bake in giant ovens.

"The base of the cake is twenty-two feet in diameter and is composed of four circular drums representing the dogwood blossom, floral emblem of British Columbia.

"Second tier of the cake, elevated four feet above the base, is twelve feet square. Raised successively one above the other are squares of eight, six, four, three and two feet. At the very top is a three-foot revolving maple leaf, symbol of Canada.

"The cake is lavishly decorated with more than 2,000 pounds of edible Royal icing sugar fashioned into more than 9,000 brilliantly colored (food coloring) rosebuds, dogwood blossoms, and other symbols common to British Columbia.

"One hundred giant wax candles lettered with the names of British Columbia communities add a happy birthday decor to the beautiful cake.

"The twenty-eight decorated panels, designed so cake can be removed while leaving the total decor virtually intact, means that the spectacular confection can remain on display on Lougheed Mall, Burnaby, for several months.

"Sugar decorations were created by more than fifteen talented artists from the ranks of the top professional decorators in the province, and from instructors and students at Carson Graham Secondary School in North Vancouver. As well, several British Columbia housewives expertly handled the sugar-guns. The cake was union mixed and baked by McGavin ToastMaster Ltd."

If this author seems to take Captain Molecey with a topping of honest delight, sprinkled with a few raisins of infectious surprise, he nevertheless is sure that the Captain will understand after a career of rubbing elbows and sugar-guns with disbelievers, suddenly turned into converts and disciples.

Captain George Molecey, left, enjoys tribute to his British Columbia Centennial 25,500 lb. cake in the form of a war dance by Chief Dan George before official cutting.

The truth is that Captain Molecey is a man with an idea so magnificent in concept and so difficult in achievement that it is always quite breathtaking to discuss his U.S. Bicentennial project with him. He has offered it at this writing exclusively to *The Saturday Evening Post* as the sponsor of a suitable Bicentennial Celebration. The location, Cape Kennedy, where the 200,000-pound cake (duplicated in five other major focal points in the country) would be the piece de résistance at a party hosted by the President of the United States and his Lady, the guests being the crowned heads and top government officials from every nation in the world. The cake will cost a suitably astronomical amount—you have merely to consider that his latest effort cost in the neighborhood of $80,000 and then begin multiplying by the increased size of his 200,000-pound blueprint, and throw in added thousands for inflation. The Captain knows where the ovens are hidden to bake his cakes. He knows what to put into them. And he knows how to construct his tiers of cake. His sugar-guns are at the ready, poised to follow the outlines of Norman Rockwell paintings. And he knows how to bake absolutely delicious fruitcakes. His dream includes selling small boxed pieces of the cake to lovers of peace all over the world, in honor of the U.S. celebration, and to promote a fund for the furtherance of international goodwill. His imagination, his sense of the beau geste, and his courtly efficiency in the face of the almost impossible dream, are a saga of our times. Could you do it? Captain George Molecey—like Joe Namath calmly advising the press that his team will take the favored Baltimore Colts apart in the Super Bowl. . . "I guarantee it"—guarantees he can do it.

It is refreshing to know a man of the Captain's stamp. This is the type of man who scooted around the Spanish Armada and scuttled the galleons as much for the fun of it as for the military objectives involved. Recently, when trying to reach him by telephone, there came over the wires the kind of intelligence which used to thrill small boys (among them, this one) visiting movie houses on Saturday mornings to catch, perhaps, a glimpse of the stalwarts of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police out to get their man. They usually started in some place where their splendid regular uniforms could be displayed and then moved on into frozen northern climes, wearing so many furs and encumbered by so many snowshoes that it was all they could do to reach in and bring forth the trusty service revolver to get some skulking devil back into line. The Captain is not a Mountie, but his office is connected with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Veterans' Association. When this author asked for him last, the message came back, clear as a bell: "Captain Molecey is up north. It is snowing hard and he cannot be reached for two weeks."(*Editor's Note: He survived to answer the next phone call.*)

Jules Verne, a man years ahead of his time, would understand. Were he here to say it, that word would be: *Captain Molecey will do.*

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IT'S THE ПЕПСИ* GENERATION

Historians will please note as Pepsi hits "the" spot—one good U.S. businessman carries more clout with the Russians than a planeload of diplomats.

*Russian for "Pepsi"
(See photo)

by Frederic A. Birmingham

"Man cannot predict his future: he can invent it."

—Physicist Dennis Gabor

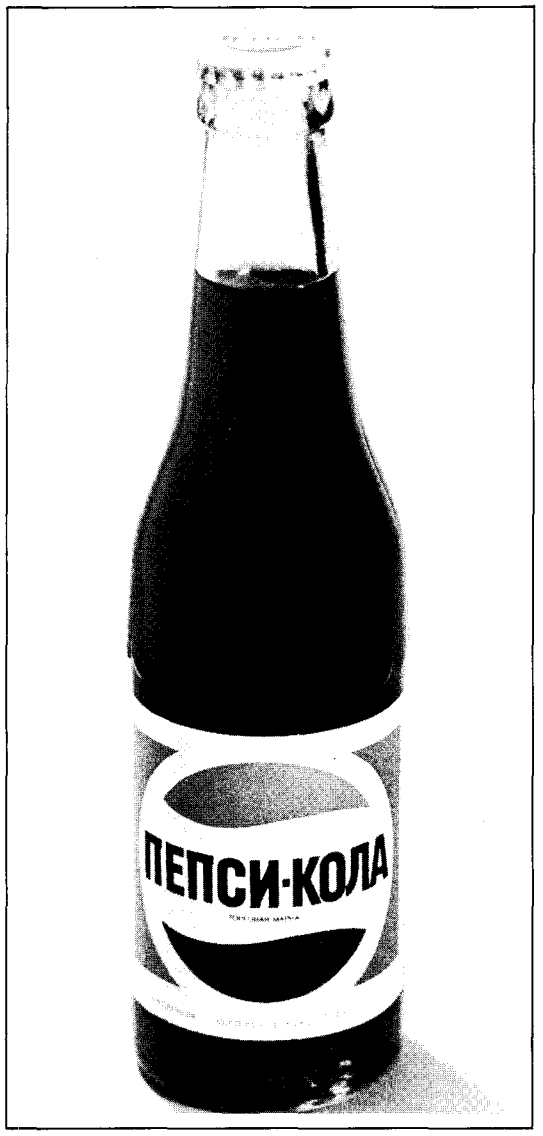
Donald M. Kendall, chief executive officer of Pepsico, the parent corporation of Pepsi-Cola, is in the office of Leonid Brezhnev, Premier of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. An old hand at dealing with the Russians (he was at Khrushchev's right when Richard Nixon, then Vice-President, was on the other side of the Russian bear during their famous "kitchen debate" in 1959), he knows that the personal equation means everything with them. In spite of the hostility always lurking under the surface of Russian-U.S. relations, Kendall well understands that when there is dialogue, there is less apt to be sabre-rattling. The American's job today, in Kendall versus Brezhnev, is—first—to break the ice personally.

Kendall, a formidable man physically with a World War II record behind him as a Navy flyer, decides upon the rapier rather than the bludgeon. He carries with him a cunningly contrived little surprise—it apparently is a standard twelve-ounce Pepsi-Cola can, but in reality there is a highly sophisticated miniaturized radio concealed within. The control switches are barely visible, two dials set in the can at right angles, like quarters inserted deep into an apple, with only the tactile edges projecting. The remainder of the radio apparatus is invisible, although the little set puts out a fine tone and volume.

The Russian, dourly noting the can in his visitor's hand, assumes that it is the expected gesture of a man who heads up Pepsi to bring along a sample of the product. Both know that Kendall wants to get the Russians to import Pepsi in exchange for a Russian export, probably vodka. The meeting is casual on the surface: strategically it is of international significance. At this moment, Russia imports no U.S. product.

Don Kendall reaches out a big mitt, puts the Pepsi can on the Premier's desk, and deftly switches on the sound, all in the same gesture. Brezhnev, startled at first, breaks into a big grin. That taste for the playful, which always seems to balance the intellectual even in the most prominent Russians, is tickled in Brezhnev. The Russian's smile admits that Kendall has captured the first pawn in their complicated game. These two are going to get along.

That was in 1972. And Don Kendall got along so well with Leonid Brezhnev that in 1973, the U.S. business executive was able to announce that plans had been completed for Pepsi-Cola to become the first American consumer product to be produced, marketed and sold in the Soviet Union.



Pepsi-Cola, Russian label, is the first American consumer item to be produced and distributed in the Soviet Union.

Says Mr. Kendall: "I have long believed that trade between nations could help to build bridges of greater understanding between different cultures and economic systems. We're especially proud that Pepsi-Cola, as the first American consumer product sold in the Soviet Union, will have the opportunity to contribute to a widening of our peaceful contacts with the Soviet people."

Fine words, and with action to suit, Donald Kendall has now become Organizing Chairman, U.S.–U.S.S.R. Joint Trade and Economic Council. He has made a number of trips recently to the U.S.S.R. in pursuit of organizing this. In fact, a telephone call to the Purchase, New York, headquarters of Pepsi-Cola elicited the reply that "Mr. Kendall is out of the office today; he commutes to and from Russia, you know." The Council will have offices in both Moscow and New York. It will give thousands of small businessmen in the U.S. a channel of communication to potential business in the Soviet Union. This is another Kendall achievement to help affect a detente between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. and to provide greater understanding between the nations.

No disrespect to Don Kendall is intended by the suggestion that his travels are the biggest thing since Marco Polo, another businessman, opened up the East in 1275 to Western modes of thought and commerce. It seems to me a thoroughly magnificent thing that a man who heads up a company with sales of one-and-a-quarter billion dollars can also concern himself actively with small business and peaceful international coexistence.

Donald M. Kendall has a lot on his mind these days. He has his own daring and self-assurance to blame for this. Having spent his entire working career with Pepsi-Cola, he became its youngest president in 1963 at forty-two years of age, and he apparently regarded this as opening up a new career, instead of a long, easy rest at the top. It was Kendall who introduced Diet Pepsi, which made an immediate hit with the fashion conscious. His company acquired other drinks—Mountain Dew, Teem, Tropic Surf—which prospered mightily. Thinking about munching as well as swallowing, Kendall worked out a merger with the Frito-Lay company, a Texas-based producer of convenience and snack foods. It was in that business get-together that a new parent corporation, Pepsico, Inc., was formed with Pepsi-Cola and Frito-Lay as divisions. Donald Kendall was named president for Pepsico and Herman Lay, whose name is on the famous potato chips sold by Frito-Lay, chairman of the board.

Kendall also thinks about wheels (North American Van Lines is a division of Pepsico); tennis rackets and golf clubs (Wilson Sporting Goods Company is another division); and vodka (when the deal was concluded to trade Pepsi for Russian vodka, Pepsico needed a company to market its new product and acquired Monsieur Henri Wines to do so).

What is eternally interesting about businessmen of Kendall's stature is that the more they take on, the more they appear to thrive. They work hard, but the answer would appear to be that business on this stratospheric level becomes

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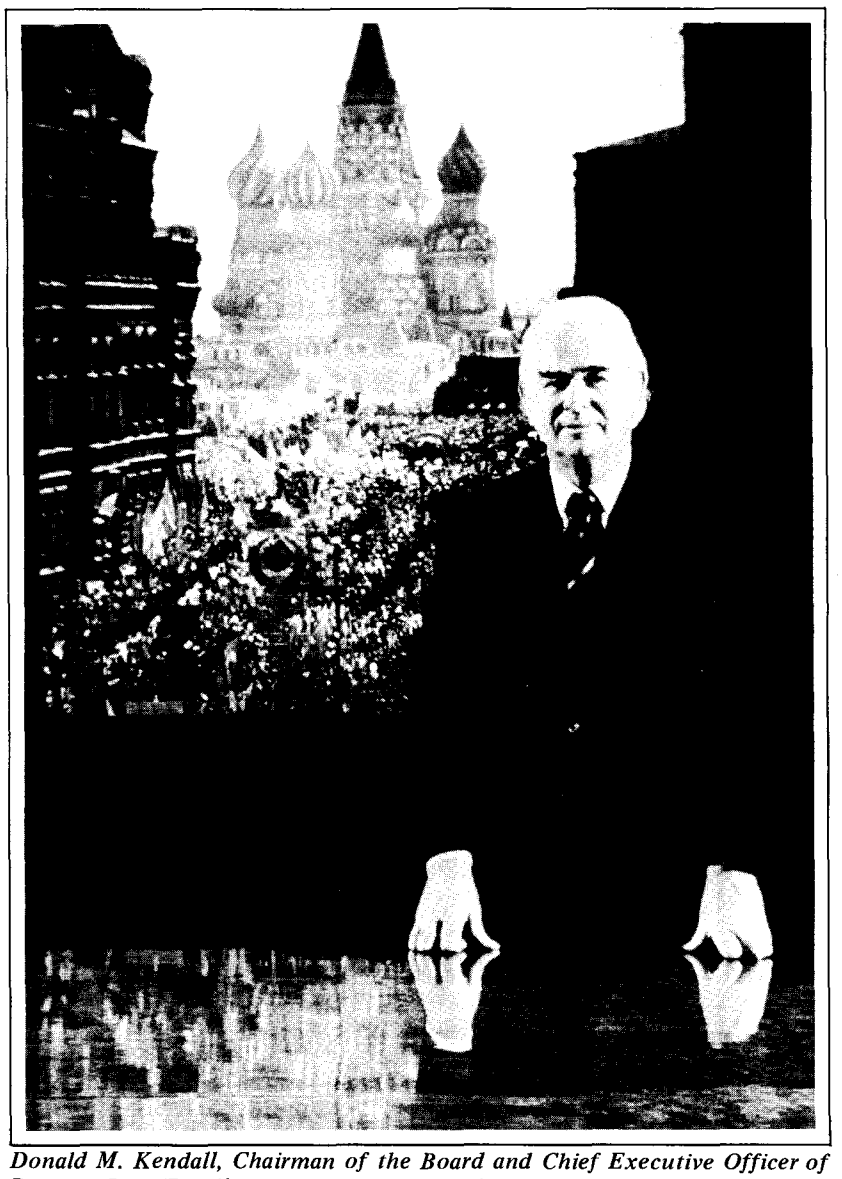
a game, a source of challenge and excitement, after the early drives towards recognition and personal financial success have been fully gratified. It could well be that on this top level, these men enjoy their finest hour, as witnessed by Kendall's deal with the Russians, a triumph of diplomatic proportions. Kendall is a frequent visitor at the White House, where his qualities seem to be well recognized—goodness knows how he can do it, but he is also involved in the gigantic problem of what to do with this country's solid waste, as Chairman of the National Center for Resource Recovery, Inc. The truth is, that in such diversity, the businessman rises above being a worker after profit. He becomes something of a statesman, something of a philosopher (though he may revolt strenuously at the very thought) and something of a philanthropist. So many times when you meet such men personally, they exhibit fantastic self-discipline. The long fight is under control. They do not jitter around in their well-upholstered executive chairs, fiddle with gadgets, or wander away from the subject at hand. In fact, their attention span is a masterpiece of concentrated listening.

The Chairman of Pepsico has decreed not a pleasure dome but a working headquarters for Pepsico in the community of Purchase, New York. It would, however, give even Kublai Khan pause in its elegance and beauty. Many big firms are settling in the suburbs these days, but Purchase is not just another shopping center with grass. It is estate country, dotted with the kinds of homes where the Master still wears a dinner jacket every evening just to eat with his family, and if Son wants to bring home the members of his fraternity for the weekend, things may get a bit crowded, but there will always be beds and baths enough to go around in the big house. The Pepsico offices are situated on 112 acres, an hour's drive north of New York City, in a complex of buildings which are really all one, containing some six acres of carpets and outstanding works of art. The buildings, designed by Edward Durell Stone, one of the nation's outstanding architects, would swell with pride the heart of an Oriental potentate, yet they are for the Pepsico workers, one and all. There are six wings of three floors each rising upward in the shape of a blunt, inverted pyramid (with this design other floors can be easily added as needed) and joined so subtly by corridors that it would all appear to be one massive zigguratlike structure. The courtyards of these wings are decorated with gardens and gazing pools in the Oriental mood; it is hardly possible to walk anywhere in the entire complex without a glimpse into these diverting and peaceful inner courts. The outer view from the offices is even more impressive. Outdoor dining and strolling terraces look down upon acres of lawn and lake, dramatized by the massive sculpture of such as Alexander Calder, Henry Moore, and David Smith.

Mr. Kendall's office is quite appropriately set with a view over the lake, with its shores and islands of Japanese outline-in-rock. And quite appropriately, since the most eye-catching feature of the lake is a central fountain of water which drives up into the air a possible fifty or sixty feet and tumbles back in spangled sheets of mist, he has a desktop control of the fountain, a good quarter of a mile away. When I entered his office, he turned the fountain *off,* watching with a kind of engaging boyishness to see if I were impressed. I had just previously been warned that he also enjoys turning it *on,* so as to startle the ducks and geese which thrive on the lake, some of them transients from Canadian hideaways. I was impressed all right—I like a man who can surprise Russians and ducks, too.

While Don Kendall was telling me about his experiences in Russia with Khrushchev and Brezhnev, it was a good time to reflect that Pepsi has indeed come a long way in its seventy-five years, to this Shangri-la from the drugstore soda fountain of Caleb D. Bradham in New Bern, North Carolina.



Donald M. Kendall, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of Pepsico, Inc. (Pepsi's parent company) is the man who achieved the breakthrough with the Russian brass.

Bradham had dropped out of medical school when his father's fortunes faded at the drugstore, but as a would-be medico he knew about cola nuts. That natives in Africa had been making a drink from them for a long time, and that over in Atlanta, Asa Chandler was already selling a syrup formulated from cola nuts which he called (this will be worth my life, or at least a good horse-whipping up in Purchase) Coca-Cola. But Bradham had his own ideas for a special syrup. The flavor was unique in tiny New Bern. The drugstore cowboys loved it. For reasons no one knows, but which started the company off on its long history of innovative business moves, he called it "Pepsi-Cola," really a name quite ahead of its time in its pert use of the first word. He soon registered it as a trademark and began to sell his syrup to other soda fountains.

Pepsi has a long and turbulent history; in fact, a book has been written about it. The cacao leaf is a native of Peru. The kola, or cola nut is a tasty little native of Africa and the West Indies. As early as 1881, something called "Imperial Inca Coca" was on the market, an elixir derived from these exotics. There was also "Coca-Coffee," "French Wine Coca," "Coca-Malta," "Coccaffeine," followed next by Coca-Cola, and "Burgundia Coca," all in that order, and numerous jawbreaking names besides. Among them, "Kola Phosphate" and down under in far off Australia, "Hot Tom Cola," advertised as early as 1898.

But Caleb Bradham persisted. Today, not many people realize how old Pepsi-Cola is. Bradham stepped out formally in 1903. That was the time the Wright Brothers took off on their epochal flight at Kitty Hawk. Two men drove a Packard automobile from San Francisco to New York in seven days that year, proving to all but the most obstinate that the horseless carriage might rival the covered wagon. And someone wrote a dandy song in keeping with the spirit of that era—"Sweet Adeline."

Bradham fought it out for long hard years. He knew little of advertising and marketing, and the company began before the technology of bottling was perfected. The fact of the matter was that he had a modern business in the wrong decades: he was a third of a century ahead of his time. He died in 1933, ten years after he had sold out the business in bankruptcy.

In Bradham's day Pepsi existed chiefly by sales in candy stores where a drink at the fountain helped keep candy customers in a buying mood. But in 1933, faced with a competitor (which must be unnamed) selling six-and-one-half-ounce bottles of a cola drink for five cents, the man then in charge of Pepsi, an embattled genius named Charles G. Guth, decided to sell his Pepsi drink in twelve-ounce bottles for five cents. Later, to promote this bargain, the world's first product radio jingle was aired.

"Pepsi-Cola hits the spot,
Twelve full ounces
That's a lot.
Twice as much for a nickel, too.
Pepsi-Cola is the drink for you."

Up until then, Bradham and Guth had written their own advertising. Now, Pepsi was turned over to professionals. They came up with this jingle, which was basically a swing version of "D'ye Ken John Peel." The ditty literally became

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famous all over the world. Odd that Russia should have figured in an earlier Pepsi episode, but in those Thirties, Eric Johnson, then president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, found himself facing an audience of Moscow bigwigs at an important banquet. Having been called upon without warning to say a few words, he found himself completely bereft of any inspiration, much less a knowledge of the Russian language. So he warbled the Pepsi jingle. Laughing and applauding, the Russians nodded and beamed. Mr. Johnson had made it—everybody but everybody in the world knew what that little ditty was about. He had made a pleasant communications breakthrough in a day when just the opposite mood dominated conversations with Russia.

Pepsi moved out of the Dark Ages. The net profit of the Pepsi-Cola Company in 1932 had been $2,100. One investor who purchased 11,000 shares of Pepsi stock for $4,000 in the early 30's sold a mere 2,000 of them in 1940 for $350,000. Today's value of the 9,000 remaining shares is in the tens of millions of dollars.

Pepsi always had a lot of zing to its advertising. There was "Be Sociable! Drink Pepsi!" Then—"Come Alive! You're in the Pepsi Generation" in the 50's. And now, "You've got a lot to live, Pepsi's got a lot to give."

As the advertising thrust changed after World War II, the product itself was changed—"it is less sweet and has more appeal to the newly style-conscious American consumer," in the words of the company. Management was becoming more sophisticated as well. In 1950, President Alfred N. Steele was named top man at Pepsi, and net earnings jumped by more than 100 percent in 1951. At the decade's end, sales and net earnings had increased more than any in the entire soft drink industry. Along with his new strategy and enthusiasm, Steele also showed a great sense of style in recruiting the talents of his wife, motion picture star Joan Crawford, into the Pepsi-Cola company's efforts. The beauteous Miss Crawford was a tremendous hit in the public relations field. (I recall their reception at the Hotel Plaza in New York at the time of their marriage in 1955. The waiting line to meet them was only slightly longer than the entire length of Fifth Avenue.) Alfred Steele died in 1959, but today his widow is a company director and still active in promoting the company's products. The driver of the limousine which rolled me to Purchase from the airport works on lease for such services for a number of large corporations, so he had no particular company loyalty to think of in reporting that Joan Crawford is still beautiful both in person and as a person. I was absolutely delighted to hear that. Pepsi keeps

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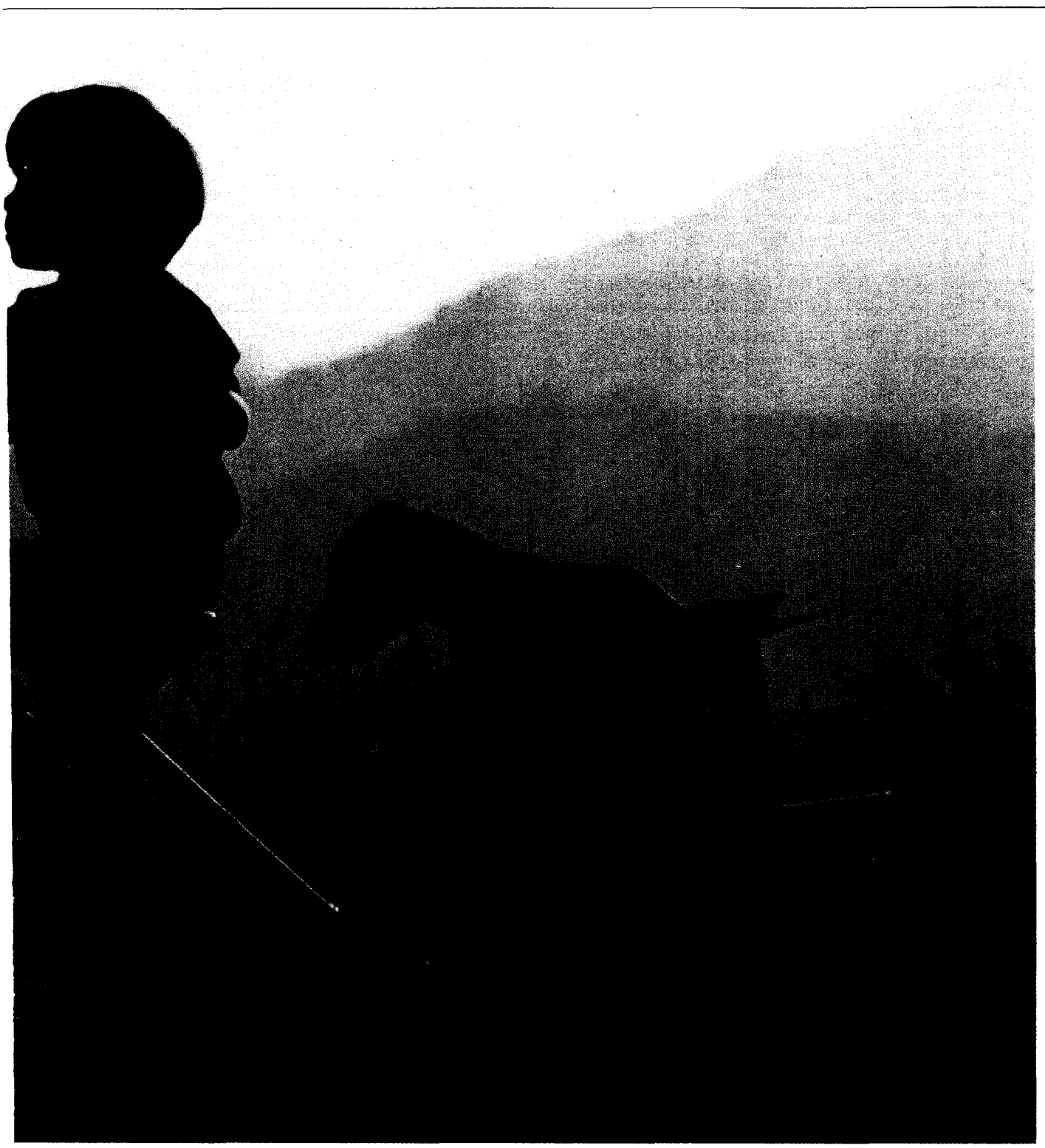
on having that certain something to give.

One of the more interesting ways is a typical Pepsi method of getting young people interested in its products. One cannot be so far lost in admiration of American business methods as to believe that a corporation would voluntarily risk altruism in its promotion at the risk of sales. But considering the wide range of sales techniques open to a firm of Pepsi's scope, it has chosen what seems to be most promising and constructive avenues of interesting the Pepsi generation in its product. A Pepsi spokesman tells how the company got around to building a sports program, to be directed by Stan Smith, the leading tennis player in the world, one of our Davis Cup stalwarts, and a young man who gives serious thought to what good he can do in his life.

The Pepsi man describes this sports program: "Pepsi is really a very American kind of product, we're a part of the community, the community is part of Pepsi. We looked around to see what we really could do that was in keeping with the Pepsi image, and we saw a terrific gap in sports, youth sports especially. There is no problem for the New York Giants to get a sponsor. There's no problem for the National Basketball Association to get sponsors. Beer companies, cigarette companies, everybody is doing something with one of the professional groups. We thought that the younger people were more important people who don't get sponsors easily. So last year we made a commitment that all of our efforts in sports would be directed toward youth recreational sports activities. Once you make a decision like that there are a lot of ways you can go—basketball, football, baseball. We put in another stipulation by deciding we weren't interested in making people professionals per se; we were far more interested in getting them involved in sports that they could use for a lifetime. And hopefully it would be something the family could get involved in. And basically inexpensive to do, not for us but for the person participating. Tennis was the first one we picked. Tennis is an inexpensive game. All you need is a $7.00 tennis racket, a pair of sneakers, and a ball. It's not like football equipment; you don't have to buy $100 worth. The problem with tennis, for kids especially, and especially kids in the inner city, was lack of facilities. Most city kids had no experience with the game and didn't realize first of all how difficult it was and secondly, how challenging it was. So we started a mobile tennis program. That's simply a program that brings tennis to inner city streets. We actually set up courts and practice nets and things like that on our city streets. It's called Pepsi-Cola Mobile Tennis, and it operated in about ten cities last year, and will



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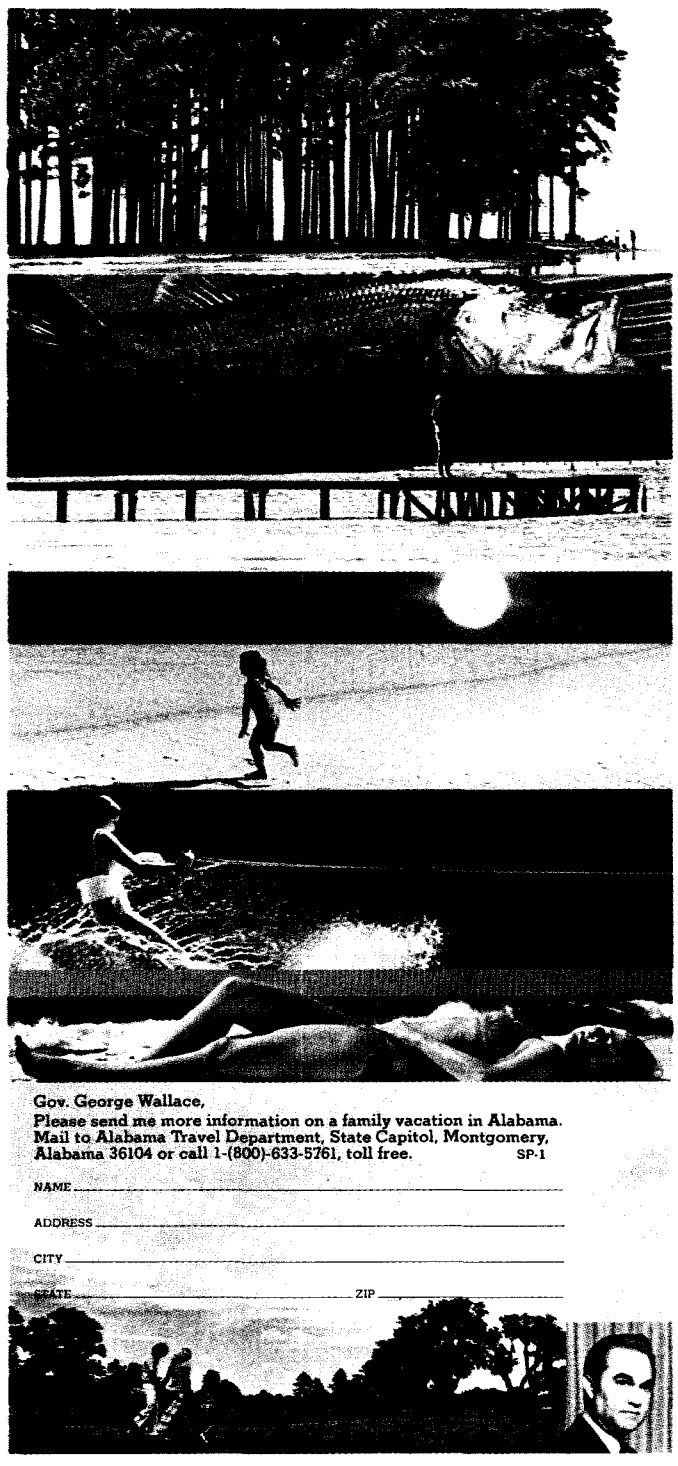
probably operate in twenty to thirty next year. Over 100,000 kids have put tennis rackets in their hands and hit the ball back and forth because of Pepsi-Cola Mobile Tennis. Now we're not teaching great skills here, obviously, but they are still happily paddling the ball back and forth. We visit a street on a regular basis usually once or twice a week. It might be 126th Street in Harlem or something like that or it might be a particular street in Boston they go to all the time. The idea is to come back often enough so that the kids can actually learn something. Instructors in this unit are usually young people themselves who may be on a college tennis team. In this way, these college players can work with poor kids during the summer in a total joint commitment: we fund it, we give them an idea, we give them help and everything like that, but they're the ones that have to pick the streets that they go to and they have to organize it. We designed the program, we brought it to the community and we pay for the program, and they have to make a commitment, also. This is a tennis program that brings tennis to the streets. It doesn't have to be inner city. It happens to be most beneficial in the inner city where there are few tennis courts. But it could be a good suburban program, at shopping centers and the like. Althea Gibson, U.S. Women's Singles champion in 1957 and 1958, is our coordinator of that program. Althea brings tremendous resources to the program. She can tell what a kid can learn and what you can teach him, and what you can reasonably expect. It's not necessarily because she's black but because she just happened to come from a city street, so that works out very well.

"Now, on another level of our tennis interest in kids we also want something for them to shoot at. That's junior tennis. Most people who know about junior tennis think of it like Little League. America has had many junior tennis tournaments but nothing has ever had any visibility. But the fact is that junior tennis is just as good as professional tennis except the players are a few years younger. One of the things that we want to do is to create a visible junior tennis tournament in which people would really get an idea of how good these people are and where kids can identify with someone, identify even with Stan Smith, in a sense. With his terrific skills it's very hard to identify with Stan, but it's not so difficult to identify with Billy Martin, who won our Pepsico Junior Tennis Tournament when he was sixteen years old. Billie Jean is a great tennis player and so is Bobby Riggs but I wouldn't want to see either of them play Billy Martin, because he's too fast for them. Pepsi sponsors the National Junior Boys Championship in Kalamazoo, and the National Junior Girls Championship in Philadelphia. Stan Smith puts all this together. Stan Smith embodies all of tennis for these kids. He's a genuine hero, he's a genuine person, he's a fantastic tennis player and he seems to embody the best in life.

"Our next program is skiing. It's totally a junior program, eighteen and under. It's ski racing as opposed to just skiing. It's called Pepsi-Cola Junior NASTAR. NASTAR stands for National Standard Race. You race a slalom course on an official NASTAR mountain, and then compare your time that day to the time of anybody else in your age group on any other official mountain in the United States. Then you can compare your time against the best skiers in the U.S. who also raced that day. You get handicap cards, you complete the course, it's done on electric time equipment, and it's sent into a computer in Aspen, Colorado. We believe that every Olympic skier in the future will come out of Pepsi-Cola Junior NASTAR because it's the only ski racing program of its kind. The organizer and administrator of the program is Bob Beattie, the former U.S. Olympic ski coach and also the ABC ski commentator. Just to give you an idea of how it works, the top pacesetter (the one whose time everybody goes against) this year was Peppy Steigler, the 1964 slalom gold medalist from Austria, so the kids do go against the top racers. Why is Pepsi involved? Well, skiing is something that really is for a lifetime, it's a sport you can have fun with forever. Ski 'racing' for kids is a good idea because skiing up and down a slope gets boring for young kids. It's fun for an adult because it's an experience, but a kid can do it so easily after a while that they think it's boring and quit. But this racing and the practicing for it give thousands of kids something that's very exciting and it's something that's very much a family sport. There are now eighty-four mountains in twenty-six states in the official competition and the number continues to grow every year. We did not organize NASTAR, but we sponsor it and believe in it.

"Our next Pepsi program has to do with skeelers. 'Skeelers' is probably a word you've never heard. A skeeler is halfway between an ice skate and a roller skate. Take roller skates and line up the wheels and put the center wheel of three wheels lower and deeper than the other two and you can absolutely imitate the action of an ice skater on the ice. That's skeeling. You can practice ice skating on concrete because it's exactly the same motion. Skeelers were invented in Russia many years ago and the Russian hockey team practices with them all summer long. You can turn and pivot on them; it's not exactly like an ice skate but it's very close



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If you smoke.

We're not telling you anything you don't know when we acknowledge that a controversy about smoking exists.

And since we're in the business of selling cigarettes, you obviously know where we stand.

If you don't smoke, we're not about to persuade you to start.

But if you do, we'd like to persuade you to try a cigarette you'll like more than the one you're smoking now.

We mean Vantage, of course.

Vantage gives you flavor like a full-flavor cigarette. Without anywhere near the 'tar' and nicotine.

That's a simple statement of truth.

We don't want you to misunderstand us. Vantage is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you can buy.

It's simply the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you'll enjoy smoking.

We just don't see the point in putting out a low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you have to work so hard getting some taste out of, you won't smoke it.

If you agree with us, we think you'll enjoy Vantage.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 10 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73.

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to it; all the same muscles are required. Anyway, Pepsi-Cola has rights to these skeelers and we think they're fantastic. First of all, we are going to use them as a tool to organize street hockey leagues. Street hockey is a tremendous sport that just seems to grow up by itself. There's no organized street hockey league in America, but there are street hockey leagues all over the place which just happen by themselves. In Philadelphia they play hockey but they don't use roller skates; they play it in sneakers and with sticks. In New York they play with skates. In Boston they play with skates. In Chicago they play without skates. To unify this we've brought this skeeler in. With skeelers kids can have street hockey and also practice ice hockey at the same time. It's good practice for ballerinas, as well as street skaters. Now we're tied in with the National Hockey League in endorsing this. We're not going to try to organize it to death, we're just going to get skeelers out so that they can play. When you get older it's hard to roller skate a lot, but if you learn how to ice skate that's a nice thing to know, and we think this will make people better ice skaters. Although it seems like hockey right now, we think of it more in terms of a recreational thing."

The Pepsi youth program also includes soccer. The famous Pele, the Brazilian soccer player, heads up this activity. Americans cannot fully appreciate his world standing. In South America, Europe, Asia and the Middle East, he is revered as no athlete has ever been in this country. In Mexico, 125,000 fans gathered at the airport merely to catch a glimpse of him disembarking from a plane and getting into an automobile–just to *see* him for a few seconds. On the Russo-Chinese border he once unthinkingly strayed too far, actually over the line into China, but the guards only chanted his name as if a god had suddenly materialized. Pepsi has Pele to organize soccer programs all over the world for kids, based upon a series of six Pele training films on soccer. He is the star, and demonstrates how it's done in actual world cup competition. The films are backed up by wall charts and student manuals, and Pepsi is hard put to keep turning out these training aids for kids of every nationality. Americans are far behind in soccer skills, and probably with this program Pepsi can fairly claim to be the leading soccer coaching staff in the nation–the budget for film is always at the breaking point, the wall charts and manuals are always on the presses for reprints, but it looks as though soccer might be making a breakthrough with American youngsters. You don't have to be seven feet tall, or weigh 275 pounds to be a great soccer player. The equipment is inexpensive, and the sport is booming in schools where football is beginning to noticeably suffer from giantism.

Pepsi also runs a series of bicycle marathons which are strictly amateur stuff, with a twenty-four-hour marathon for the highest total mileage. People of all ages compete–there's even a prize for the oldest, like the seventy-year-old who completed over seventy miles in his twenty-four-hour stint in the Central Park marathon in New York City, which drew nearly 4,000 entrants, including kids and professionals. You can win a Pepsi patch for just completing twenty-five miles, and you can win a trophy for the most miles, but mostly it's just for fun. The events are sponsored around the country by local cycle clubs, and an estimated 50,000 riders pedaled for Pepsi this year, with bigger plans looming in the future.

These things are only a part of Pepsi. Inside the corporation, Donald Kendall has shown another talent in grouping around him men of great ability who can function under the tremendous competitive pressures of the soft drink business. For example, Victor A. Bonomo, president since 1970 of the Pepsi-Cola Company, although now only in his early forties, was formerly president of United Vintners, Inc., and prior to that, spent twelve years as the general manager of the Maxwell House division and head of the Kool-Aid operation of General Foods. Like Kendall, Victor Bonomo is a big, easygoing man on the surface, but obviously filled with drive and zest for his job.

These young skiers are racing on Vermont's tough downhill ski slopes against expert time recorded by professionals–part of a Pepsi sports program for youngsters encouraging competitive effort on a national basis. These four could be headed for the Olympics in years to come.

Mr. Bonomo admits to being Number Two to "them" but points out that the margin is decreasing. "In the South they outsell us by a very wide margin. On the east and west coasts we're pretty much even. Through much of the Midwest we lead by a wide margin. They are very strong in the fountain service business, where we go very light. And they are also very strong in places where there is no freedom of choice, like at McDonald's or a hamburger stand."

Bonomo fingers an investment report which states that Pepsi-Cola has now achieved the distinction of being the leading soft drink brand sold in the United States supermarkets and grocery stores, winning about 40 percent of the total soft drink domestic market in such areas where the shopper has freedom of choice among a number of brands, including "them." Bonomo points out that this food store market is the "largest and fastest growing category in the soft drink industry." It looks good for Pepsi.

Victor Bonomo smilingly answers a question which probably should not have been asked. Does he know the Pepsi formula for the syrup? "No. Only three people do." The three remain anonymous.

Pepsi will do it in Russia as it has so effectively here. The syrup is supplied by the manufacturer, and Pepsi experts set up procedures in bottling, distribution and marketing, although the ownership and future growth belong to the Russian businessmen. The volume of concentrate Pepsi will be selling in Russia over the next five years is contingent on how much vodka it can sell here–that's the way the deal was made. Pepsi hopes to be shipping close to twenty million cases five years from now. U.S. vodka drinkers, we trust, will hold up their end here.

Pepsi can rely on more than Russians to quaff its product. The company has outlets in over 125 countries and territories around the world, if you can imagine that many. New bottling plants have just gone into action in Sincelejo, Colombia; Salta and Posadas, Argentina; Tuffley, England; Jutland, Denmark; Shiraz, Iran; Krugersdorp and Tzaneen, South Africa; Krakow, Poland; Pusan, South Korea; Vientiane, Laos; Napier and Pahiatua, New Zealand; and Port Vila, New Hebrides.

With contact points like that all over the globe, perhaps Pepsi does have a lot to give. Don Kendall is bottling Pepsi, but as he says, he is also building international bridges. Diplomatically speaking, it looks as though striped pants may be on the way out, and the red, white, and blue bottle on the way in. The story of Pepsi goes into many more channels, if you must know it all, but what could be covered here is a laboratory look into the main thrust of an American corporation, functioning along contemporary lines. Caleb Bradham had no reason to do much more than mix his syrup and sell it to as many customers as he could. When you have more than 400 franchise-bottlers in the U.S. alone, as well as the wholly owned Metropolitan Bottling Company, which manufactures and sells Pepsi-Cola in such major markets as New York City and Philadelphia, you are getting into personnel totals and community relationships. But, all over the world Pepsi-Cola seems to be on the way down, and that's why business is up.

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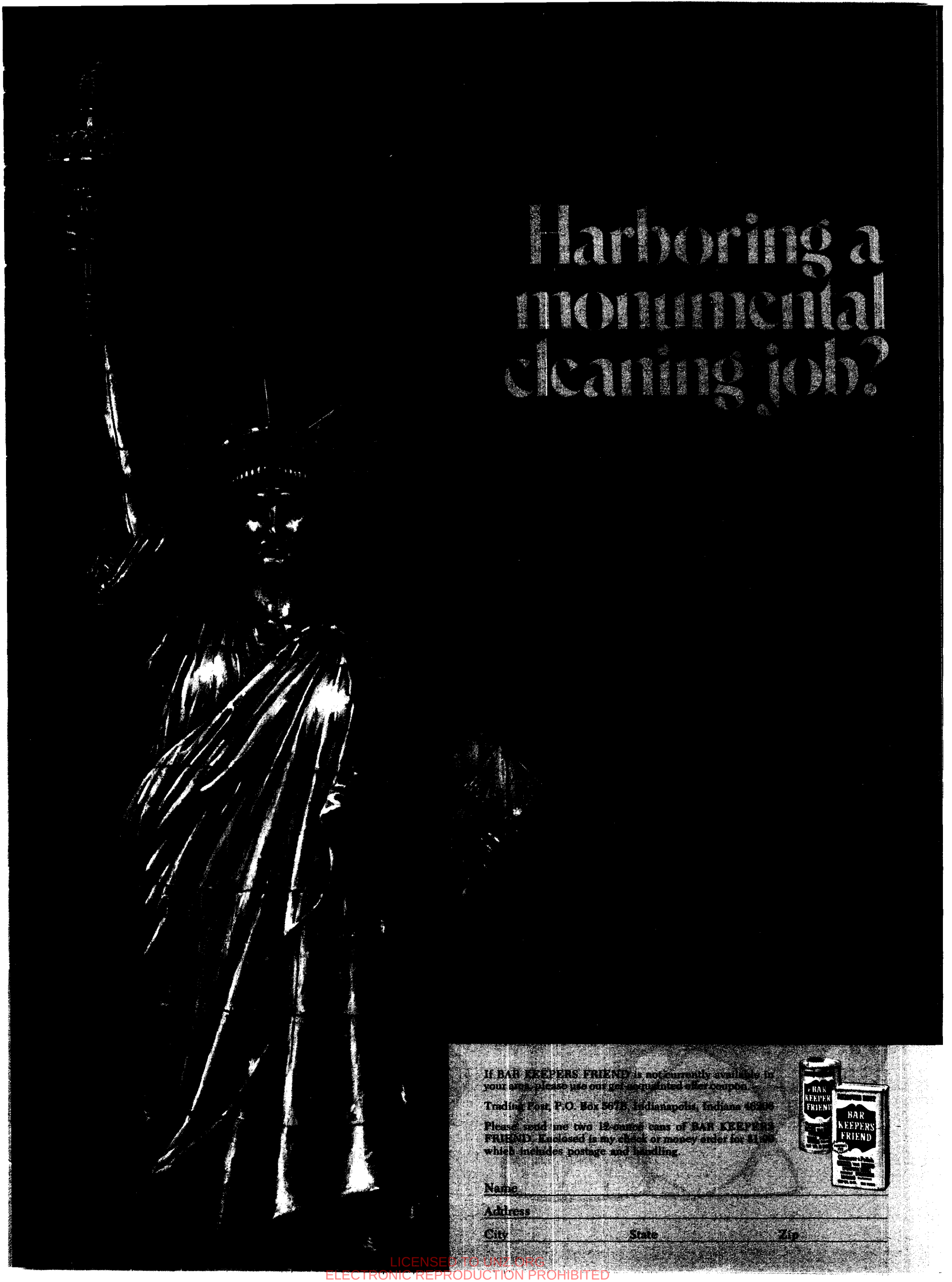

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THE FUTURE OF THE PRESENT TWO-PARTY SYSTEM

We have had such parties as the Loyalists, the Anti-Constitutionalists, the Anti-Masons, the Whigs, the Federalists, the Single Taxers, to name but a few. Charles B. Bennett, Democratic Congressman from Florida, in an address delivered before the House of Representatives in Washington, D. C., suggests that two are enough.

Mr. Speaker, it is essential to American political life that we have two strong political parties. There is a need for one party, through the process of election, to be the one in power at a particular time; and a need for the other party to be the party of constructive criticism. Only in this way can the people of our country have the best possible government at a particular time.

As an officeholder who was elected as a Democrat and who has held office as such for more than twenty-five years, I would like to express my views at this time concerning the future of the Democratic Party, and to say some things about the two-party system, and the two fine parties we have here in the United States.

There has been much gnashing of teeth among loyal Democrats since the election, caused by the failure to elect the Democratic nominee to the presidency. Many persons who have previously been registered as Democrats in my home state of Florida have switched their registration to the Republican Party in recent years. Of course, they have a perfect right to do so, and they should do so if they find the other party more suited to do what they think should be done in the country. Many people suggest that there should be a realignment of parties in America so that all conservatives would be in the Republican Party and all the liberals in the Democratic Party. This would be a great mistake, for the polarization of parties in this fashion would not best serve our country.

There is a need within each party for liberals and conservatives to express their views and to come forward with a party platform based upon the adjustments and compromises that are needed to bring about progress within the realms of reality and fiscal common sense.

By having both liberals and conservatives in the same party, the stance of each party will achieve more realism and more practicality than would be possible if the parties were polarized into one massive group of liberals and one massive group of conservatives.

After these adjustments of reality occur in each party, then the clash, or competition, takes place between the parties; and another adjustment takes place again in the direction of realism and practicality. The result of this type of party structure is that the people obtain their idealistic goals in the context of practicality, and that is how it should be. This provides the stability in government we need.

Although we do not have the parliamentary system of England, we do have the constitutional system which grew out of the English system and it might be wise for us to look briefly at the English system from which our system came.

The right to oppose government was won by Cromwell and his Roundheads in England. There was established from then on, with brief interruptions, a government and a loyal opposition.

This system contrasts with the one-party system of such countries as Russia and China today. The foundation of those other systems is the suppression of political opposition. Khrushchev put it succinctly when he was here in America some years ago and he said in response to a criticism of the one-party system, "Why should I let any man put a flea in my shirt?"

All free men know that political society is healthier and does more for the people when a loyal opposition or constructive criticism is allowed.

The purpose of political parties is to provide for the orderly transfer of power. Another major function is the stating of a platform of general objectives; and the third purpose, without which the others must fail, is to win elections.

Charles Merriam in his *American Party System* said:

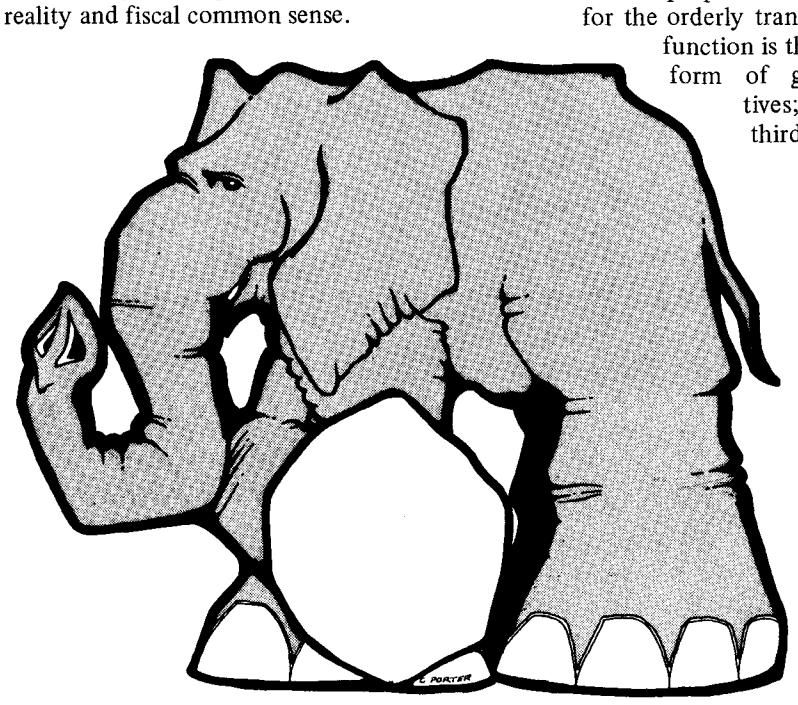
"In the United States and Great Britain there has never been a time when there were only two parties, but in these countries the minor parties have been relatively insignificant, and the central tendency has always been toward a twofold division of the voters. Under this system the important fact is that the predominant party has the power to operate the machinery of the government by itself.

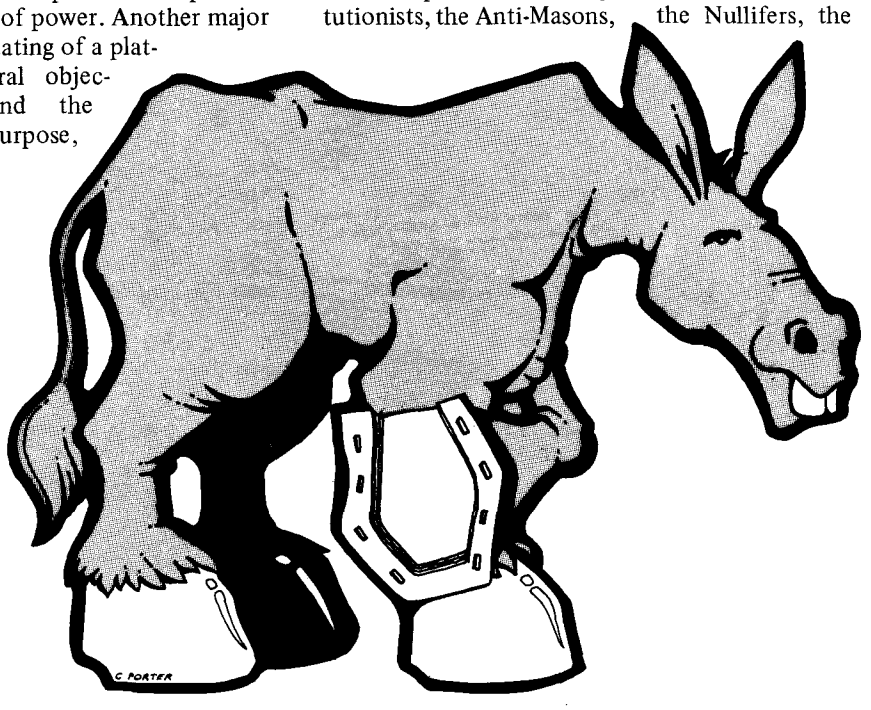
"Criticisms against the two-party system have not changed the liking of Americans for it. The system has provided strong governments in times of crisis and it has avoided ministerial crises such as have been common in France. In a country as large as the United States the system has been useful as a means of integrating diverse elements that must be brought together to form a government."

Thomas Jefferson said:

"In every free and deliberative society there must, from the nature of man, be opposition parties and violent dissensions and discords; and one of these for the most part must prevail over the other for a longer or shorter time. Perhaps this party division is necessary to each to watch and relate to the people the proceedings of the other.

"We should contrast our two-party system with a multiple-party system of other countries. France is a good example of a country which has had multiple parties through its history. America has had many minor parties but they have never been a major factor in our political life. We have had such parties as the Loyalists, the Anti-Constitutionists, the Anti-Masons, the Nullifers, the





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Greenbackers, and the Single Taxers, to name but a few.

"All of these parties live, grow, and die with a relatively single cause or purpose. Outside of the impact that they have had upon the two major parties, these other parties have had little thrust for our country because they have been myopically looking at relatively insignificant problems and not concerning themselves with a general field of responsibility."

Alexis de Tocqueville wrote:

"The political parties which I style great are those which cling to principles more than to consequences; to general, and not to especial cases; to ideas, and not to men. These parties are usually distinguished by a nobler character, by more generous passions, more genuine convictions, and a more bold and open conduct than others. In them private interest, which always plays the chief part in political passions, is more studiously veiled under the pretext of the public good; and it may even be sometimes concealed from the eyes of the very persons whom it excites and impels."

The White House today is in the hands of the Republican Party, and the Congress is predominantly Democratic. Under these circumstances, the Democratic majority in Congress should play the role of constructive criticism whether the issues place the party in the position of conservative or liberal on any particular matter.

A recent widespread publication stated, "It will be argued that the American people have been moving to the right," and it went on to say that this was an invalid argument on the loss of the election of the presidency in 1972.

This seems to assume that the Democratic Party should be to the left on every issue, and that is certainly an invalid assumption if we are going to have good government in this country. If that philosophy were to be pursued in the Democratic Party, then all the President has to do in order to keep power for his Republican Party is to espouse causes of a very liberal nature because he can be assured that under those circumstances the Democratic Party can only criticize by moving further to his left.

The inevitable result would be that our country will rush headlong to the left on the liberal side despite the wishes of the majority of Americans, and despite the requirements of good government, because the President would always be able to occupy the relatively conservative position which would at the same time force the Democratic Party ever further to the liberal side of every issue. Certainly this would not be in the best interests of our country.

Continued on page 119

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MAME

In which Lucy has a ball

By Milton Krims

Some stories live as long as a knee jerk while others survive the exacerbation of time, ethological mutations and scrambled semantics to move from past to present with the greatest of ease, often leading us to wonder if the next and future versions will be as pleasing to our children and their children as ours was to us. Why? There is no easy answer; perhaps the closest to truth is found in a document written some two thousand years ago and still the greatest in dramatic theory. "The poet," wrote Aristotle, "should prefer probable impossibilities to improbable possibilities."

To question the flesh and blood probability or possibility of Auntie Mame as Patrick Dennis wrote her in his book published in 1954 is no longer moot. She was beautiful, witty, hedonistic, daring, liberal, romantic, glamorous, stylish, rich, unpredictable, irresponsible and even lovable, thus fulfilling every woman's wishful dream. Add sexy, and there's hardly a man alive who won't describe her as the woman he wants . . . and indubitably deserves. At great personal risk, I contend such a complete woman is an impossibility. However, in all fairness, I will cautiously admit that proper time and circumstance might be conducive to probability. Thus, Mame becomes a probable impossibility. She is also the meat, blood and bones of good storytelling.

Patrick Dennis's book was a best seller. Robert Fryer, a young New York theatrical producer in 1954, bought the dramatic rights, not realizing this was the beginning of a long career as Mame's foster father. He contracted Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee of *Inherit the Wind* fame to write the dramatization. It opened in 1956 an instant smash hit, soon achieving the distinction of being the first play with five companies touring simultaneously. Rosalind Russell was the first Mame, brittle, brilliant and wonderfully sophisticated. Then in 1958 came the musical version, created by the same team plus Jerry Herman to do the music, the same music—plus one new song—you hear in the current *Mame*. Another smash hit, this time with Angela Lansbury giving it new and brilliant musical comedy dimension. Says Jerry Lawrence, "Most times when a dramatic play is turned into a musical, the characters become cartoons. We tried to give the musical more heart, more authenticity. It worked." Also in 1958, the first film version, nonmusical and again with the magnificent Rosalind Russell. Meanwhile, it seemed the sun never set on productions of *Mame*—dramatic and musical—the world over. They called her *Tia Mame* in Spain, *Min Fantastiska Tanta* in Norway; played in Japan (in Japanese), they transformed Ito, Mame's faithful Japanese servant, into an American named Steve. *Mame* was irresistible

Trust Mame (and mount) to throw a foxhunt into reverse. Lucy always enjoys a brush with tradition.

(Opposite page) Lucille Ball, as Mama, submerges her usual entrancing self in a magnificent acting portrayal, which is. . . er. . . just entrancing.

to artists as well as audiences; the greatest names in theater and films played her . . . Greer Garson, Beatrice Lillie, Constance Bennett, Sylvia Sidney, Eve Arden, Celeste Holm, to name a few. I saw several Mames—Rosalind Russell, Angela Lansbury, Greer Garson, Beatrice Lillie—and each was superb in her own special style, all fascinatingly different.

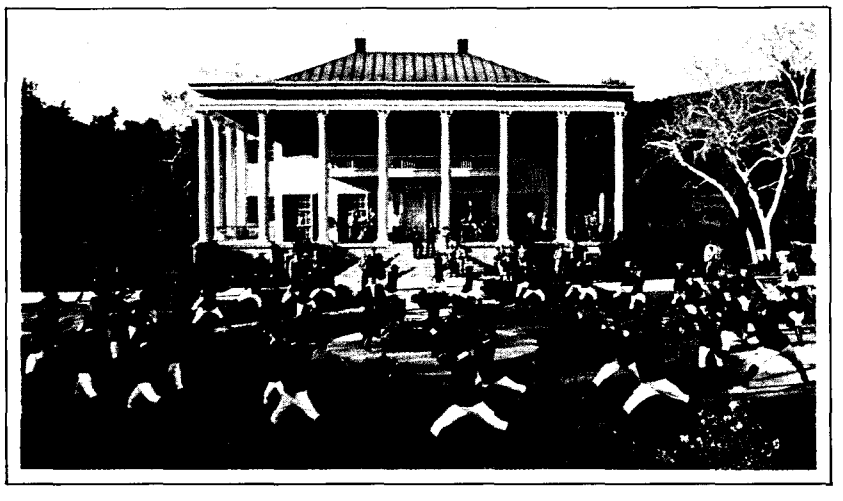
Now I have seen Lucille Ball as Mame. I have long treasured a clutch of superlatives to be used only for some special occasion; I have just now searched my thesaurus for additions. I throw them all in the wastebasket as puny and worthless. Perfection needs no adjectives to give it greater meaning. I catch my breath and simply say . . . Mame is Lucille Ball and Lucille Ball is Mame.

Miss Ball is herself a probable impossibility. Neither you nor I will remember back to the 40's when she was featured with Edgar Kennedy and Florence Lake in a hilarious two-reel slapsticker titled *Dummy Ache*. Who at that time could have predicted this pretty, amiable girl with (apparently) limited talent would create TV's immortal Lucy? I say immortal because we, our kids, even her kids grew up in TV with Lucy. I dare say Lucille Ball also grew up with her, learning her craft all the way from pratfall to pathos, becoming the ultimate perfectionist, an accomplishment we hardly noticed because the process was as gradual as growing up together. In the past twelve years she reached for new dimension in three films, one the memorable *Yours, Mine and Ours* with Henry Fonda. But not too many noticed the difference, probably blinded by the brightness of the Lucy image.

In the beginning she had good reason to be uncertain about playing Mame. Once a redheaded, saucy, high-kicking showgirl, she had not danced professionally for many years. Her voice was too long unused to do the songs as she knew they must be done. She has a superb sense of fashion, a flare for graceful flow and dramatic color. Mame's costumes, she instinctively knew, must be absolute perfection. Always perfection. A perfectionist herself, she needs the reassurance of perfection. They will tell you she demanded nothing for Lucille Ball, movie star, but everything for Mame, the character in the play.

Robert Fryer, co-producer with James Cresson, is himself a perfectionist. After all, he had raised Mame from a book-cradled infant, knew all about her. "I saw her as a stylish lady, emotional and vulnerable, playing a character completely unlike her TV Lucy, revealing a side of her people didn't know." Even he seems awed. "She played it for real with believability, warmth and all the love of life which she really has herself. She makes one believe Mame existed." I give him credit for using words I had thought of using in my still unwritten review.

Gene Saks was engaged to direct. He, too, knew Mame, having directed the first Broadway musical version. In the ensuing years he added impressive film credits to his already long list of theatrical successes, among them Neil Simon's *The Odd Couple* and *The Last of the Red Hot Lovers*. He understands the more subtle demands of the human comedy, has himself been an actor for over twenty years. (At this writing, he is playing Jack Lemmon's brother in a film now in



The pleasures of the chase, at least in this picture, include the musical and dansical. Lucy, the comedienne, is once again the singer and dancer of yore.

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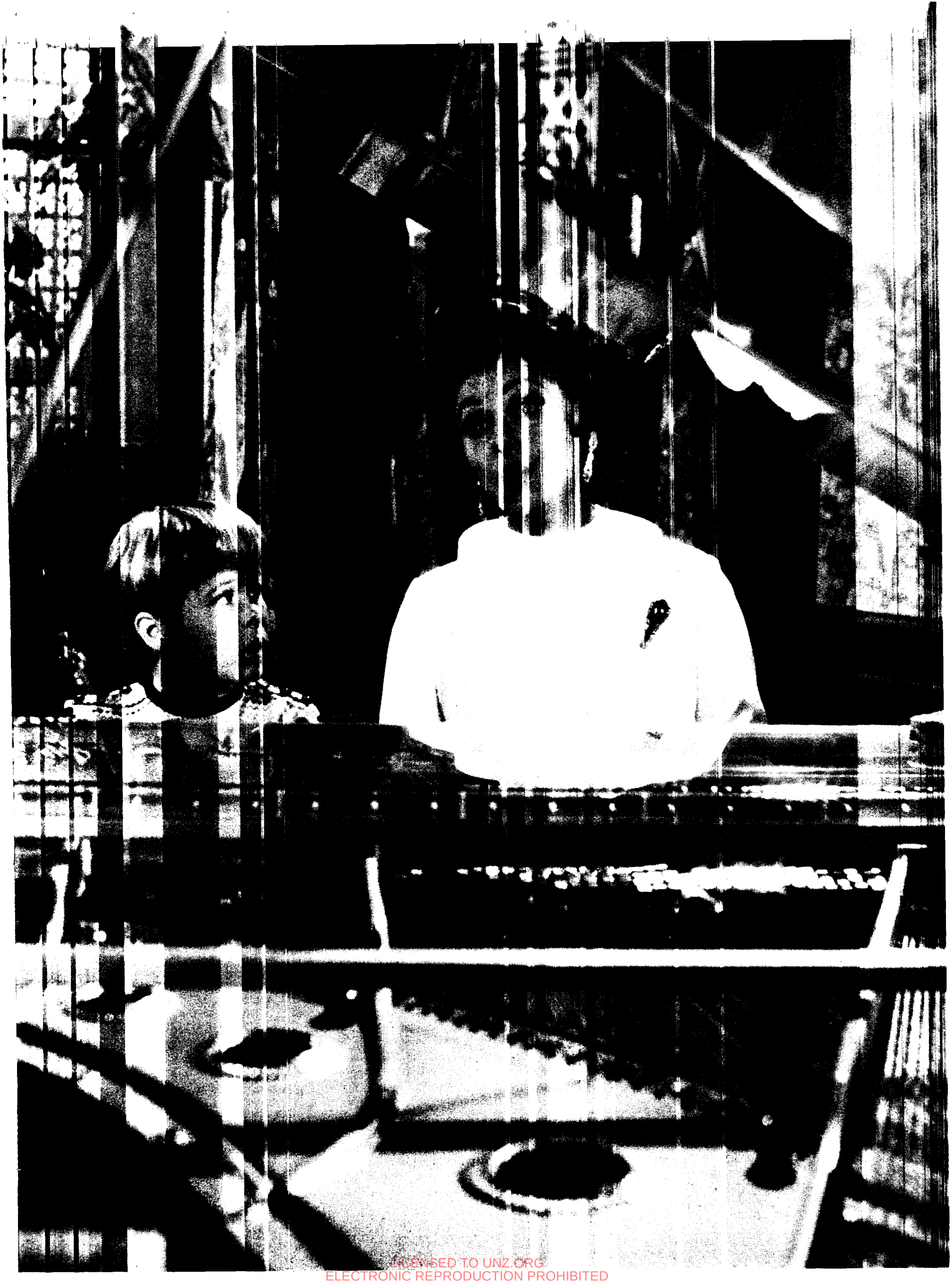

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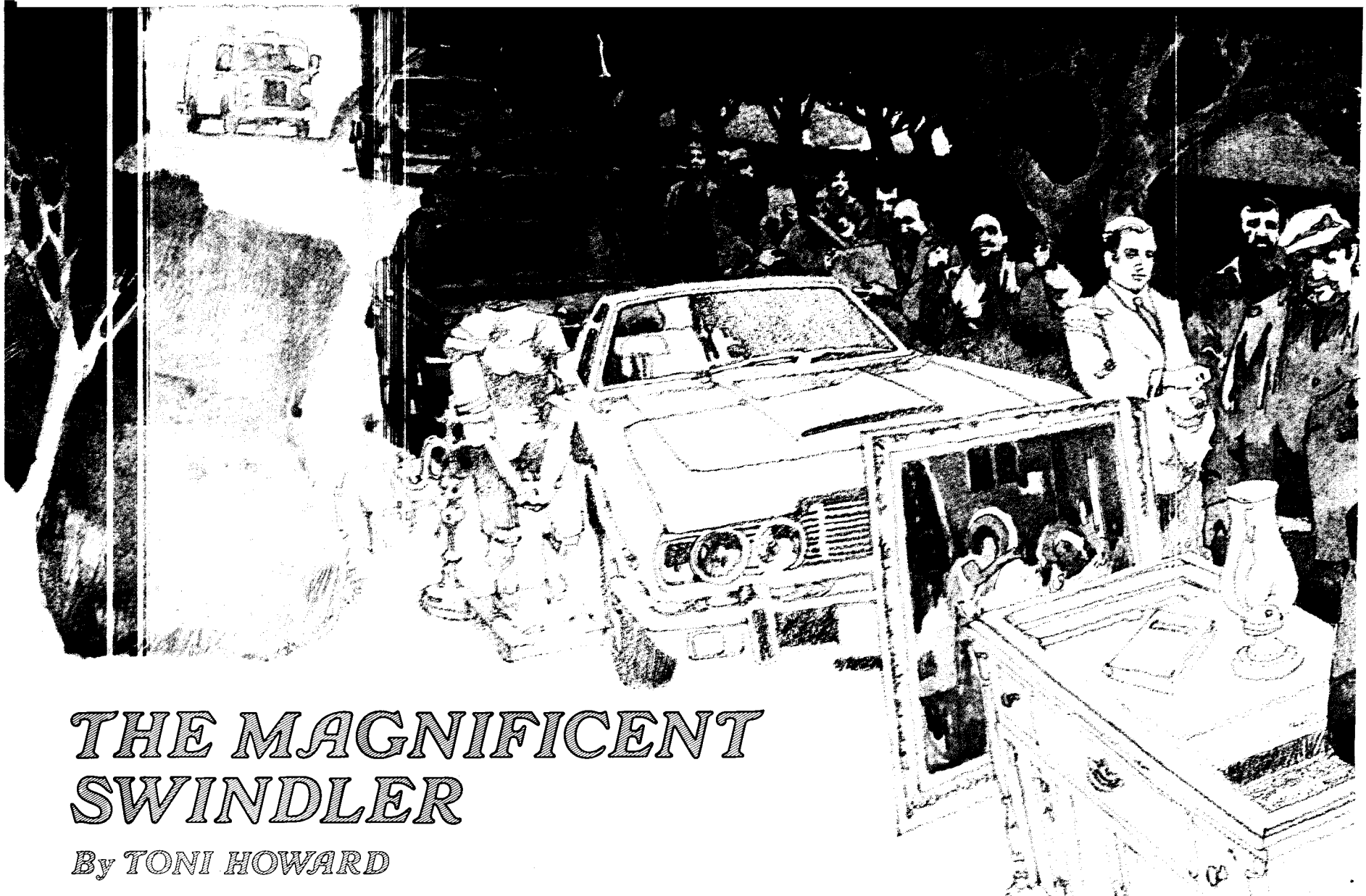

THE MAGNIFICENT SWINDLER

By TONI HOWARD

Antibes, France.

This is the story of a gentleman crook and a sentimental police sergeant, of the beautiful friendship that grew up between them, and how it was rudely shattered by the call of constabulary duty. It is the kind of story that could happen only in France, and only in August. For in France August is a phenomenal month, a month of heat lightning and sudden storms and publicity stunts and hot sirocco winds, a month made to order for prodigious happenings.

And Régis Combier was a prodigious happening, a highly stylized, twenty-seven-year-old swindle artist who flashed across the skies of France like a meteor, and disappeared into the darkness as quickly as he had come, leaving police, public and press gaping and bedazzled. Had it not been for Sergeant Fantino, whose sense of duty finally exceeded his admiration, Régis Combier's swindle would have been the smoothest and most successful the country has ever seen. As it is, it still holds the record as the fastest. In two and a half days, using nothing but a rubber checkbook and a fountain pen, he got away with over one and one-half million francs in cash and cashable commodities—an average of over $5,000 an hour, even while sleeping.

This is not to say that there was anything impromptu about the performance. Long months in a Marseilles jail for earlier liberties with a checkbook had given young Combier plenty of time to study the art of swindling, which is, after all, one of the dramatic arts, and to absorb its one basic precept—like all good theater, a truly great swindle requires careful stagecraft. For three months, then, Régis Combier studied his role, rehearsed his cast, and when he was finally ready to put his show on the road, picked for his world premiere the expensive, tree-shaded old spa town of Vichy, in central France. Staid, conservative Vichy at first seems a strange choice for a young man in a hurry. But Combier had figured that angle, too, and had deliberately chosen one of the few areas left in France where breeding still counted for something.

Born with only the singsong accent of Marseilles in his mouth, Combier had early set out in search of the missing silver spoon and had somewhere along his way acquired a good education, good manners and a "good" accent. Intelligent, imaginative, lazy, he had also acquired a pretty, honey-haired, twenty-two-year-old wife and two healthy little boys aged one and three—three of the best props a cultivated charlatan like Combier could have. As for name, the soil of France grows names as it grows grapes; all you had to do was pick a good one.

Accordingly, having teamed up with another aspirant for the leisure classes named Rimbaud, Combier bundled wife, children and friend into an American car—owner unknown—and set out for Vichy. By the time they arrived there they were no longer Régis Combier and wife and friend Rimbaud, but the handsome young Count and Countess Foucon d'Inès, traveling with their two small sons and the count's male secretary. And the count was no longer a glib *Marseillais*-on-the-make, but the representative of an important Swiss chemical firm, sent to Vichy to open a branch factory for the manufacture of detergent powders.

Having named his sponsor, the count now took another page from soap opera by playing hard to get. Day by day, installment by installment, he strung out his come-on. Affable, urbane, accompanied by his secretary, he chatted

Who was going to quibble over a Citroën truck or an Aston-Martin convertible? Or $3,000 worth of linens, a 260-piece silver service, a few thousand dollars' worth of diamond-and-platinum trinkets for the countess?

with local businessmen and looked at possible factory sites, genuinely disappointed when it turned out that no factory property really fulfilled all his needs, no car dealer had exactly the makes and models he wanted, no jeweler had anything that particularly appealed to the countess's delicate taste. Obviously a man of wide-ranging interests and astute judgment, the count looked over almost everything the Vichy area had to offer—the region's enormous eighteenth-century Château de Teillat, a model dairy farm called La Rapine, Citroën trucks, British sports cars, office and household equipment, silver, linens, jewelry, gold knickknacks, radios and TV sets, oil paintings and *objets d'art,* guns, cameras and leather goods—everything. Much of it, he said dubiously, "might do," but he would have to think it over, take it up with the home office in Switzerland, discuss it with the countess. After the count had left the store, the secretary invariably ran back to promise the hopeful shopkeeper his help and influence in swinging the deal. Alternately blowing hot and cold, the count pondered;

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the secretary reassured; the come-on blanketed the area.

Finally, on the fourteenth of August at five in the afternoon, as the shadows lengthened and the banks of France closed their doors, the count reached a decision. Despite its inconveniences, he would buy the Château de Teillat as a combination residence and factory site, and although a dairy farm was not exactly what he wanted, he would also buy the La Rapine farm to grow corn for corn oil he needed for his soap. The Vichy area, the count said, cheerfully signing deeds, transfers and three checks totaling a million francs, had "won out." He and his family were going to make the Château de Teillat their home. With superb courtesy he asked if, "for the sake of the children," they might be allowed to move in immediately. And naturally, *politesse* for *politesse,* who could say no?

By the time the family had moved into the château the count was enjoying his little charade thoroughly. Not only was the gambit working like clockwork; it was, for as long as the banks remained closed, also giving him a taste of the kind of life he should have been born to in the first place. Through the bank holiday of August fifteenth and sixteenth—the Feast of the Assumption—the count's graciousness knew no bounds. He invited the former owner of the château to luncheon, entertained her royally, and waved her off to a holiday in Italy. He stopped in to chat with the local *cure* and reserved a pew for the Foucon d'Inès family in the village church, just as his ancestors—if he'd had any—would have done before him. Mindful of the *noblesse oblige* tradition, he reserved a corner of the château's sweeping lawn as a playground for the children of his less fortunate neighbors, and was touched by their parents' gratitude. Meanwhile the secretary, in his role as Little Brother of the Rich, was busy telephoning the merchants of Vichy to tip the news that if they moved fast, the count was ready to close whatever deal was pending.

Now began the parade of willing victims. French newspapers, when the story broke, poked sharp fun at the Vichy shopkeepers, notoriously closefisted and shrewd, who allowed themselves to be taken in by this titled version of the old skin game. But once again, who could say no? The count was now the Seigneur of Teillat, as the few suspicious businessmen who checked up were told, and had paid a million francs for the privilege. In the face of that, who was going to quibble over a Citroën truck or an Aston-Martin convertible? Or $3,000 worth of linens, a 260-piece silver service, a few thousand dollars' worth of diamond-and-platinum trinkets for the countess? The count bought and bought and bought, all by check, and when, later on, the secretary dropped in to collect the customary 10 percent commission on each sale, the grateful merchants paid up—a total of 30,000 francs in cash.

Those few merchants whose wares had not come to the count's sympathetic attention, given the wink by the others, hurried up to the château to offer whatever this buying fool would buy. The merchandise rolled in; the count signed checks; the secretary picked up his commission. It was a happy time for all.

During the two days of the bank holiday, the wide, curving drive of the château swarmed with shopkeepers coming up, leaving their goods, pocketing their checks and going down again. The great hall of the château now had the look of a combined auction house and art gallery, crammed with expensive items of all kinds, around which the lovely blond countess, a little pale, hovered with delight.

But even the most delightful make-believe must end. On their last evening as members of the nobility, the count and countess and their faithful secretary went out on the town for some elegant champagne pub crawling. It was a fittingly Cinderella-like evening, very gay, very sentimental, and when it was over, the whole charming episode was over. Arriving back at the château at three a.m., they fired the gardener—the only possible witness—and started packing. By the time the rosy fingers of dawn were creeping over the château lawn and the banks of France were reopening their doors, the Count and Countess Foucon d'Inès, children, secretary, bag and baggage, had vanished. Vanished like a dream, not forgetting in their hurry, however, to stop by the count's new dairy farm and sell off the cattle, twice, for cash—to one farmer for 37,000 francs (about $8,500); a half hour later to another farmer for the really cut-rate price of 20,000.

By noon of the seventeenth, when the count's pneumatic checks began bouncing from one end of Vichy to the other, the howls of anguish were something to hear. Racing out to the château, the police found nothing but a few refrigerators and washing machines, a few broken packing boxes. A desolate disorder reigned in the great hall, but otherwise the place was as clean as a poodle's tooth. As one French newspaper put it, it was a stroke of good fortune for the area that the château was as big and heavy as it was.

Two days later the police picked up the Citroën truck abandoned near Clermont-Ferrand, and discovered from police records that Count Foucon d'Inès was none other than that dear, addicted Marseilles crook, Régis Combier. But in truth this identification didn't help much. He had left no traces. Gradually, as the days passed by, the dashing exploit of the Get-Rich-Double-Quick Count moved from page 1 in the newspapers to a back-page reminder that the police were still working on the case, still completely mystified.

Our story now moves 400 miles south to one of the world's most expensive pieces of real estate, the Cap d'Antibes, on the French Riviera. Here it picks up a splendid figure of a policeman named Fantino, Sergeant Fantino, of Antibes's finest, contentedly bicycling home along the beach road after his tour of duty at the station house.

The Cap d'Antibes is a sea-washed, flowered paradise inhabited by millionaires and near-millionaires. Outside of a lost child, a strayed dog or a pilfered beach bag, the main duty of Antibes's tiny police force is a leisurely patrolling. And this Fantino, with his easy, laconic ways, his wide loving-cup ears and gold-toothed smile, was a man who excelled at leisurely patrolling.

This was the twenty-third of August, a hot summer evening, and since a stalwart cop like Fantino had a stalwart's thirst, he decided to stop by to see his old pals, the Vials. The Vials, a

"Oh, I'd love to come, Gladys, but you know old stick-in-the-mud George . . . I can't get him to go anywhere."

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middle-aged couple, were caretakers of a beautiful seaside villa called La Jeune France. Like Fantino, they were solid devotees of the local bowling game of *boules,* the local absinthe drink of *pastis* and their bottle was always ready on the kitchen shelf. Propping his bicycle against the villa's courtyard wall, Fantino walked in and found the Vials discussing the villa's new tenants.

The villa, La Jeune France, had been for rent since the previous spring, but at such a steep price that nobody had taken it. Now, at last, caretaker Vial and his wife had somebody to fuss over and gossip about, a young family who had moved in the Sunday before and paid in advance a month's rent of 5,000 francs without batting an eye. Madame Vial found the new tenants absolutely charming. French colonials they were, she told Fantino, just back from New Caledonia with their two adorable little boys and their brother-in-law. And so quiet and well behaved! Unlike most tenants, they were no trouble at all.

And rich! Madame Vial's eyes rolled. If you could see what they'd brought with them! Table linens and bed linens as fine as a king's, silver plates and silver tableware for dozens of people, candelabra and vases and Limoges china. They also had gold clocks and gold cigarette lighters, jade statuettes and oil paintings, radios and TV sets, cameras and typewriters and fine luggage. And jewelry—what jewelry! Madame Vial clasped her hands. "And all of it new, Fantino!" she said. "Everything brand-new!"

But only seeing is believing. And so, really to show his pal, Fantino, old Vial took him up to meet the new tenants. And this is when Fantino's manly heart first stirred. Standing awkward and respectful just inside the door, his policeman's kepi in his hand, Sergeant Fantino was received by the new tenant with such friendly ease that within minutes he and his host had established something—a comradeship, a mutual admiration, whatever it is that makes two men suddenly friends.

The new tenant, whose name—this time—was Guillon, broke open a bottle of *pastis,* and Fantino's heart expanded. Guillon talked with ready eloquence of his life as a mine owner in New Caledonia, describing graphically the atrocities committed by the Melanesians against French colonials like himself. Listening to such worldly talk, the inarticulate Fantino was mightily affected. Once in a while, as his host talked on, Fantino even thought he detected a trace of his own accent, the beloved mouth-filling accent of Marseilles. And when, as

Continued on page 99

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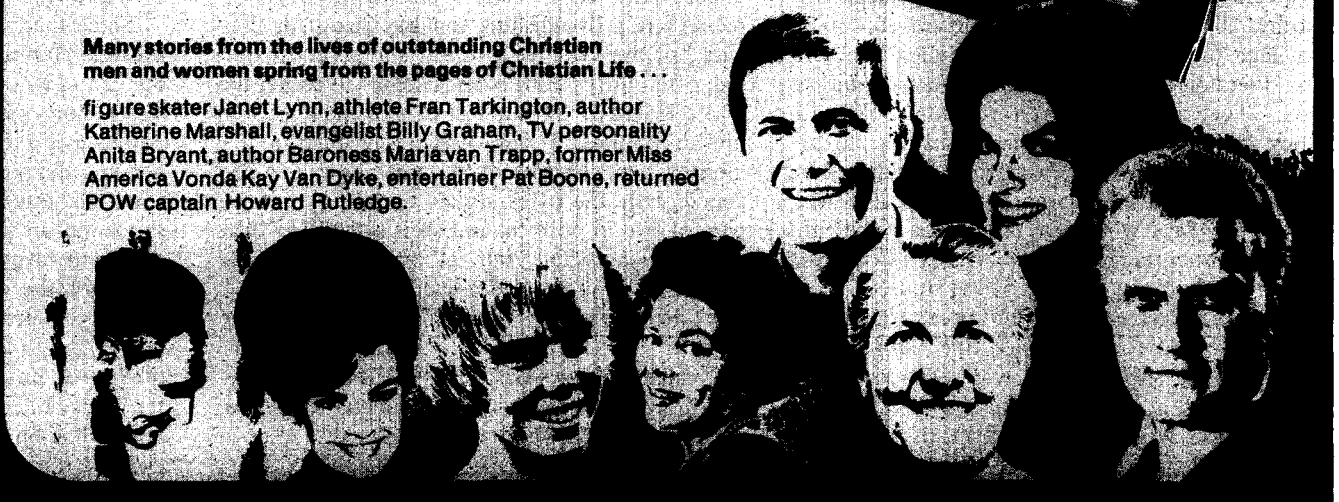

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TEDDY ROOSEVELT'S DAUGHTER AT 90

By Julie Nixon Eisenhower

Alice Roosevelt Longworth. The name conjures up a host of images—"Princess Alice" of The Teddy Roosevelt White House, Alice Blue, the sometimes acid, always witty Alice. To me as a child growing up in Washington, where Mrs. Longworth is a living legend, the name also meant frightening tigers and lions, Halloween parties and, most importantly, granddaughter Joanna.

Alice Roosevelt Longworth stands out as the most vivid character of my childhood. What child would not be eager to meet the Rough Rider's daughter, who in a White House wedding a half century before had grabbed a Military Aide's sword to slash away at her wedding cake? I thrilled to meet the Alice who at age thirty-four dared to astonish her cousin Eleanor (the future First Lady) and others by turning back somersaults at a party! Although I was rarely at a loss for words as a child, I stood in silence when Mrs. Longworth talked. Her words came out in a tumble and I was always afraid that I would miss a comment or, far worse, one of her jokes.

"Princess Alice" Roosevelt Longworth, left, here chatting with the author, reveals her aristocratic mien and the true beauty of her years.

She fascinated me as a child and the fascination persists. Today I feel a bond with her. Apart from us both being the daughters of presidents, I could have written the comment from her autobiography, *Crowded Years*: "I find it hard to remember a time when I was not aware of the existence of politics and politicians." Her first vivid recollection of a presidential campaign was the free silver fight in 1896. My first remembrance is of the 1956 Eisenhower-Stevenson race. I remember the campaign primarily because my mother allowed Tricia and me the extraordinary privilege of staying home from school since it was Election Day. We share another bond as well: a lively, intense interest in politics. We both enjoy discussing and talking politics but our influence is little. Alice Longworth dismisses as "absurd" the idea that she had political power during the days when her father was president, and later when her husband served as a Congressman from Ohio and Speaker of the House.

On one occasion at least, however, Alice was a sounding board for her father. She had just had her appendix removed and was recuperating in what is now known as the Queen's Room of the White House. William Howard Taft, the man Teddy Roosevelt was grooming as his successor, visited Alice while she was ill. Before Taft arrived at the White House, T.R. instructed his daughter to find out what Taft was going to emphasize in the vitally important kickoff speech for his presidential bid. Taft's reply was, "Well, Alice, I thought I would talk about the Philippines." Alice's disbelieving reaction to the news: "I thought I'd burst my skull!" One can assume T.R.'s reaction was similar!

Lastly and most significantly, Alice Roosevelt and I share the bond of seeing fathers whom we unabashedly adore endure stormy political careers. T.R.'s brandishing the Big Stick, his "seizure" of the Panama Isthmus, and his controversial, often bitter third party attempt to regain the White House in 1912 are all part of the uncertain life in politics. I saw Mrs. Longworth a few months ago. I wanted to know how she had coped with the often unfair criticisms that are part of life in politics, and so I asked her, "Was politics mean when your father was in the White House?" She responded immediately, with a devilish delight in her voice, "Oh yes, terribly mean!"

I came to know Mrs. L., as she is affectionately known by her friends, through her granddaughter Joanna who lived with Princess Alice in the big house on Massachusetts Avenue. Each year Tricia and I attended Halloween and birthday parties for Joanna, who is between us in age. It was with a curious mixture of excitement, awe, and fear that I arrived at the big door of the biggest house I knew (apart from my rare visits to the White House). I was always excited to see Joanna again but it awed me to be in the large house, with the servants in their stiffly starched black uniforms. The walls of the stairway on the long climb to the third floor where Joanna lived were lined with mammoth skins of tigers and lions, wild beasts! Dark shadows on the stairs did not help me in my effort to control my imagination. I knew that once I reached the third floor, I would face another ordeal. Joanna and her friends would be hiding behind the skins ready to pounce with scary animal yells.

My mother and I visited Mrs. Longworth and Joanna recently. The wild beast skins still hang along the stairwell. They are decaying now—sad, subdued grays and musty browns. But we were greeted by the same Mrs. L. who relished in telling us that when columnist Stewart Alsop recently shook hands with one of her tiger skins, the paw came off! Her alertness and memory astounded us. We reminisced about my parents' friendship with Alice Longworth, which began the year before I was born. Congressman and Mrs. Nixon, deeply involved in the intricacies of the Hiss case, were living in a four-room apartment in Park Fairfax, Virginia. My mother remembers vividly the first phone call she ever received from Mrs. Longworth, an invitation to dinner. It came the day after my parents met Princess Alice for the first time. But it was Mrs. L. who remembered instantly where they met: "A luncheon at Lorraine Rowan's" (now Mrs. John Sherman Cooper).

Since that meeting in 1947, Mrs. Longworth's lifestyle has remained almost the same. During our tea visit, however, my mother and I noticed one major change. The uniformed maid who escorted us up a flight of stairs and into the parlor beyond did not continue to the third floor to announce our arrival to Mrs. Longworth. Instead she stood on the landing, picked up a huge brass gong and gave it several resounding rings. At the sound of the gong, Mrs. L. made her grand entrance. She proceeded to announce to us that she was trying to spare the maid the extra effort on the stairs, but we distinctly got the impression that Mrs. L. relishes the effect her dramatic entrance has on guests! It is this curious combination of the formal and the irreverent which is Alice Longworth's trademark.

I was ten when I was first exposed to Mrs. Longworth's formal side. I remember the terrible setback I had the morning of my first attempt to

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Millinery transformed by Mrs. Longworth, Washington's "First Hostess" since her teens in the White House, fashion leader when fashions *were fashions, and a lady whose pure profile is still internationally famous.*

be my mother's secretary. She had entrusted me with the job of placing a call to Mrs. Longworth. The unfamiliar voice that answered the telephone icily informed me that Mrs. Longworth did not receive calls until after eleven o'clock. When my mother re-placed the call two hours later, I had sheepishly retired from secretarial service.

Mrs. Longworth's formality extended to an unspoken expectation of punctuality. My parents would always sit in their car until exactly two minutes past eight if by chance they arrived early for one of Mrs. L.'s dinner parties. Alice Longworth deviated from formality only in the cause of avoiding the boring and tedious. For example, she always tried to include people with different political persuasions at each party in order to insure lively discussions—or better yet, at least one argument! Yet despite the formal settings of the parties, with the antique silver and china and the finger bowls, once inside the house on Massachusetts Avenue Mrs. Longworth was apt to show her guests a composite photograph of "the Holy Family of the GOP": infant Ike on Virgin Mary Taft's lap, with Senator Joe McCarthy behind as St. Joseph. All designed to "infuriate my conservative friends."

The trinity of the G.O.P. is still in Mrs. Longworth's drawing room. As she ceremoniously makes tea—boiling the water in a silver pot on a small table in front of her guests—she comments on an unfinished portrait of her at eighty-nine which is propped against a wall near the piano. It is the image of a solemn, rather gaunt-looking lady, who Mrs. Longworth delights in telling us makes her look like "Bob Haldeman's maiden aunt." At Mrs. Longworth's elbow on a small table is an unusual and historic gift: a miniature of the Statue of Liberty, presented to Alice by the sculptor's widow, Madame Bartholdi. Yet perched over the crown and face of the foot-high bronze is a native mask from Upper Volta. With a glint in her eye, Mrs. L. explains that it is her version of black power!

Alice Longworth's critics claim she has an acid tongue, but she spares her wit on no one, including herself. In her autobiography she writes of her girlhood in the White House: "No youngster could ever be more frivolous or inane, more scattered or self-centered than I was." Her rare good behavior merited a special postscript in a 1903 letter Teddy Roosevelt wrote to his son T.R., Junior: "Alice has been as good as gold of late." She was the first young girl in the White House since Nellie Grant. Her father was extremely popular and she found herself "without a particle of responsibility other than to enjoy myself." And what she enjoyed most was defying her parents. Typical Alice caper: a bitterly fought Parcheesi game with her brothers and sister, for a grand prize provided by their mother—one of a pair of magnificent tiger skins from the Empress of China. Alice describes the scene: "Our little faces became filled with greed." When sister Ethel won, Alice departed immediately in a rage for the Ritz, after announcing that for a family who claimed to be Christian, their greed portrayed what they really were. The next day, Mrs. Roosevelt quietly sent

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Alice the matching, but finer, tiger skin.

Alice must have been the most independent girl ever to live in the White House. She not only loved defying and even embarrassing her parents but she also demanded a complete lack of restraints. She smoked cigarettes in public; she declined to make social calls after her marriage because she decided her outspokenness might alienate some of her husband's congressional constituents. Probably no one who knew her well was shocked by the news of her jumping fully clothed into the pool of the ship carrying her and Secretary of War Taft on a formal inspection trip to the Philippines in 1905. Her father's famous words come hauntingly to mind. When asked to control Alice, he responded: "I can do one of two things. I can be President of the United States, or I can control Alice. I cannot possibly do both."

Impulsive, irreverent, uninhibited Alice Roosevelt Longworth at ninety still does the unexpected, not for sensationalism but because she loves life and fun. Although she once admitted that as a child she "simply loathed" not being grown up, she has a childlike quality about her. She is totally unpredictable. One cannot help thinking there are times when she has been burdened by a twinge of regret at a hasty comment, but it is obvious her overriding instinct is frankness. She delights in shocking people with impulsive and irreverent comments and the childlike rejoinder, "That's the way nice people do but I do not." And, like a little girl, she can hardly suppress her delight as she tells one of her favorite stories. A man arrived unannounced one day at the Roosevelt family home, Sagamore Hill, and told T.R., "I want to kill you and marry Alice." The man was declared a lunatic and taken away. What delights Alice the most was the comment of a friend who witnessed the incident: "Anyone who said he wanted to marry Alice—of course he was a lunatic."

Alice Roosevelt Longworth's love of life is genuine. It shines through her fresh pale pink skin and her alert eyes. There is no baby doll blue quality about her eyes; they are sharp and miss nothing. But underneath the boldness, the fun, and the excitement is there more? There are private hidden parts to every person. And all of us have a public face. In years of knowing Alice Roosevelt Longworth, I simply cannot imagine her depressed or despondent. And when I asked her granddaughter Joanna if indeed Mrs. L. ever experienced moments of despair, Joanna answered no. She is often "displeased and disgruntled," but never despondent because, as Joanna expressed it, she isn't given to self-analysis. In my mind now I see Mrs. Longworth, a swirl of activity, eyes darting, the next question, the witty response, the intolerance of self-pity, and the utter rejection of despair. In *Crowded Hours*, which covers Alice's life until 1933, there is no mention of the death of Teddy Roosevelt in 1919, no summing up of his life, no last tribute. And there is no reference to the death of her youngest brother, Quentin, who gallantly lost his life in the air war over France in 1918. The reasons for the omissions are, no doubt, numerous. For one, there is not a shred of sentimentality about Mrs. Longworth. But the overriding reason is the way Mrs. Longworth approaches life: Life is to be lived for the moment, to be enjoyed; to be lived at a fast clip with no regrets, no turning back. In

Continued on page 110

In preparing this portrait of Teddy Roosevelt's daughter for the Post, *I wanted to include some of my father's thoughts on Mrs. Longworth, since they have shared a special friendship for twenty-six years. I spent part of the weekend of October 26 with my parents at Camp David, Maryland. Friday evening my father delivered his first press conference following the tumultuous week of the Middle East Crisis. It was with a slight sense of guilt about bothering him with my request that I left a little note on his desk Saturday evening before returning to Washington. The postscript to my note read, "Please don't spend more than ten minutes." He called me Sunday morning to tell me not to worry; he would indeed prepare something on Mrs. L. I learned later that at 7:30 Monday morning, alone in the Oval Office built during Teddy Roosevelt's administration, my father dictated some personal remembrances. When Rose Woods, his personal secretary, arrived at the White House at eight o'clock, she found the dictaphone tape ready to be transcribed. After reading my father's observations on Alice Longworth, I was so taken with his words that I could not bear to incorporate his expressions into my story. Rather, I want his ideas to stand by themselves, unedited and fresh, with the hope that his note to me will give* Post *readers an insight into a President and the daughter of one of his presidential heroes.*

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

October 29, 1973

Dear Julie:

You asked me to provide some anecdotes on Mrs. Longworth. It's hard for me to recall any on the spur of the moment, but some of the following observations may be of use to you in the article you are doing on her for The Saturday Evening Post.

Alice Longworth is without doubt the most fascinating conversationalist of our time.

I do not limit this characterization. In my travels to over eighty countries and having attended literally thousands of state dinners and other functions, I would rate her a number one above everybody else if I were to select an individual I would like for a dinner partner. She earns this rating because of a combination of factors--she has brains, wit, an unusual gift for phrase-making and a memory of people she has met and places she has been which is as good today as when I first met her twenty-six years ago.

Going to dinner or tea at Alice Longworth's is always an exciting experience. Most dinners, teas and cocktail parties in the international set are unbelievably dull as far as I am concerned. To use a characterization which is not original to me, once you have seen one of them you have seen them all. But Alice Longworth makes every evening where she is in attendance an unforgettable experience for anyone who has the opportunity to sit by her or to talk to her.

In addition to the factors I mentioned above, she has a unique quality which could only be described by the French term "joie de vivre." Even when I have known she has been desperately ill she exudes excitement about the events of the day and the people she has met or talked to. Another characteristic which makes her outstanding is that she very seldom will talk about herself. The conversation always turns either to what the individual who is her guest is interested in or to some other matter or great current interest. While she is noted for her cutting characterizations of individuals, somehow when I have heard her speak in such a vein she never sounds mean. For her it is just fun. Her laugh is contagious. Her eyes have never lost their youthful sparkle. And, of course, what caps it all is her own admission which she has often expressed to me that she has lived longer than anybody else. Consequently, there are few individuals, places or events one can talk about with her with which she is not familiar.

One final note: Despite the fact that she always makes her guests feel very much at home, even though they are there for the first time, she maintains an indescribable quality of the old European and British royal dignity which no one is allowed to break through, even her closest friends. I have been to her house for dinner over a hundred times and have talked with her on scores of other occasions--yet I never call her Alice. To me and to all of her other close friends, as well as new acquaintances, she is Mrs. L.

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THE TELEVISION NETWORKS

Are they stronger than government?

By Ernest Cuneo

In 1920, a station in Pittsburgh, KDKA, sent out the human voice over the airwaves, and hundreds of thousands of people strained at their crystal-set earphones to get its messages.

Mass broadcasting was born. People, as they could before the printing press was invented in 1456, could learn by ear and they did. But the new radio could address millions simultaneously. The radio could solidly cover those thousands of square miles at the speed of light—186,000 miles a second.

Coupled with the national columns of a comparatively few nationally syndicated columnists, the two together became the principal formers of American public opinion. No longer were the publishers the uncrowned kings of the American democracy; the national columnists and their radio programs became its emperors.

This new means of communication passed to the major networks. For many years, the networks, like the newspaper publishers, were of less power than their sponsored commentators. These commentators, because of their power, were a headache. They were controversial and frequently attacked the one body which could throttle the networks—Congress, but from 1930 to 1950, the free-wheeling commentators, actually responsible to themselves, ruled with an iron, if uneven, hand.

In 1950, TV blew in and, as talking pictures blew out a lot of the silent film stars, TV blew the fuse of the monopoly of the columnist-commentators. No longer were the politicians completely dependent upon their favor—not if they could get the TV time and tell their own story—by ear, by eye, direct and simultaneously, to the American public.

The networks had learned much. In place of the independent columnist-commentator, they seized the power for themselves. The networks put on their own commentators, responsible to them and them alone.

"—and now, for all you sex and violence buffs . . ."

"No, you read the news—it's my turn to try and analyze it."

In this position, they did not need to manipulate the news. With control of the spotlight, that which they illuminated became the news. That which they did not illuminate remained in the dark.

Moreover, the networks were in a position to offer the only group which could hurt them, the Congress, many advantages, such as cut-rate TV film footage at minimal cost for the consumption of folks back home. They did.

Through this and other means, the networks have an extremely effective lobby on Capitol Hill. Able to offer basketloads of carrots, they also have means of applying the stick. This can be anything from oblivion to attack.

Actually, as befits men of the world, the networks have achieved an unspoken alliance with the leaders of Congress. For example, the public is informed that the Watergate hearings are designed for education of the public, which, incidentally, is beyond the powers of a Senate.

However, "public education" does not include permitting a TV camera inside the Senate chamber itself. By the same token, the Senate wouldn't dream of investigating the networks, though TV costs are a principal cause of campaign corruption.

Whatever the merits of President Nixon's complaint against the networks, it is a reasonable guess that if the Senate were investigating the networks as it is investigating Watergate, the networks would be screaming blue murder, though it is an equally reasonable guess that the results would be quite spectacular, including the likelihood of conflict of interest and payola.

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SOCIAL CHANGE THROUGH TV

In many homes the television set is never turned off.

By S.I. Hayakawa

The civil rights revolution of the past fifteen years was triggered by television. Before the advent of radio and television, to be a nonreader was to be cut off from the world. Electronic communication brought the whole big startling world into the lives and imaginations of millions who otherwise would never have found it.

Television is a strange luxury in that it spread more rapidly among the poor and uneducated than among the well-to-do. Long before television sets were common in prosperous white suburbs, forests of antennae were visible above slum apartments in Harlem, above the shacks of tenant farmers in the South.

Furthermore, American television is commercially sponsored. It pushes consumer goods. It is therefore always friendly and cajoling and persuasive. It tells everybody, "No matter what your present condition, you can have a wonderful life. You can be attractive. You can be as good as anybody else. You can enjoy all the satisfactions of living in this abundant economy."

Imagine that you are a young Negro to whom the television set with such messages has been his baby-sitter and companion ever since he can remember. All your life the friendly set has been saying to you, "You are an American. You are entitled to eat, drink and wear what other Americans eat, drink, and wear. You are a member of our national community."

Then imagine too that you are denied, because of poverty and lack of education, the chance to share in all the beautiful things advertised. Would you not be frustrated and angry?

The basic message of commercial television is "Want this product. Want this convenience. Want this luxury. Buy. Buy. Buy. This hair spray, this headache remedy, this infrared broiler, this wall-to-wall carpeting, this new Oldsmobile will bring you charm, popularity, sexual fulfillment, domestic bliss and the envy and respect of your neighbors." All happiness, all human values, are translated by advertising into purchasable commodities.

"And here comes our skyjacker now, folks, holding a suitcase full of hundred dollar bills. In just a moment now we hope to have a word with him."

"This program was brought to you by the modern pain reliever that ten out of ten Peking doctors recommend!"

Such are the messages of television. For the culturally unsophisticated, there are few messages from other sources.

In many homes the television set is never turned off from morning to night. Into these homes a multibillion dollar industry beams an unending stream of messages—messages skillfully devised by the highest paid communication experts and talent in the country to stimulate desire, to nurture the spirit of envy. "Man, I wish I had one of them," the viewer says as he stares into the tube.

Can anyone doubt the enormous greed for consumer goods that was released by the rioting, arson and disorder in the Watts district of Los Angeles in 1966? Almost every store was looted. And this greed was by no means confined to Negroes. For example, what characterized the disorders and looting in Detroit the following year, according to all accounts, was the apparent lack of racist motivation among the looters. Whites helped Negroes and Negroes helped whites load into their cars and carry off furniture, tape recorders, hi-fi sets and luggage, all in a spirit of racial brotherhood.

It was reported that a "carnival spirit" attended much of the looting. One Detroit police sergeant was quoted as saying, "This wasn't a race riot. It was a riot of thieves."

A newspaper man said, "The whole thing was an explosive response to color television."

Television is a powerful instrument of social change. It creates wants—and nurtures discontent. It works as a

Continued on page 113

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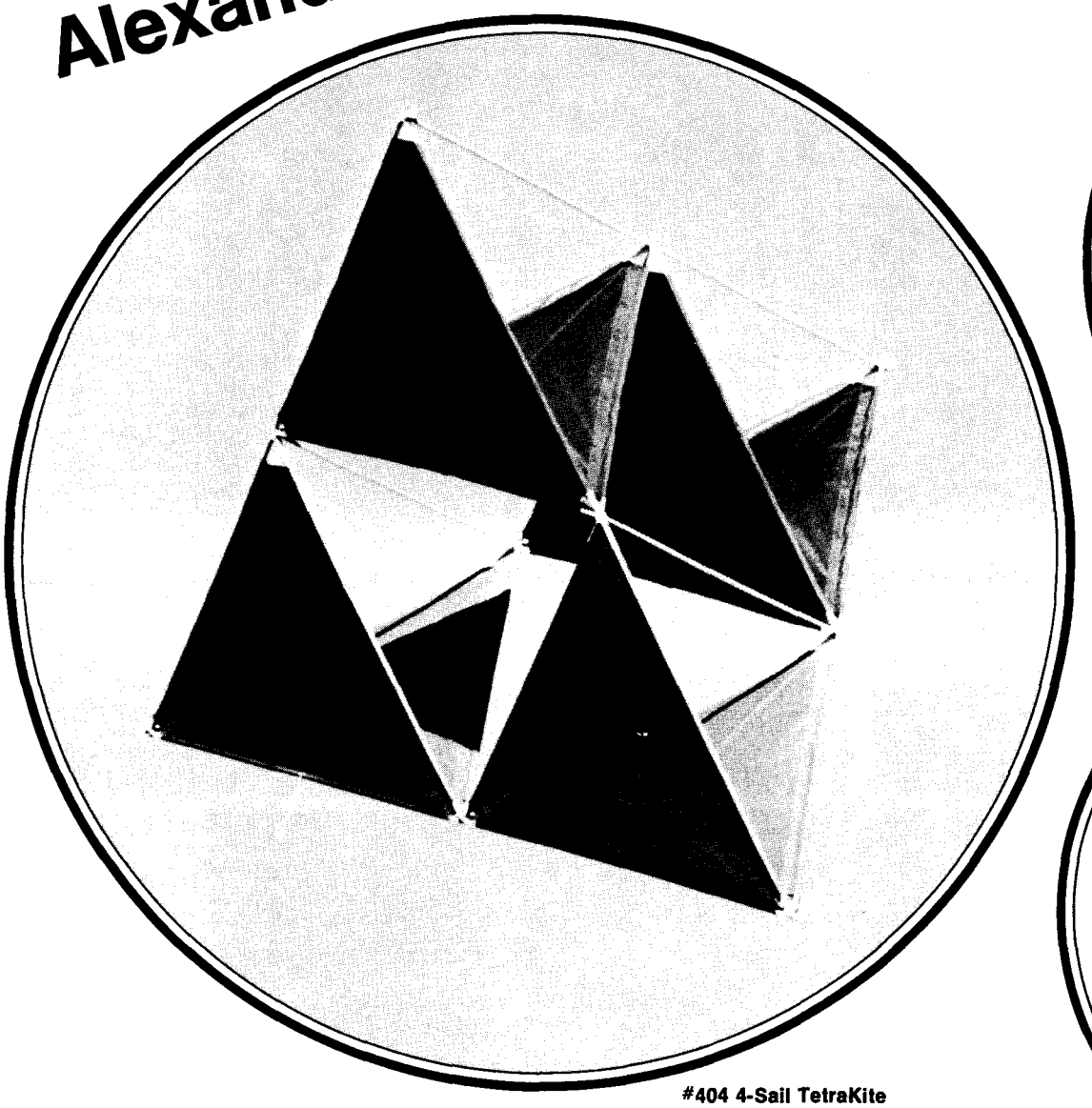

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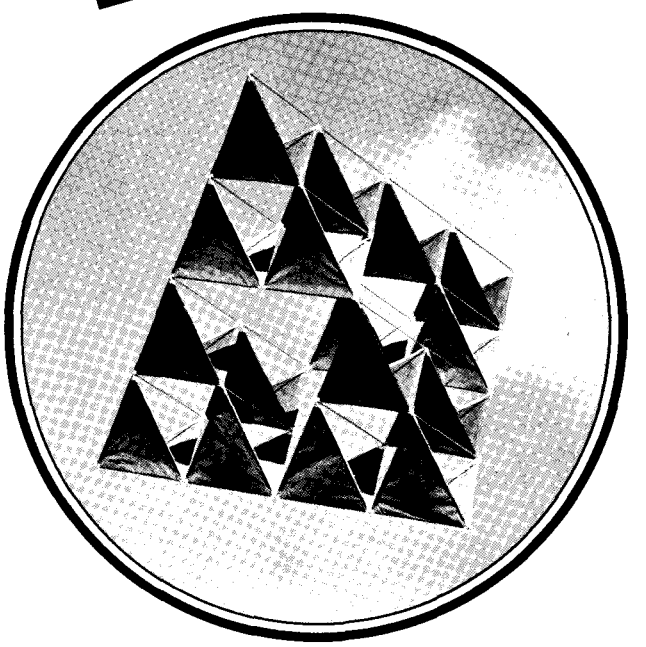

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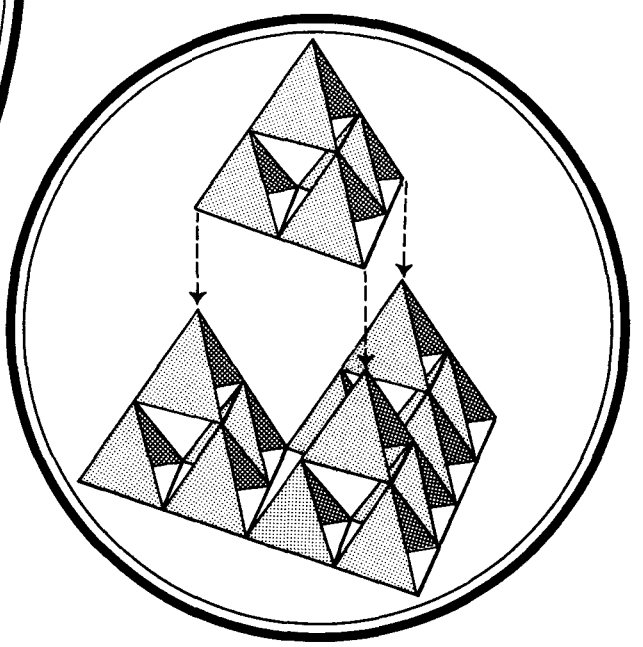

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To make it all simple, we include fully illustrated assembly instructions with kite flying tips, a Beaufort wind scale, and excerpts from Dr. Alexander Graham Bell's article "The Tetrahedral Principle in Kite Structure," *The National Geographic Magazine,* Vol. XIV, June, 1903.

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WHY I AM NOT RICH

Happiness is all very well but it can't buy you money.

By Al Capp

The financial world has never been able to figure out how anyone who has made as much money as I have, for so long, could have managed not to become rich. Yet any imbecile could have done it. The secret is an old one, and a boring one. It is "MAKE YOUR MONEY WORK FOR YOU."

I immediately began investing in real estate. Over the years I bought a large house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a larger one in the New Hampshire countryside, a midtown Boston building that I converted into a studio and an apartment in New York City. I invested astronomical sums decorating and furnishing each place.

Yet never, even when we have spent half the year traveling, have I ever rented any of them. My money is working for me, you see, not for some bunch of vagrants.

I invested in exotic cars, and, later, in dangerous ones for my children. I invested in innumerable trips abroad, accompanied by children, and, later, by their children, and their husbands and wives. My money, instead of working for Polaroid or Xerox, was working for me.

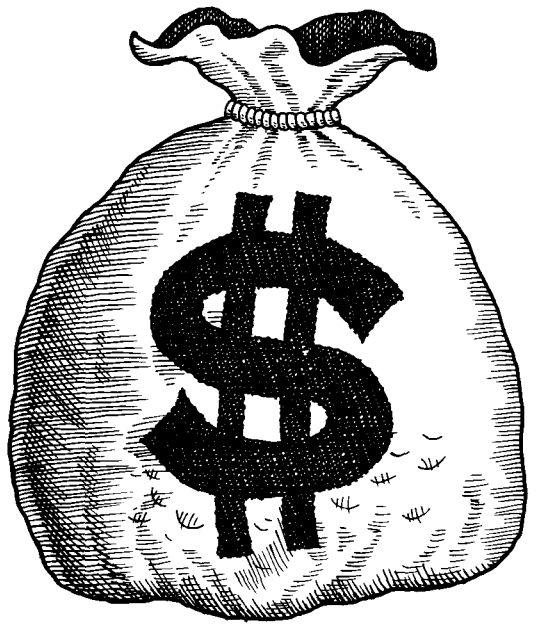
I invested in an increasing horde of indigent relatives. I never consulted my accountants about these investments, since money is their business and non-working relatives had become mine. I simply sent them names, addresses and sums. I knew from their Christmas cards the money was getting to them, and so I was serene in the knowledge that my money was not being squandered, but working for me and mine.

And so now, in the sunset of my career, I, unlike so many chicken-brained artists, can look back at a lifetime of shrewdly using my capital. Not a penny of it ever worked for some soulless corporation. It all worked for me. But not, I confess with some chagrin, quite all. I didn't look at the small print in a contract I signed some years ago and now I discover that about a third of my earnings were channeled into some dreary little savings account, and so I haven't wound up with tens of millions, but just a few.

Yet it could have been worse. About twenty years ago I created a character—an animal—called the Shmoo. It was knee-high, shaped like a marrow, it reproduced with any company, or encouragement. It eagerly followed humans around, ready instantly to provide anything they wanted.

At the slightest sign of hunger, they flung their happy little selves into the nearest broiler or oven. Fried they came out chicken, broiled they tasted like steak. Shmoos laid eggs, in rows, all labeled "Grade A," and the finest type of milk in handy carton sizes. For dessert they produced chocolate cake, and for birthdays, chocolate cake with lighted candles, regardless of the wear and tear on their little insides. Shmoos made interesting companions, could improvise shmoosical comedies. There was no upkeep since they were nourished solely by human delight.

People loved the Shmoo, especially my broth-



er. He was convinced that there was a fortune in Shmoo dolls, Shmoo wristwatches, Shmoo coloring books, Shmoo wallpaper. I pooh-poohed the idea, but he kept pushing, and finally I yielded, on condition that I never be asked to draw another one, since I was now sick of the little beasts.

A year later, the Shmoo craze subsided and *Time* magazine reported that $26 million of Shmoo novelties had been sold. It wasn't all profit of course, but enough of it was to make my brother a captain of industry, and me an idiot.

He then announced that he intended to plough our profits into an even grander venture, one that was none of my business since I had shown I had no head for business, but which required innumerable mysterious trips from New York to California to purchase certain mysterious rights from an old gentleman who turned out to be Cecil B. De Mille.

Once those rights were ours, my brother revealed to me that our Shmoo profits were to be invested in the Minoan craze, which would sweep the world, after the release of De Mille's *Samson and Cleopatra*, starring Victor Mature and Hedy Lamarr, and set in the Minoan period. We, and we alone, would be ready with warehouses full of Minoan dresses, Minoan sweatshirts, Minoan tennis shoes, Minoan toys and trinkets, for the millions who would pour out of cinemas maddened for something, anything, Minoan.

As you recall, nothing swept the world like the Minoan craze except the Edsel craze, and so I did not take my brother's advice when he came up with another stinker: a TV series in which my hillbillies suddenly got rich, and moved into a mansion in Beverly Hills. I predicted to him that this would be an idea we would always regret, and when someone else came up with "The Beverly Hillbillies" which, now in its twelfth year, still makes ten million a year, there is, as I predicted, quite a bit of regret around.

I also personally handled the matter of a company which, because it is still celebrated in the bankruptcy courts, I will call the Celebrated Artists School. After a lifetime of failure, a hard-luck pal of mine organized a method of teaching cartooning by mail and asked six celebrated cartoonists to write the textbooks, for a thousand dollars in cash or a percentage of the School. We couldn't turn the poor guy down, and knowing that he didn't have a thousand dollars, and never would, we agreed to take the percentage, since, in that way, we wouldn't lose any money, merely a worthless piece of a doomed company.

Within five years, the School had grown to the size of the University of California, was teaching Portrait Painting, Mural Painting, Fashion Design, Brain Surgery and Embalming, all by mail. My percentage was now worth considerably over a million dollars, my hard-luck pal died, and the School was taken over by brilliant young executives, with stunning records of success.

Free from interference by its plodding founder, they announced plans to expand all over the world, jetted everywhere, buying land, contracting for buildings, hiring faculty, and a year later, my million dollars' worth of stock was worth two thousand dollars and sinking fast. So I sold it for that. My incredible luck had held. I had doubled my money.

Hugh Hefner has the reputation of being a financial genius but little is known of the time I outsmarted him. *Playboy* was struggling through its first year or so, when he asked to see me. He was determined to attract well-known names, and proposed that I do a cartoon series. He couldn't pay me what it was worth, but he hinted that an arrangement could be made to give me an interest in *Playboy*. *Playboy*, I could see, was a bust, but I was interested in Hefner. I advised him to go into some other business. I hated to see a smart kid devote the best years of his life to a magazine which consisted mainly of pictures of bare bosoms. One bare bosom, I assured the young enthusiast, was so much like another that the public would eventually grow bored with them. His talents should be devoted to a magazine with a future, like *Life*.

The public's interest in bare bosoms has not, I admit, been satiated yet, but some day it may be, and you can bet Hugh Hefner will look back at the advice that shrewd old cartoonist gave him, with certain emotions.

I am one of those fortunate people whose financial wizardry is matched by his political acumen. In 1972 a certain President asked me what he ought to do about the election. I said don't do anything. I have heard your opponent's campaign. Don't interrupt him and he will elect you. Don't get involved in it, Mr. President, I said, and don't let any of your buddies get involved in it. Well, the President was reelected, and I was sure it was because he had taken my advice. Now I am not so sure. Turns out his buddies did get involved in it, and, as to whether he did or not, John Dean says yes, and thirty-four other Watergate witnesses say no, so according to the *New York Times* the score is a draw.

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...**if you want any of the other selections offered** just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified.

You will always have at least 10 days in which to make a decision. If for any reason you do not have 10 days in which to decide, you may return the regular selection at our expense and you will receive full credit for it.

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NOTE: All applications are subject to approval and Columbia House reserves the right to reject any application

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.° D.ⁱ 1728

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ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR

MARCH 1974

Because The People Said So.

The framers of the federal Constitution provided for the office of president in just one succinct sentence: "The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America."

The Constitution does not mention, nor does it subject the president to judicial process and the courts have never heretofore challenged this doctrine of separation of powers.

But a coalition of hostile media, partisan congressmen and judges who report to no one and hold office for life have so magnified and distorted a relatively minor election transgression as to gravely endanger the nation.

Not content to await their chances in the next presidential election, these forces seek to reverse the mandate given the President by forty-nine of the fifty states.

That mandate was: End the war; curb inflation; lower unemployment; eliminate wasteful and self-serving government social action programs; stop busing for forced integration; clean up the atmosphere and our waterways; calm the cities; hit hard at organized crime and restore to America the initiative and prestige that once was ours in foreign affairs.

This, and much more, has our President done. His steady hand, his experience as a naval officer, congressman, senator, vice-president and chief executive officer is needed now.

He has begun to decentralize the federal bureaucracy, to share federal funds with cities and states; the dollar is again an honored international unit of exchange; the energy shortage is yielding to his relief efforts—in short, here is a man superbly trained and qualified to lead this nation during the term for which he was elected. If our system of government is to be saved from grievous harm, those angry partisans who now and for many years have opposed the President must be dissuaded from exercising their passion and prejudice.

The President will and must serve out his term.

Bankruptcy

When an individual or a business can no longer pay its creditors, it usually ends up in a dark corner of the federal judiciary commonly known as bankruptcy court. In most instances, the hapless individual or business is hauled in front of a black-robed official known as a bankruptcy referee. This individual is usually a friend of the judge and often a former legal colleague or political appointee. Often with little supervision from the judge himself, the referee dismantles the business and auctions it off to willing scavengers who frequent the courtroom waiting for luckless ones to be shipwrecked on some economic shoal. Literally billions of dollars have been needlessly squandered through the slow, inexpert and inside dealings of these referees.

Now, however, sweeping revisions of the nation's bankruptcy laws have been recommended by a special Congressional committee composed of nine members from the Senate and the House of Representatives. The 323-page report, the result of two years of study, has been presented to President Nixon and Chief Justice Warren Burger. The commission's report recommends the establishment of a new federal agency called the U.S. Bankruptcy Administration to handle all of the administrative aspects of bankruptcy. The report calls for the formation of federal bankruptcy courts to handle the judicial side of bankruptcy. The report makes clear that it wants the "unneeded" cost of litigation and administration involved in most corporate and personal bankruptcies eliminated.

The recommendations of the commission, if adopted by Congress, would mean practically a whole new system of bankruptcy proceedings and would represent the first major overhaul since the present bankruptcy act became law in 1938.

The public, the creditors and the bankrupt themselves will benefit from the prompt and impartial handling of insolvency. The only ones who stand to lose are those who for so long have profited from the creditors and debtors impaled on the brass rail before his honor, the bankruptcy referee.

Necessity Is The Mother Of Invention

Just about everybody now knows that a commodity called energy is in short supply. Political folk have known it for a long time and so have many captains of industry. But political folk hate to give out bad news. Voters don't like to hear it. Of course, when the Arabs do it to us, that's different.

Business depends on its stockholders and customers. These folk don't like to hear bad news either.

The bad news came along all at once. Like Pearl Harbor. People got excited and were willing to listen to some strong talk.

The good news is that we have plenty of energy in this country. But the really good news is that whole new industries will now come into being to create and supply America with new forms of energy. Gas from coal; liquid hydrogen; oil from shale; nuclear energy and a whole host of new products whose principal merit will be high performance output, low energy input. As we did from war, moon shots, and depressions, we shall reap a new galaxy of products and technological breakthroughs from our energy shortage. In the end, it may have been a blessing in disguise.

Abolish Grand Juries

A federal criminal justice commission recommended in a 358-page report that a grand jury indictment should no longer be required for any criminal prosecution. The commission said that grand juries, which originated in England in the twelfth century, had outlived their usefulness and now serve only to delay prosecutions. "The presentation of evidence is under prosecutorial

"Make sure this is not leaked to the press until Lieutenant Cooper's had an opportunity to correct my spelling."

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control and the grand jury merely agrees to the actions of the prosecutor," the commission asserted.

It would appear that the time has now come to eliminate the grand jury from American jurisprudence. This medieval practice, performed in secrecy without giving the accused a chance to testify or confront his accusers, is indeed now only a black splotch on our escutcheon of justice. In our society today, there is often little difference between indictment and conviction. With indictment comes a loss of dignity, reputation, and even friends and family. Conviction is often only an anticlimax.

If the authorities have sufficient evidence to properly accuse a citizen of a felony, let the evidence be presented to a qualified jurist who, after having examined the facts and talked to the defendant and the witnesses, can render a prompt decision open to all for inspection and consensus. Only under circumstances of widespread public concern would it be desirable to impanel a grand jury investigation. Congress should act promptly to rectify this great inequity in American justice.

It's Coming—It's Here

For years, Americans have given lip service to our very apparent need to convert to the metric system. But no longer. With foreign imports flooding the country with metric-measured products and U. S. corporations now doing business in overseas "metric" countries, the biggest of them all, General Motors, has thrown in the sponge. Said a recent G.M. press release in part, "Our present plans are to make this changeover as soon as new parts can be metrically dimensioned and sources are able to produce them." Since thousands of businesses and millions of persons are engaged in making parts, assembling, selling and servicing the automobile products of the largest manufacturing company in the world, it would seem that the hour has come for the metric system.

Please Say It Again

United Steel Workers President I.W. Abel in recent advertisements by United States Steel is quoted as saying: "I call upon every American to enlist in the crucial battle to improve our lagging productivity." Mr. Abel went on to spell out how productivity can be improved, including "stepping up the efficiency of each worker" and "improving our technology and really using the technology we already possess."

For a major labor leader to say this and to say it publicly is a singular act of courage. That was a very patriotic thing to do, Mr. Abel.

A Good Time To Buy America

Although the United States has used its dollars in the past to buy up big chunks of the world's industry, the plums of American business have never looked so cheap to outsiders as they do today. The fall of the dollar and the stock market mean that at any time in the past week, Volkswagen could have bought up General Motors for half what it would have cost just over two years ago. Except for the oil companies riding on the crest of the energy crisis, giants like General Motors, Ford and Chrysler are selling at eight, five and four years' worth of their net profits. German marks will buy real assets in American industry today for a good third less than they would have cost less than two years ago. The yen will buy for a good quarter less. Buying companies in the United States is still a new game to Europeans. Most have preferred to start from scratch in the American market with their own plants. However, British Petroleum has just purchased Sohio. British American Tobacco paid $200 million for the Gimbel Department Store group. Nestlé handed Litton Industries $100 million for Stouffer Foods.

The Germans are intensely interested in some of the biggest bargains of all, but they seem inhibited, possibly by memories of the confiscation of their American assets in two wars. They have, however, recently bought an enterprising American computer business.

It remains to be seen just how the Justice Department will view these foreign takeovers in the future. It would seem that government anti-trust watchers would prefer foreign investment to take the form of a new company setting up its own plants to provide more competition. But it appears for the moment that the Justice Department will allow foreign companies to do things which local companies may not do in lessening the potential for competition.

"Instead of trying to CONQUER the world, we'd make out just as well if we began exporting this good red wine, pasta, olive oil and leather sandals."

Well, It Had To Come

There's a new credit card out. It's really different. You buy your item and hand the man this new card—only you give him the cash to pay for the item at the same time. Then he gives you a cash discount because you both belong to this new club. It's called The Equity Club. Has a lot of people talking about this newfangled way of buying for cash.

How Could It Happen?

The wreck of the Penn Central railroad was a sad day for America, but we brought it on ourselves.

There has been no more abused and misused industry in this country than the railroads. Since the "Golden Spike" was driven at Promontory, Utah, in 1869, the railroads have made a major contribution to our industrial growth. In spite of this, the railroads' plight has been wondrously ignored—ignored by government and the public at large.

Among many railroad problems, the most unfair and unfathomable is that competition wherein other commercial transport is subsidized by the government. Airlines land on government-owned property and operate in a heavily subsidized environment. The inland waterways are maintained by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. Trucks operate over highways maintained by federal and state governments. The railroads, on the other hand, own their rail beds and pay heavy taxes on them, spend millions to maintain their right-of-way and, at the same time, must fight the battle of inflation, featherbedding, and continually rising costs which are beyond their control.

We all stand by and let this happen. With the Penn Central collapse, we have taken one more step toward nationalized railroads and one more giant step away from the free enterprise system that has made America great.

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THE BIG PUT-OFF

By Virginia Clemens

"Stop the War!"

"Dolly Bird—Tell President Madison We Want Peace!"

President Madison? Yes, the Procrastinators' Club of America is protesting the War of 1812. Marching around the City Hall in Philadelphia, the demonstrators are all carrying signs, except for one man who just waves a stick in the air. A true procrastinator, he never got around to making his sign.

"We feel that war is the ultimate against which to procrastinate," said Les Waas, president of the Procrastinators' Club since 1956 because the members kept putting off the next election. "If wars were continuously postponed, the reasons for fighting them might be forgotten. Just think, if the British in 1337 had procrastinated for fifty years the Hundred Years' War would have lasted only fifty years."

The War of 1812, a genuine procrastinators' war, was declared two days after the British Government stated it would repeal the laws which were the main reason for fighting; and the Battle of New Orleans, its major battle, was fought fifteen days after the peace treaty was signed.

The Procrastinators' Club of America has approximately 1,200 members—many of whose names were sent in by tired-of-waiting spouses. Anyone who puts the trash out after the trashman has collected it, responds to an invitation after the event, or sends last year's Christmas cards this year is a perfect candidate for the Club.

As members, procrastinators receive last month's newsletter and are eligible to attend all Club functions. The annual Christmas party is held in June, and New Year's Eve parties in July or August. A legitimate procrastinator only celebrates the New Year in the summer because by then he knows if the year is worth celebrating.

The Fourth of July picnic usually takes place in February. The first one was held at an amusement park with six inches of snow on the ground. The men pushed the girls in boats across a frozen lake, played softball, participated in a pie-eating contest and even set off firecrackers. The procrastinators brought their own ants, but potted poison ivy plants from Los Angeles didn't arrive until two days later.

A National Political Convention was conducted in Convention Hall in Atlantic City in 1968, complete with a motorcade on the boardwalk. Who was nominated? Who else, but George Washington.

Another procrastinator's delight was a ski party in the summer. Since there was no snow, one member with a parachute strapped to his back schussed on wheeled skis. One sported a compass and another an altimeter. A Backwards Race was won by the contestant who crossed the line last and the Best Dressed for Skiing Contest was entered by members wearing parkas, goggles and long underwear—not the ideal clothing for summer temperatures.

Who are the members of the Procrastinators' Club? Most of them are men; only 20 percent are women. Though a couple of hundred members are college students, the Club consists chiefly of people who own their own businesses or are professionals, such as doctors and lawyers.

Approximately one-third of the members live in the Philadelphia area though there are many throughout the United States and a few foreign countries. England's Martin Attlee, son of Clement Attlee, a former Prime Minister, joined the Procrastinators' Club, thus bestowing a touch of elegance on its ranks, since he is a British Earl and a member of the House of Lords.

The youngest member inducted into the Club was a baby, now a little over two years old, who was three weeks overdue.

The rapid growth of the Club's membership has caused different chapters to spring up across the country. Sacramento's is the Escargot Chapter and has a snail on its insignia.

"Most people think the Procrastinators' Club is a put-on when it's actually a put-off," quipped Mr. Waas. "In fact, in 1957, we gave our Annual Award to a stripteaser for putting things off."

Other Annual Awards were given to Murray

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Rappaport, who broke the world's record for an overdue library book, Jack Benny for never getting around to turning forty, and Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis for the Comedy Team of the Year—eight years after they had split up.

"Our Club is mostly a lot of fun for fun-loving people, but we also perform charitable acts," said one member.

A Day-Old-Cake Sale for Muscular Dystrophy displayed the motto, Buy Yesterday's Cake Today To Help Muscular Dystrophy Tomorrow.

This zany organization also aided the Methodist Hospital in Philadelphia when their cornerstone engraved with the year 1968 couldn't be placed until 1972 because of strikes. Planning to set it at midnight and hoping that no one would notice, the hospital's officials finally decided to let the Procrastinators handle the operation for them. The hospital received publicity and, from the building, the Club acquired a block of stone, which attends all the meetings, but can't vote.

"About twenty-five members traveled to Spain in March, 1972, to raise money for three ships to discover America," said Mr. Waas.

They couldn't do in eight days what Columbus had done in eight years, and, though they did receive a Pinto from the Ford Motor Company, they never got a Niña or Santa Maria. The voyage to America has been estimated to cost between $7,000 and $7,500 in today's currency.

"We did take a ferry boat from near the Rock of Gibraltar and discovered Africa. It had never been officially discovered before," Mr. Waas explained.

This little group of putter-offers, belatedly trying to contribute to Columbus's feat, was more than adequately covered by insurance, though, in case the world was flat and their ships did fall off the edge. The North American Insurance Company gave them a policy handwritten on parchment that stated they had to name anything they discovered after them, such as a continent.

Another ludicrous weekend in 1970 was spent in London protesting the crack in the Liberty Bell. Twenty-five to thirty members visited the Whitechapel Bell Foundry in the Whitechapel section of London where Jack the Ripper practiced his art. Though the foundry is not a fly-by-night operation (it's been in business 550 years) and still has the original cast of the Liberty Bell, they won't do anything about the crack unless the bell is sent back in its original crate.

"I wouldn't buy a bell there," replied Mr. Waas with just a trace of a smile. "Big Ben's bell from the same foundry also has a crack."

Norman Vincent Peale, D.D., in a recent article, described procrastination as a bad habit that can be broken, not a built-in part of an individual's personality; and offered six guidelines that could help a chronic procrastinator.

Contrarily, Dr. Rachele Thomas, a clinical psychologist, feels that dawdling can be constructive and that there is room for it in everyone's life.

Indeed, it does seem to be everywhere, even in nursery rhymes, such as:

"A dillar, a dollar
A ten o'clock scholar
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock
But now you come at noon."

Numerous proverbs, pro and con, relate to procrastination: "A stitch in time saves nine"; "Strike while the iron is hot"; "Marry in haste, repent at leisure."

If, in spite of the usual criticism, one is truly a dedicated procrastinator, he should be sure to celebrate National Procrastination Week the third week in March. It normally is celebrated the second week in March.

Future plans of the Procrastinators' Club of America call for a trip to the Coliseum in Los Angeles next January. You guessed it—to see 1974's Super Bowl game a year late. Even Governor Reagan has been issued an invitation.

Also an excursion to Chicago to put out the Great Chicago Fire of 1871 is in the making, complete with full water buckets.

Predictions by club members are always correct, because they don't make them until after the scheduled event.

If one wishes to or professes to follow the declaration offered in the Club's newsletter—"Once a Procrastinator makes up his mind to take a firm stand on something, nothing in the world can stop him from possibly getting around to it—some day"—then by all means write to the Procrastinators' Club of America, Inc., Room 1111, 1405 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102, for a membership application. But do it tomorrow.

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JANET LYNN: ICE PRINCESS

The skating alchemist who turned a bronze medal into gold

By BOB CORK

A piece of milkweed loose in the winter wind. Effortless skating which belies the hours, the days, the life that has been ground, like painful glass, into the shimmering glissades that draw the welling applause, slow and satisfying until, suddenly, it bursts into a roar.

"Just one more time—that was Slavka's (her coach, Slavka Kohout), famous last word—'One more time.'" Janet Lynn Nowicki (now Janet Lynn) rubs her legs and ankles as if the agony of those years were still in residence. "That's the part that hurts the most—your feet and your legs."

Janet's feet, small, precise instruments for mounting blades on, and legs, pretty, slimly muscled, concealing the power of fast starts and sudden stops, are crossed in front of her, insurable items worth some millions of dollars. The feet repose in bunny slippers, the legs in net tights that, according to the wardrobe mistress, wear like the iron they don't look like under the lights. "I cut out the heels and toes," Janet says. "This stuff presses into your feet if you don't. We wear these socks. They don't show. You have to wear socks with your boots." A wrinkle in a ballerina's leotard can break a toe when she goes on point. Janet will be flying 30 miles per hour.

"She's so good," someone in the cast says, "that she feels obliged to fall flat on her fanny now and then to show you she's not all that good. It must be psychological."

She did it in the Olympics (1972), on a comparatively easy sit spin. She does it now sometimes in shows—rising from her falls, it seems, with new height, smiling to show she is all right—her bottom adequate ("I have a terrible time keeping my weight down," she giggles later), and to show that this revelation of her self, this exposure of something she does not perhaps fully understand, might give you as much pleasure as her skating expertise.

She is, at the moment, the world's highest paid woman athlete. At a million and a half dollars (two numbers per show, twenty-seven weeks a year, three years, plus a percentage of publicity and billing), the very flakes from her skates become valuable. "I never skated to win," she says, explaining her sudden change from amateur to professional, "—or to make money. It was just that I got tired of competing. After fourteen years of serious competition, I was bored and at times depressed. Something always seemed to happen when I was on the verge of winning."

She did not compete well in the sense that she fought abstractions better than people. Time, an injury, cold, a flaw in technique, these things Janet could fight. Canada's Karen Magnussen, America's Julie Lynn Holmes, and Austria's Trixie Schuba, flesh and blood, were too nice; they seemed to encourage Janet Lynn to keep her blades sheathed in rubber guards. She had beaten Julie Lynn Holmes and Karen Magnussen, at one time or another, but at the Olympic and the world games, there were falls, flu.

Janet's nemesis in competition skating was school figures. "I hated them," Janet exclaims,

Janet Lynn at age four. Her mother remembers all she ever said was, "I wanna skate."

comfortably ensconced in the feathers and fluff of professional ice skating. "She just didn't like to do them," her coach Slavka Kohout remembers. "I really think she turned pro this year instead of trying for a World Gold Medal again because she couldn't stand the thought of practicing figures for another year." At every major competition Janet fell behind in the compulsory figures but then burst into first place with free skating.

School figures are the conventionalized circles based essentially on figure eights that competition skaters must accurately print on the ice for the judges. Double and triple circles. Backward and forward, inside and out. Left foot. Right foot. The skater has to go around on one stroke. If he puts his free foot down, he is given no grade or a very low one. His balance must be perfect. His strength a sustained sureness. And he must conceal it within a mantle of grace. "As the event increases in stature, the difficulty of the figure intensifies," says Charles DeMore, president of the International Committee of the U.S. Figure Skating Association.

School figures amount to 40 percent of the score while free skating accounts for the other 60 percent. The skater cuts the figure three times on each foot. Without stopping. The circles must be the same size. Round, not flat on the sides or top, and, according to Barbara Ann Scott, the pretty Canadian skater of the 1950's, "You never really reach perfection."

The judges in international competition are not exactly sugar daddies. Barbara Ann recalls in her book, *Skate with Me*, that "experience has bored judges with expressions of chagrin indicating you have been unlucky or have not lived up to your full capacities. Judges survey the evidence on the ice and their recollection of what they have seen and are not much moved by the emotions you show. Neither does a happy smile influence them. They have their own minds to make up and you accomplish nothing trying to help them at it. The print and the form are what matter."

Of course, Janet Lynn excels in the smile. This is not to deprecate her skating. She was unlucky in her fall at Bratislava, her flu at Grenoble. Despite her dislike for school figures, observers believe she would've won had she not fallen. She is a five time-U. S. titlist. And her bronze medal took on the luster of gold to her fans, she was so popular at Grenoble, Bratislava, and Sapporo. "I'm not conscious of trying to smile," she says, breaking into one. "When I didn't win, sure, I was disappointed, but still I wanted to do the best I could."

"I practiced six and eight hours a day when I was an amateur." Slavka Kohout, thinking it was she who was doing something wrong, brought in Pierre Brunet, a French expert on school figures, to the Wagon Wheel rink in Rockton, Illinois, which is Janet's home base. Janet improved, but not enough. "I don't have to do them anymore, thank goodness," Janet says, obviously relieved. "Now, it's jumps and spins. I have to watch my timing. But I love putting my feelings to music."

It shows. When the orchestra plays a waltz, and that smile which she can't seem to suppress and which hasn't a note of Miss America-ivory-keyboard in it, comes zooming across the ice, it seems the music is coming from inside the thistledown blonde.

"We spend a lot of time coordinating the gestures to music. Everything has to be perfect but not look it—I mean—hard or set. The choreography of small things is intricate. Where your fingers are on which note—your toes. I'm really grateful to Miss Kohout. She drilled me for hours on little things—hours of stroking so your arms don't look awkward."

Slavka Kohout is the woman who brought Janet, as she says, "from zilch" to stardom. Slavka was seventeen when she became Midwestern Senior Ladies Figure Skating Champion. She wanted two things. The Olympic Games. And to become a doctor. Then her father died, and what she knew about skating went into teaching in an ice rink—first Chicago, then at the Wagon Wheel in Rockton. Although she put herself through college, she had to give up her dream of becoming a doctor. Her dream of the Olympics was realized vicariously in Janet.

"I was proud the first time she qualified for the nationals . . . but I was proudest when she made the Olympic team. I couldn't skate long enough to try for the Olympics myself . . . when you represent your country, you become more than just yourself."

"I owe everything to Slavka," exclaims Janet rapturously. Certainly Janet owes much to Slavka. But when a girl begins to skate, as Janet did,

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"ELLIE BROWN LOVES THE KENTUCKY COLONELS"

Behind every woman with a professional basketball team is an indulgent man

By Robert Rich

Except for every now and then, the living is easy for John Y. Brown III, age ten. His daddy is rich and his ma is good looking. He was in tears, however, when he heard the Kentucky Colonels were leaving Louisville, sold out of town and up the river to Cincinnati. According to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, little John went to his father and said, "Dad, tell me it isn't true." He reasoned that if the Kentucky Colonels left Kentucky they wouldn't be the Kentucky Colonels anymore. When John Y. Brown, Jr., realized that Louisville was full of boys who would be heartbroken if the Colonels left town, he thought to himself, "Don't cry, Son. I'll buy the team."

Control of the Colonels, who last year lost to Indiana in the final game of the American Basketball Association playoffs, cost Brown two million dollars. He didn't have to borrow the money. Ten years before, he had met Colonel Harlan Sanders, and together they put Kentucky Fried Chicken on the map. Seven years later Brown sold his $900 million fast-food empire to Heublein, Inc., the food and liquor people. At thirty-seven Brown was, as they say, ahead of the game. He had time on his hands and money in the bank.

With Brown in control the Colonels were back to normal. Only the front office had changed and it had a whole new look. Brown's wife Ellie was named chairman—chairperson—of the board and the other seats on the board were filled by Ellie's friends in the Junior League.

There were those who scoffed. A rich man had bought his wife a toy. Well, Howard Cosell didn't scoff. When Ellie Brown and her board trooped off to a press conference in New York, Cosell looked them over and said, "This is the greatest day in the history of the American Basketball Association."

The three months that followed were show business and hard work for the Colonels' ladies. Appearances on "What's My Line," "Dinah Shore," and the "Today" show were frosting on the cake. Back in Kentucky, wherever Optimists and Elks were gathered, a pretty young woman made a pitch for season tickets to the Kentucky Colonels, and on the night the Colonels opened their season in Louisville, against the Utah Stars, three thousand tickets had been sold. That was three times as many as the year before.

When the Browns get to the game at Freedom Hall, Ellie looks like a million and John looks like a millionaire. They are surrounded by friends, the men sleek in turtlenecks and ten-dollar haircuts, the women fresh and smiling, not a weary eye in the crowd. At thirty-three Ellie Brown, cheerleader emeritus, Central City, Kentucky, looks young enough to bound out on the floor and yell, "Give me a K." Her sweater and skirt are right, but a camera crew from CBS is on hand to shoot background for an interview with Heywood Hale Brown. On camera Ellie is radiant. "Who's Heywood Hale Broun?"

Neither team is at full strength, but as the game starts, the Colonels are favored. The Colonels will miss injured guard Rick Mount, but not as much as the visiting Utah Stars will miss Zelmo Beatty, their star center who is holding out for more money. The Colonels are dominated by a pair of black and white giants, Artis Gilmore and Dan Issell. The blue ribbon center in the

Ellie Brown's approach to running a professional basketball team is to hire a new general manager, Gene Rhodes, a new coach, Babe McCarthy, and sell a bunch of season tickets.

ABA last year, Gilmore led the league in field goal percentage with a mark of .560 and in rebounding with 17.5 a game. He was also tops in blocked shots with 84. When he wants to he can touch the top of the backboard. Issell probably attracts less attention, but he scores more points: last year at forward he was third in the ABA with a game average of 27.2. Gilmore ranked tenth with a 20.7 average. Add guard Louis Dampier and the Colonels field a lineup with three ABA All-Stars.

The crowd is noisy—high school and professional fans are more emotional than a college crowd—but John Y. Brown is listening to a small receiver with an antenna. Possibly he is monitoring reports from agents fanning out through the crowd, a sophisticated approach to crowd control, or maybe he's counting the house. What's he listening to? "That's the Kentucky football game," says Ellie. "Come on, do something. O Wow! All right!"

Ellie knows about losing. When she was a sophomore in high school the basketball team won thirty-five games in a row before they lost in the state tournament in Louisville. "I got on the bus and cried all the way back to Central City. And I might cry if we lose this game. Let's go, Wendell! Get hot, Wendell! Look at him smile."

Ellie is told that attendance is 10,476. "Isn't that super? Opening game last year was 8,000. We had a slow start, and people just didn't come. The crowds didn't pick up until the playoffs. Just don't lose this game, Artis! He's smiling, too. Make it, Wendell. Isn't he something else? Artis! Make a shot! Just one. Damn. You want some popcorn? Give it to Wendell! All right!

"No, you couldn't call me a women's libber. In New York, there was a reporter from one of those feminist magazines. She looked bad?" Ellie gestured across her face. "She said, 'You mean you're a profit-making organization and you don't pay these women anything?' I said, 'Listen, if you think basketball is profit making, you got a lot to learn.' So she closed her notebook and shut off the tape recorder and left."

According to Ellie, 80 percent of professional basketball teams lose money, and the Colonels are very much in the majority. The Browns didn't plan to make money when they bought the team, but they hope to see them break even.

The first half is slow. Compared with the senior rival National Basketball Association, the ABA is the running league. Ball control, a deliberate style of play with an intricate choreography of players working the ball back and forth for an advantageous shot, is not for Kentucky. They like to grab the ball and run, and tonight the running is better than the shooting as the half ends, 48-46, Kentucky.

At half time some of the board members of the Colonels take time to talk about themselves. Mary Baird, president of the Junior League, was a hit with her three boys when she got back from New York with an autograph from Howard Cosell. Like the others, Mary Baird was a live wire before she came to the Colonels. Nancy Jones, a chairman of the Kentucky Thoroughbred Pro-Celebrity Golf Tournament, is dressed for the occasion with a horse medallion and a sash with large letters: "I Love the Colonels." Lithe and blonde, Kay Morrissey is director of Weight Watchers in Kentucky, and Maxine Lutz is a past president of the Younger Woman's Club of Louisville. Ms. Lutz, a crackerjack saleslady and an advocate of the hard sell, is unabashed in her admiration for the Browns ("You wouldn't believe how down to earth they are") and finds no conflict between her role with the Colonels and her roles at home: "We're all wives and mothers first."

A rock drill team from a nearby Job Corps Center did its routine, like nothing ever seen at Parris Island, and the Gc al Tenders, a fiesty bunch of cheerleaders, cute as bugs' ears, and

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adroit high kickers, did theirs. A seven-piece band traipsed around the arena playing "When the Saints Go Marching In," and Ellie appeared for an interview on a remote television broadcast going to Pennsylvania and upstate New York. How was the interview? "It was easy. He was nice. It's always easy when they're nice."

The Browns are enthusiastic about the potential of women at work. "Women are the great untapped source of energy in this country," says Brown. "There is absolutely no limit to what they can do. All they need is the chance. Look at Ellie. There's nobody like Ellie."

"Confidence is the big thing," said Ellie. "When I was afraid of something, John would say, 'Go ahead, you can do it' and sure enough I did. I learned confidence from John."

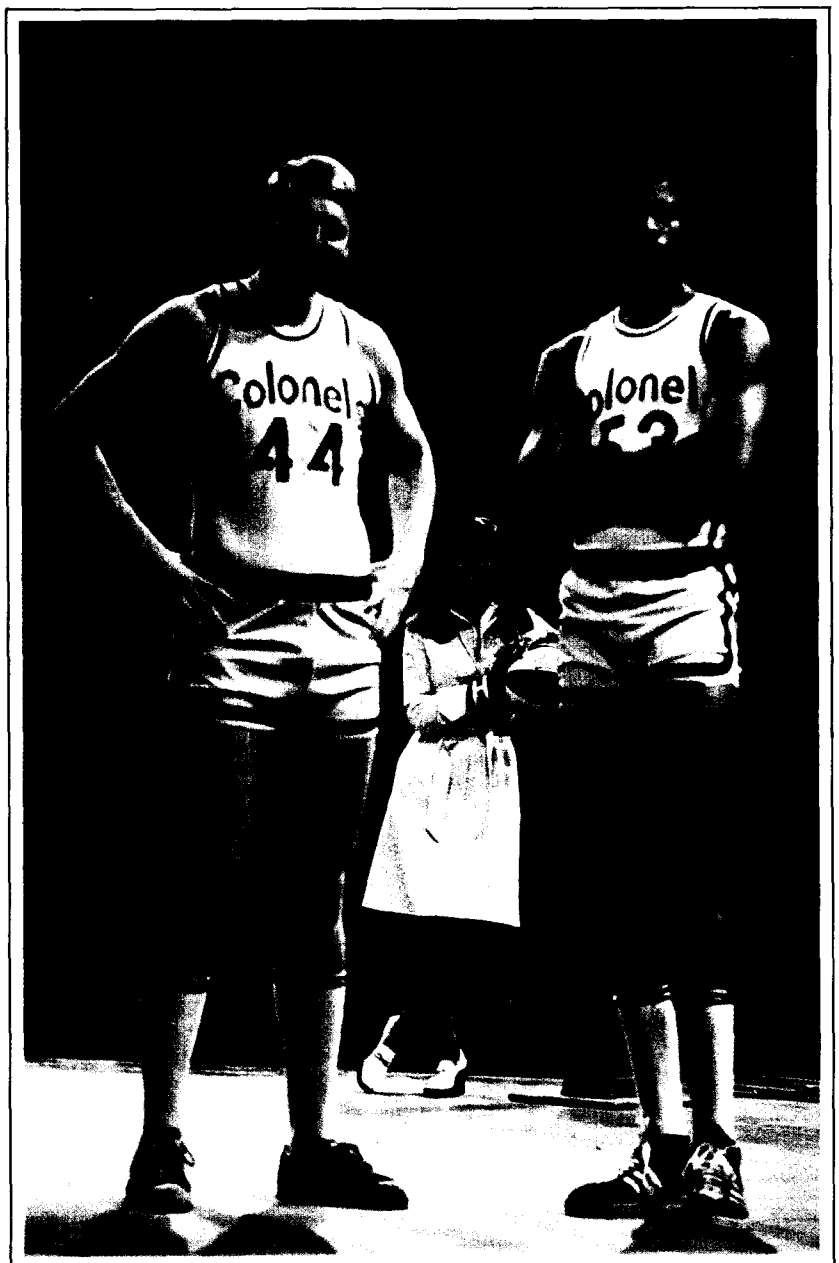
At the end of the third quarter the Colonels still lead by two. With two minutes left on the clock, the score is tied and Ellie is beside herself.

"This is unreal! I can't believe this! Go in there! Oh, my goodness. What a shot. I'd hate to lose this game. Hang on, Artis! Oh. Why do they do that way? Do they look like they're about half asleep? We don't have a man down there under the basket. Where are they? Standing around some place." With thirty seconds to go the score is tied at 101. Ellie, like the rest of the crowd, is on her feet yelling. A second before the final buzzer 7'2" Artis Gilmore uncoils and slaps an errant shot home. Ellie Brown is screaming and the Kentucky Colonels are undefeated.

Sunday afternoon at the Browns'. The house is a showplace with pillars and a security guard. Inside the house are two pillows with a message in needlepoint: John Loves Ellie, Ellie Loves John. Standing on a large rug of yellow and white squares, faultlessly clean, is like standing on a bed. Pictures in the den are pictures of people having a good time: John with Senator Kennedy, John with Senator Muskie. John, a scratch amateur and number two man on the Kentucky golf team behind future Masters' Champion Gay Brewer, with such eminent golfers as Glen Campbell and Andy Williams. It all seems far away from Central City.

Ellie grew up on a farm near Central City in a family that was unusually close. "I never had a baby-sitter in my life. The whole family cared about me, and they asked about what I was doing. They were interested in me. That's what I try to give to my children." For seven years she went to a two-room country schoolhouse, before she began making the two-and-one-half-mile trip to attend the eighth grade in Central City. In high school she was a majorette with the marching band and a cheerleader. Weren't you scared the first time you got out in the gym in front of all those people? "No, I was a cheerleader in the eighth grade. Then I was scared."

When she graduated from high school she was voted best athlete and best looking. That fall she went to the University of Kentucky at Lexington where she majored in commerce and dated so often her grades suffered. After meeting a second-year law student named Brown, her grades improved. "We dated every day for two years and never had a quarrel. We were a lot alike. We were both ambitious. Law school was a bore for John. He sold encyclopedias on nights and weekends and I went on trips with him. While he was in the house I sat in the car and studied." She got the best grades of her life, and John was making $25,000 a year. Then he graduated from law school.



A pair of giants, Dan Issell and Artis Gilmore, give the Colonels the best one-two-punch in the ABA. Last year the Colonels lost to Indiana in the play-offs. This year, with Ellie Brown carrying the ball, expectations are great in Louisville and Lexington for a championship season.

After marriage Ellie kept busy teaching the ninth grade for two years before she began raising their three children. But she never planned to spend all her time around the house: "I always knew I would do something else as soon as the children got big enough."

A few years later, after a certain richness had entered their lives, the Browns tried their hand at horses because they were in Kentucky. Ellie bought a string of eleven thoroughbreds, but they grew to offend her business school sensibilities. "You don't make any money with horses."

Golf held little promise—once at the Doral Country Club, John outdrove Arnold Palmer—so she took tennis lessons. She got good enough to beat her husband and considered organizing a tennis club, but all that was before the Colonels came into her life. Was it her notion to buy the team and run it? "No, John thought of it. But I thought it was a super idea."

Ellie was in for a surprise when the phone rang. Arrangements had been made a month ago for her to appear as a model in a style show with two of the Colonels, and she had forgot all about it. Dinner plans with friends have to be called off.

What with raising three children, running a large house and looking good for the Kentucky Colonels, Ellie Brown has a lot on her mind. John, on the other hand, changes stations occasionally to watch different ball games, a study in patrician ease. He is tall, with an athlete's moves, and his expression is completely open, the look of a man who has just asked a question. In Kentucky it is assumed that sooner or later he will go into politics, and his face, in an age when a candidate is rarely better than he looks on television, could be no mean part of his political fortune. A lot of voters judge a book by its cover, and not without reason: George Bernard Shaw said, "A man of forty is responsible for his face." After thirty-nine years Brown is unmarked. No one has laid a glove on him.

When he got out of law school Brown was uncertain about whether to practice law or go on selling encyclopedias. Encyclopaedia Britannica had offered him an annual contract for $75,000. Ellie put it to him this way: "Do you want your children to say 'My daddy sells books' or 'My daddy is a lawyer'?" No snob, and not one to confuse substance with shadow, John said that if you show up in a long black car, people don't ask how you got it. He decided for the law, probably because the elder Brown, a Congressman and perennial candidate for the Senate, was one of Kentucky's best known criminal lawyers, and he was very close to his father. But there was one thing wrong with the law. Money.

"I knew that no matter what I wanted to do, whether it was to do things for my family or go into politics—I've always dreamed of being a senator—I would have to have money. You don't make all that much as a lawyer."

The first time the young lawyer met Colonel Sanders, he thought, "What a great image, what a beautiful man." Under Colonel Sanders, Kentucky Fried Chicken was big. After its sale to Brown, Kentucky Fried Chicken became a giant

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MIKE DOUGLAS: LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON

By Starkey Flythe, Jr.

Mike Douglas emerges from the swamp gas of American talk shows a pertinent, perspicacious, poignant (when he sings), plumb performer who fields the slightly faggy-waggy chatter of show biz people on his ninety-minute afternoon program with the strong right glove of a golfer who shoots in the low seventies and won the amateur spot in last year's Jackie Gleason's Inverrary Classic. "I don't know any show biz people," he says. "Most of my friends are dermatologists and dentists."

He has of course no professional use for the dermatologists (his skin is Irish-apple-rosy), or dentists (a smile so sincere it didn't need capping), but he needs them perhaps to stay on the ground. He makes $2 million a year (TV's top salary), is seen by more eyes than any single star, and his ad breaks are television's hottest selling spots. He barely changes the television voice of the shows that precede him (soap operas), and when he embraces his audience, you feel you are being taken into a world as intimate as "Secret Storm" or "As the World Turns" and not nearly as emotionally exhausting. So capable is he, so well does he inspire confidence and credibility, that an intelligent protection of your sensibilities, a censorship of vulgarity and venality, all without a trace of Big Brotherhood, fashions itself into a compendium of taste and timeliness unlike anything else in Cyclops's pupil.

"I'm absolutely uncomfortable sitting here—being interviewed instead of interviewing," he tells you. And indeed he is so nice he's hard to get hooks into. You ask him where he was born and when he first started singing. "Chicago, West side. Sang before I could talk." He's no Simon and Garfunkel. But he is der Bingle, Perry Como, Andy Williams, those crooners who stumble around within the limits of perfect pitch. Singers who look at you. The notes come out of their eyes instead of their throats.

"I was born at home—no hospital. My father was the freight agent for a railroad." It is a good time he speaks of—Home, the Irish, the Railroad. Poverty, untainted by aspects of welfare, was respectable, pure, the natural guerdon of hard work, gaslights, buckets of beer and lace curtains. Mike is of course not remotely that old, but one of the beauties of nostalgia is that it can stretch back to all inclusive infinity. When Mike remembers, everyone remembers.

How did you get interested in show biz? (On Mike Douglas, the expression must be transposed to "entertainment.") "One day we cut school to see Bob Eberly. He came out in brown and white shoes and stuff plastered on his hair and I said that's for me." In those days the wet look wasn't dead and Eberly was wafting "The Breeze and I," 'I' being America, and influencing, among others, Frank Sinatra, who once said Eberly is "the best in our business."

Between being a truant and an altar boy—the duality of the Douglas nature persists in his shows—zingy asides with sincere, I-cannot-tell-a-lie endorsements—The Big Show (World War II) broke out and Mike, barely out of pimples, was in bell bottoms.

"They sent me to the University of Wisconsin—a V-12 course. They try to make an officer of you in ninety days. Took them 180 with me. I was in every theater of the war. Around the world. Great place!"

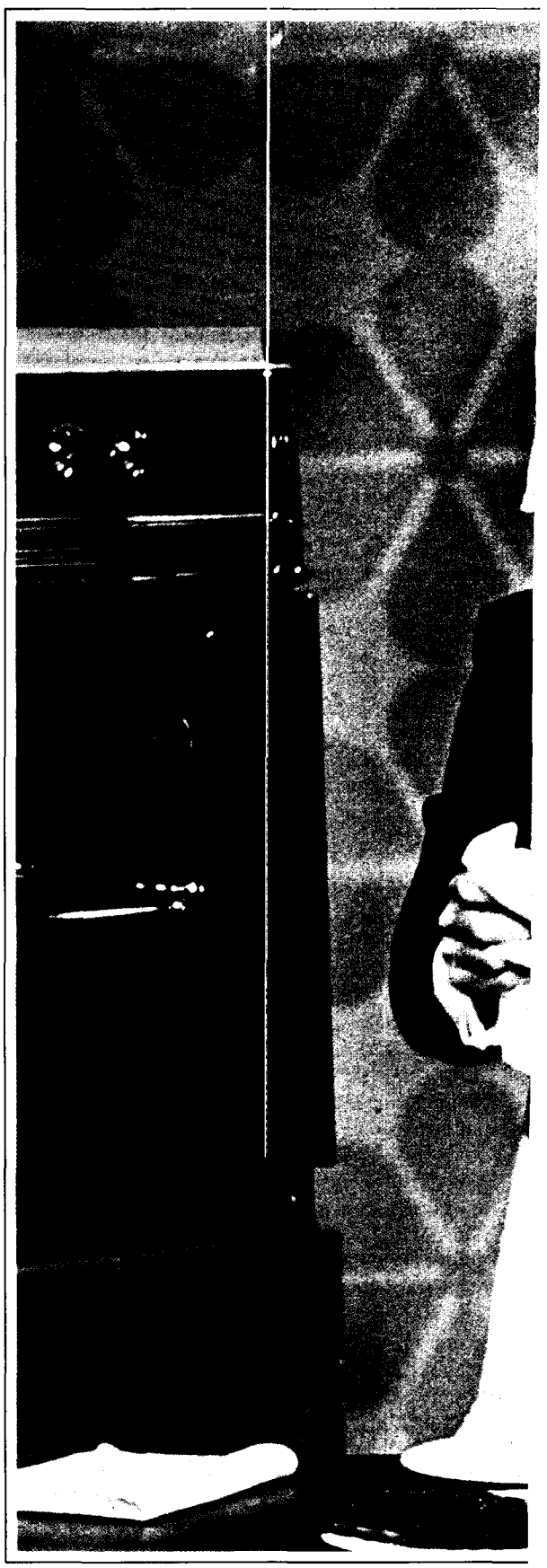
It was while he was hitting ports like Perth, Colombo, Aden and Hong Kong that Mike began to take himself and the world seriously, a necessary direction for comedians. "I met educated people, borrowed books. But I'm not what you'd call an intellectual. . . ."

"Jackie is, though (Gleason)." (After saying he doesn't know show business people he talks constantly about them, perhaps the habit of the show. Nobody's interested in a funny story that happened on the golf course to a gynecologist, but drop the name Dean Martin.) "I'm very tight with Jackie. He's not *on* all the time like a lot of people. He's got a library . . . (Mike's arms stretch to indicate the wide world). I constantly send him books. When Blatty's new book, *I'll Tell Them I Remember You*, came out I sent it to him. He'd had an experience like that with his mother after she died."

Other friends. Don Rickles. Liberace. Frank Sinatra. "Frank and I were together at the Crippled Children's Benefit and he left early. Said he had to go to Washington 'to help a friend.' He's the most loyal guy in the business."

Still, Douglas says he's comfortable out of

Princess Grace. Being Irish and Philadelphian helped Mike get a rare interview.



Wunderkinder: Mike Douglas eternally young, Mason Reese eternally too big for his britches.

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show biz and in the suburbs. "My dentist friends don't tell me their ratings on the golf course. I lead a very suburban life. Dinner at six—always. Golf.

"I was playing in the Pro-Am Tournament with Jack Nicklaus. As far as I'm concerned he's the greatest golfer of all time. I never concentrated harder, never played better and was never tireder in my life." Douglas seems mildly surprised he was seated next to Nicklaus at the dinner and awards ceremony afterwards. He was once surprised to be invited to a White House dinner and to have Mrs. Lyndon Johnson exclaim after shaking a country mile of hands, "At last! A familiar face."

Douglas supposedly has always appealed to women. "Must be his time slot—it's certainly not his S. A." says a national network official who several times has tried to lure Douglas away from his "smaller world," his Philadelphia, his studio built just for him and his show, his KYW-TV (a wholly owned subsidiary of Westinghouse).

CBS and NBC have both yearned, at one time or another, for Mike and offered him the moon, which has forced Westinghouse to give him that same celestial body to keep him. "Gosh! They've been good to me," he says, not quite innocently.

"I had a list of twenty-eight things . . . they met twenty-seven." What was the one they didn't agree to? "I can't remember, but it was so trivial we all laughed about it later." What were the others? Limousine to work. Valet to press the suits between shows. "Little things," he says, but declines to elaborate.

Mike leans back in his chair in the Mediterranean style office Westinghouse has given him. "My gal (wife Genevieve) decorated this," and submits to a photographer who cups his subject's fist, then uncups it, lifts his chin, lowers it, ("I just got rid of one of those, three more to go,") smoothes his lapel. Never once does he flinch, although, like the courtiers at Louis XV's *levers* and *couchers* the P.R. people in the office are nervous.

"I've never seen Mike lose his cool once in all the years I've known him," says Woody Frazer, Mike's producer, the man who thought up the show and thought of Mike (they had worked together in Chicago in the 50's) as the man to make it.

"I was working for a network affiliate in Chicago and I had a great idea for a show—this one—and they said, 'Yeah, it's great. We own you so it's ours.' So I quit and offered it to them again and they said, 'We're not interested.' My wife was pregnant, I was out of a job. I finally persuaded a station in Cleveland to try it. I found Mike in California. He was great at the audition." Mike is less adjectival. "The show didn't exactly explode right off. The Westinghouse people were very patient with me. I'm grateful for that. They waited till it overcame the soap opera on the opposite station. We made the contract—just sitting down—like friends."

"Mike gets angry sometimes," says Woody, "but it's always on a certain level."

Someone has suggested that the real genius on the Mike Douglas show is the author of the cue cards. "What gave you the idea for your book?" for example. "When did you first start singing (Enzo Stuarti), dancing (Shirley Temple), painting (Tony Curtis), playing the violin (Henny Youngman), acting (Kirk—no relation—Douglas), dressing up (Princess Grace—that wasn't the question; Mike is never mean), boxing (Rocky Graziano), talking talk-show-talk (Hugh Downs), eating no carbohydrates (Dr. Atkins), riding motorcycles (Evel Knievel)," and so on. Sounds simple and is. But it seems to release the sluice gates of guests' memories and motivations. "He accommodates himself to personal rhythms," Carol Burnett says. Certainly, perfect pitch—he is modest enough to argue the point—holds him in good stead with the guests who gleefully perform for the low union scale fee of $306. "After all," says an aging vaudevillian, "if ten million people see you, somebody's gonna notice you're not dead even if your material is."

Sometimes Mike edits the cue cards himself—often moments before the live taping of his shows—or longer, if the guest is controversial.

Not all guests are hoofers and howlers. Ralph Nader got his first television exposure outside of news tapes on the show. Robin Moore, whose book on corruption in the Army Service Clubs didn't exactly delight the Pentagon, was a guest. Masters and Johnson are to be on.

"I don't talk about the news of the day," says Douglas. "It would be pointless anyway because of the tape delay." (Shows are taped several weeks ahead—mainly because the guests Mike wants have to come to Philadelphia when they can, and after all, the medium permits the dis-

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carding of sequential logic.) "But I do have views, political opinions. I just don't think people are interested in them. Besides, you lose half your audience when you take a side.

"We don't try to put anybody down. I like to make people on the show feel comfortable." It is not as kind as it sounds; people tend to reveal themselves.

For example. There is a young school mistress to whom everything is "just *so* beautiful"; she has a string of charges from her school, chosen no doubt for their adorableness, and she has been in the dressing rooms with her hair pinned down to make it do right on camera. Also in the dressing rooms is a man in a wig. You are mildly surprised, later, by their appearances on the monitor screen. She looks perfect; he naturally furred.

The girl's students, from a special school in New York—despite the fact that they have been doing exercises to "heighten their visual perception" and "stimulate their creativity," end like children everywhere, by picking their noses and finding it difficult to tie their own shoe laces. A few of those "just so beautifuls" will be edited out. Because they are repetitive and because the kids in action just don't turn out "so beautiful."

These muffed tapes are called outtakes. Every performer has his favorites. One day Mike does a fifteen-minute segment on outtakes. Tony Curtis is there and tells about Marilyn Monroe muffing a simple line, "Where's the bourbon?" forty-five times in the movie *Some Like It Hot*. "She said, 'Where is it?' and Billy Wilder said, 'You must say bourbon,' and she came back on and said, 'Bourbon?' " Mike asks, "Did she have that kind of problem?" "We *all* have that kind of problem," chimes Tony. James Coco, star of "Calucci's Department," says he did 120 takes of a simple scene in which he eats some spaghetti. No one can top that and a station break eliminates the competition.

But Douglas is making mental notes and later tells his secretary, cooly efficient Sonya Selby-Wright (English), to find out if someone's remarks on the show are libelous. "And I think so-and-so called so-and-so (a Hollywood gossip columnist) a liar and she's a friend of mine." Actually, both of them, caller and callee, are—along with everybody else.

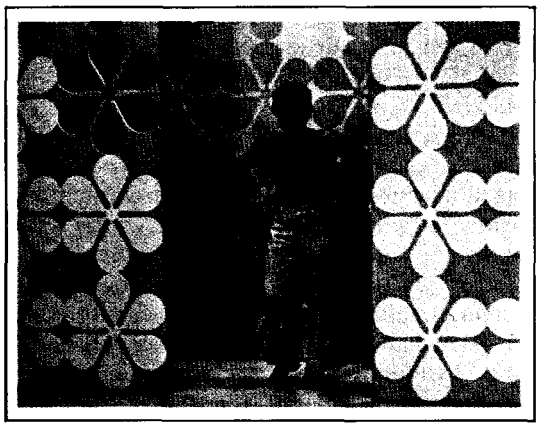
Mike snorts as he remembers his own experiences with gossip columnists. "A headline on a movie magazine my mother-in-law happened to see on a news stand in Florida made her call me long distance, so upset I couldn't understand what she was saying. The magazine said, 'Mike Douglas's two marriages. What he had to tell his family.' It was about my two marriages, all right. Gen and I were married first before a priest. Then before a J.P. Then there was another one, something about the 'Other Woman in Mike's life.' It was Kelly (Douglas's teenage daughter)." Mike has twin daughters who live in Ohio and Florida. One is married and makes him a grandfather occasionally.

What does he admire most in a woman? "Intelligence. I have a wife who didn't go beyond high school, and she's the brightest person I know. She's such a help. I'm taken in by people. I say, 'Isn't-so-and-so-great?' And she says, 'I really don't know yet,' and when it all comes out she's right to the letter. When I think of the deals I'd have got into! I don't think I'd be anywhere without that lady."

That lady is the blonde, pretty-enough-to-be-a-movie-star-herself, wife of twenty-nine years, Genevieve. Up until a few years ago she still pressed Mike's suits, and although they have a housekeeper now, Gen likes to "do things her way."

"Everybody says Mike is so sweet," she says. "Well, he's not *that* sweet. Normal. Irish—and you know about that temper. He's uncomplicated. But you don't stay that way unless someone keeps you uncomplicated. I worry about him, though. Too many yes men around him."

The Douglases three, Mike, Gen and Kelly, "fifteen going on thirty," according to Mike, live in an overblown, stockbroker-Tudor house



In this exposure, topless guest Rocky Graziano.

Mike, Henny Youngman, Tony Bennett. Henny: "What's the latest dope on Wall Street?" Mike: "My son." Guffaws. Even Stradivarius would crack.

Don Rickles hears no evil, sees none, speaks none. (For a change.) The blinder helps. Later, Don wonders idly whatever became of Mike's neck.

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which, says *TV Guide*, using the same formula for square roots, has "either 38 or 114 rooms."

"It was built in 1930 at a cost of over a million," Mike rhapsodizes. "Three or four families have lived in it since and each has put $100,000 of improvements into it."

The nice thing about the house is that it has none of the staid, we're-sorry-we're-rich decoration of old money about it. It is exuberantly incongruous–exuberant in the sense that there's a joyous feeling in being rich; incongruous in that Kelly's homework and occupations of the hour are as pertinent as some of the velvet covered furniture.

"I feel like the new rich," exclaimed Mrs. Douglas when they moved in. "You mean the old poor." (Mike.) "When we first saw this house, I wondered whether we could afford it. I asked my business manager and he said, 'You can buy two.' "

Mike worries good-naturedly about his investments. "You're looking at one of the few people who's lost money in IBM." "Didn't you have about a thousand shares of Tootsie Roll one time?" asks somebody. "Yeah, we made money on that." Of course, on Mike's salary, the possibilities of going bust are remote.

How does he spend his money? A house for his parents. "A little place in Florida–great for golf, but I never seem to get there." He works fifty weeks of the year. Has a two week vacation, or as he suggests, recuperation. Often the show journeys to Lake Tahoe or to Hollywood. "That's the worst place in the world; you can't believe anything anybody says. And the jet lag on those trips is devastating."

If Philadelphia has its limits, Mike hasn't found them. "I love it here. And so do the stars who come to be on the show. The atmosphere is more relaxed." Certainly, nothing could be more relaxed than Douglas at rehearsal. "I'm geared to a noon life," he says. "An hour later and I'd collapse." So a little before noon, he leaves his office, goes through his dressing room, past a wardrobe that would outfit the entire Eighth Army (the neckties, though worn only once, are curiously twisted and tormented), through the drafting room where some of the work is done on the sets, down a private–used by half the people in the show–elevator, then out to "ON."

"ON" is in an orderly disarray. The white chairs Mike and his guests sit in are covered with drop cloths. The band is cacophonously tuning up. Mike is in a warm chocolate brown leather coat, no more wrinkled than the cushy back seat of the limousine would make it. His secretary, in a cream leather dress, is giving him a few letters to sign. Together they look like a caramel pudding. Mike snaps his fingers, in time with the music, opens up (not very wide) with "You Make Me Feel So Young."

The big French cameras are being rolled around for views. They are adroitly maneuvered to avoid blocking the audience-to-be. Everybody begins to tap toes, nod heads. Henry Lee Tang, a dancer and dancing instructor, comes out and mothers Mike, Tony Curtis and James Coco into a series of steps. "Help! I can't swim," moans Coco. "This is a cute step," says Tony, never having lost his Bronx accent. Mike performs flawlessly.

Later, before the live audience, the lovable Mike stumbles and pretends he's unable to catch on. "He's Irish; that's why he's so dumb," exclaims a lady, obviously Irish herself. Coco repeats his joke about not swimming. Mike shivers in tune, "MMMmm, the water's cold." Tang to Coco who weighs in at 200 plus, "Keep your weight on your back foot." Coco, teetering, "You know what you're asking?"

Mike has a marvelous talent for being infinitely on the edge of breaking up. Everyone else, including the audience, spurred on by Woody Frazier, is enjoying the brinkmanship. Suddenly it overflows. Laughter, loud music. Woody frantically pulling applause from the audience. You discover in that scene what a producer does. He does everything.

Woody is in blue jeans. And the uniform of the staff seems to be more jeans than blue suits. Woody is almost as funny as Mike Douglas. But there is a difference. His hair is too curly; he can't sing. And his eyes–not Irish–don't steal your heart away.

Mason Reese, a child prodigious, helps Mike as co-host the next day. Mason has red hair and looks vaguely like an ad for Dutch Boy paint, and is, they say, a genius. Once when Dick Cavett, no beanpole, asked Mason if he were a dwarf, Mason shot back, "No, are you?"

Mason yawns when Ralph Nader says, "We are running out of land," makes faces behind Mike, pulls off the clothes of an Evel Knievel toy. He is fiendishly clever, reads college freshman material

Continued on page 132

Mike and Kirk (no relation) Douglas. As usual, Mike listening: Kirk swashbuckling.

The former "Today" host stops by to see how the talk show business is going.

Shirley Temple Black at home in California. Mike emphasizes Shirley's career in politics, her courage in speaking out about breast cancer instead of the "Good Ship Lollipop."

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IKE'S PAINTINGS

THE ONES I LOVE THE MOST

BY MAMIE EISENHOWER

The beginning of Ike's painting as a hobby is really quite a story. It was in 1947 and I had one of my streptococcus infections. Tom Stevens, the artist, was doing portraits of Ike and me. He called to arrange another sitting. I said, "Well, after all, Tommy, I'm sick in bed." But Tom said, "I don't want anything but your hands." So he came up to my bedroom to do my hands. He sat there and painted, working from a paper palette. When he finished, he tore off the sheet with the paints on it. Ike saw all those beautiful colors on the palette and asked Tom what he was going to do with it. Tom answered, "I intend to throw it away." Ike said, "Don't do that. Leave it here for me, and I'll fool around with the paints." So he called down from my bedroom to the houseman, Sergeant Moaney: "Moaney, bring me up a piece of board, some thumb tacks and an old dust cloth." He put the dust cloth on a piece of board and started to paint. I was his first subject. His effort was the most awful looking thing you've ever seen. I always wear a pink ribbon in my hair when I'm in bed, so of course here I was in my pink bed and my pink hair ribbon. But the hair ribbon by the time Ike finished with it was three times the size it was in my hair! But anyway, that was the beginning.

On Valentine's Day, the thirty-second anniversary of our engagement, I gave Ike a set of paint equipment. He painted everything—landscapes, portraits. He'd make up things, anything. It didn't make any difference to him at all. He loved to mix colors.

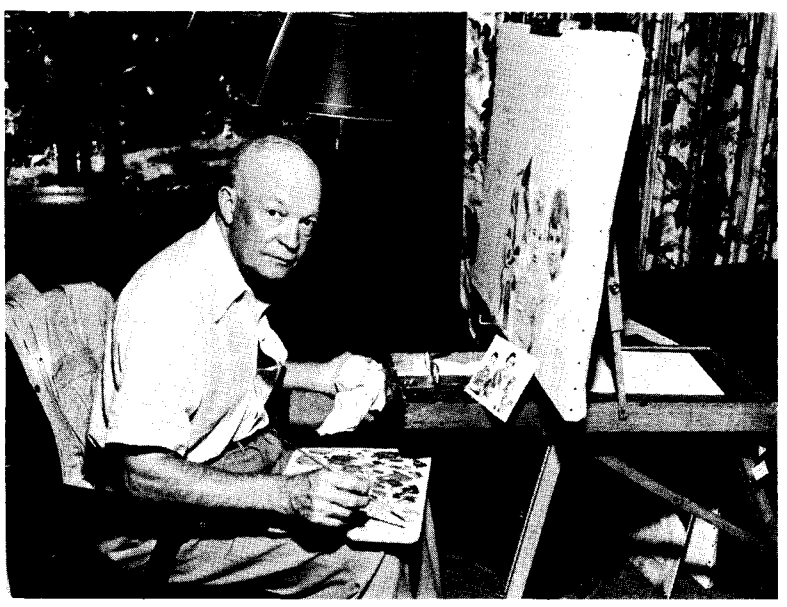
I think you can tell a lot about the kind of man Ike was from his paintings. He never forgot the growing-up years from Abilene. So many of his paintings are familiar scenes from his past—the little boy with the fishing pole going down the country lane, the old red barn, and all the other pictures that were dear to his heart. But the painting that tells the most about Ike as a person—that tells about his stubbornness and his courage—is "St. Louis Creek." He started the painting the day he had his first heart attack. He had just returned from a fishing trip in the Colorado mountains and had played a round of golf in the afternoon as well. That evening he was rushed to Fitzsimmons Army Hospital with a heart attack. Ike didn't complete the painting until the last weeks of his recuperation in the hospital. As soon as he was strong enough, the nurses put up a screen around the corner of the hallway outside his bedroom and he painted in his wheelchair by the light of the hall window. We came home from the hospital on November 11, and he finished the painting by Christmas. The story behind this painting says a lot about Ike.

In over thirty years of marriage, I never dreamed that he would start painting as a hobby. The knuckles of both Ike's hands had been broken because of football and baseball playing when he was young. All the experts didn't think he could pick up a paintbrush. But he did; it was a gift and a joy to him.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dwight D. Eisenhower used to joke that the nearest he ever came to an art course was mechanical drawing at West Point. He always referred to his paintings as "daubs—nothing else," and he readily admitted that he was indeed a rainy day painter. If it was sunny outside, he was on the golf course! In his paintings, one sees a deep love of color, beauty, and most of all, of life itself. He painted for pure enjoyment.*

The Post *asked Mamie Eisenhower for her personal remembrances of some of Ike's paintings. In a rare and candid interview she describes her favorite paintings.*

The paintings are reproduced by gracious permission of Eisenhower College in Seneca Falls, New York. This four year liberal arts institution, a living memorial to Dwight D. Eisenhower, was given sole rights to all of the former President's painting in 1967, with the hope that proceeds from the reproductions would be an aid in fund-raising for the college. Nothing was dearer to Dwight Eisenhower's heart than the education of young people. It meant a great deal to him to think of the tremendous opportunities which would be offered to countless students in the years to come.



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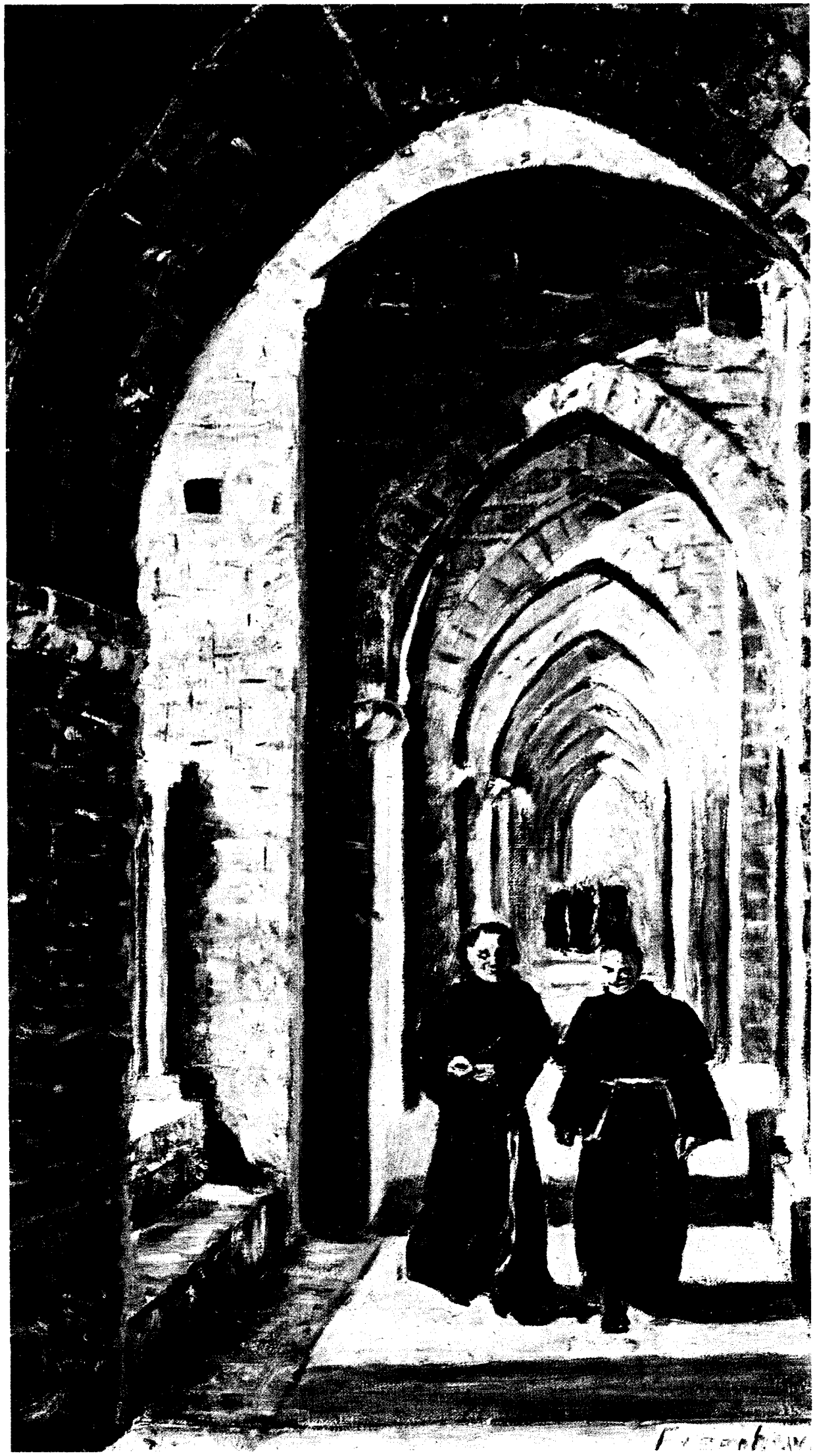
MONASTERY

This is one of Ike's first paintings. He always found it more difficult to paint people and he used to say that he tried more portraits than anything else, and he also burned more than anything else! Some of his rejects were saved, however, by Sergeant Moaney (his valet since 1942). Moaney secretly stowed them away in the attic or in the barn. Occasionally he would bring out one of the paintings which had frustrated Ike, and Ike would try again. Often when I liked a painting, as in the case of *The Two Monks*, I'd say, "Oh Ike, don't give that away." He'd always answer, "Yes, I can. This is one thing that belongs to me." I wasn't too successful in keeping *The Two Monks.* Today the painting is the prized possession of two dear friends.

DAVID EISENHOWER AT FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

Anytime Ike painted David, it was one of his favorites! And if he liked a certain picture, he would paint it several times. There are two paintings of David playing golf: one hangs in our son John's house, and the other is in my cabin at the Augusta National Country Club. In this painting, David is using a set of golf clubs especially designed for a five year old, given to him by Ike's great friend at the Augusta National, Bobby Jones.



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THE MEXICAN HAT

My favorite painting is *The Mexican Hat*. I don't know why it has always appealed to me, but I think it is because it has such a roguish look about it. Years and years ago, Ike painted it from a Knox hat advertisement. Ike would copy anything. Because he gave paintings away right and left, every now and then I'd tell him, "You're not going to give that one away, are you?" Fortunately, he never did. It is hanging in the hall outside my bedroom at the farm.

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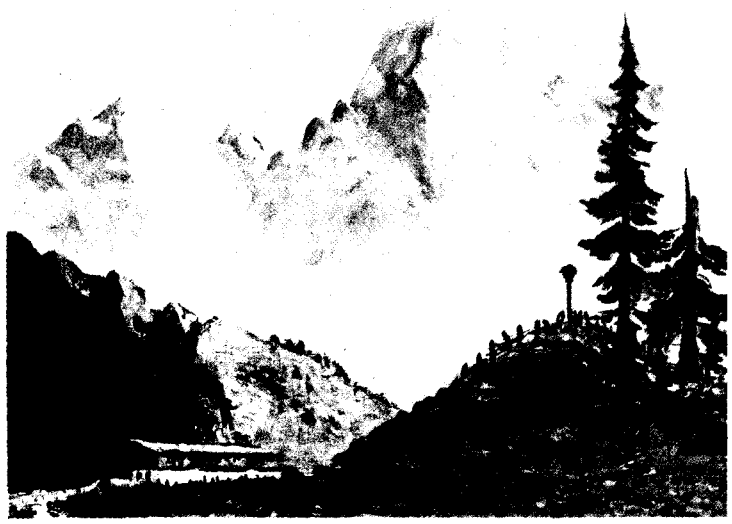
A FRENCH GARDEN

Ike painted *The French Garden* for our second granddaughter Susie the day after she was born (December 31, 1951). We were at NATO and our son Johnny called us long distance from Fort Knox, Kentucky, to tell us that the baby had arrived. Ike was so thrilled that he picked up a postcard that had a red rosebud on it, made the background by covering up everything that was on the address side, and painted his picture. Then he had the postcard framed and mailed to Susie. Shortly afterwards, Ike painted *The French Garden* for me. It hangs over my bed now at the farm and it's been there for years. It has hung over my bed many, many years in all the places that we've lived—at NATO, Columbia University, the White House. It is one of my most treasured and prized possessions.



AUSTRIAN MOUNTAIN SCENE

I think this is one of Ike's finest paintings. He gave it to my sister, Frances Doud Moore. So many, many times we sit in her living room, with the only light being a spotlight on the painting, and find men with beards, angels—all sorts of faces in the mountains and clouds. To me the beauty of the painting is that with a little imagination, you can find faces, objects, everything. It's a wonderful picture.

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CAMP DAVID

We loved Camp David, and we couldn't understand why anybody would not like it up there. It is far away from all the hubbub and executive life. Ike used it for fun. He would have his own groups of friends come up and play bridge and golf--driving from the back of the yard in the bushes up to a putting green near the main cabin. They'd have uproarious times--you never heard such laughing and carrying on. In the evenings Ike would go out in the backyard and cook all the steaks. It was always a good-time place for us. When Ike left office after eight years as president, the only thing I missed about those years was Camp David.

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BRITTANY FISHERMAN

We loved our stay in France when Ike was at NATO Headquarters. It was our last quiet home life before the presidential years. He painted the fisherman in 1952, and gave it to his military aide who had admired it. I think it is one of Ike's very best portraits. There's a serene look about it that I love.

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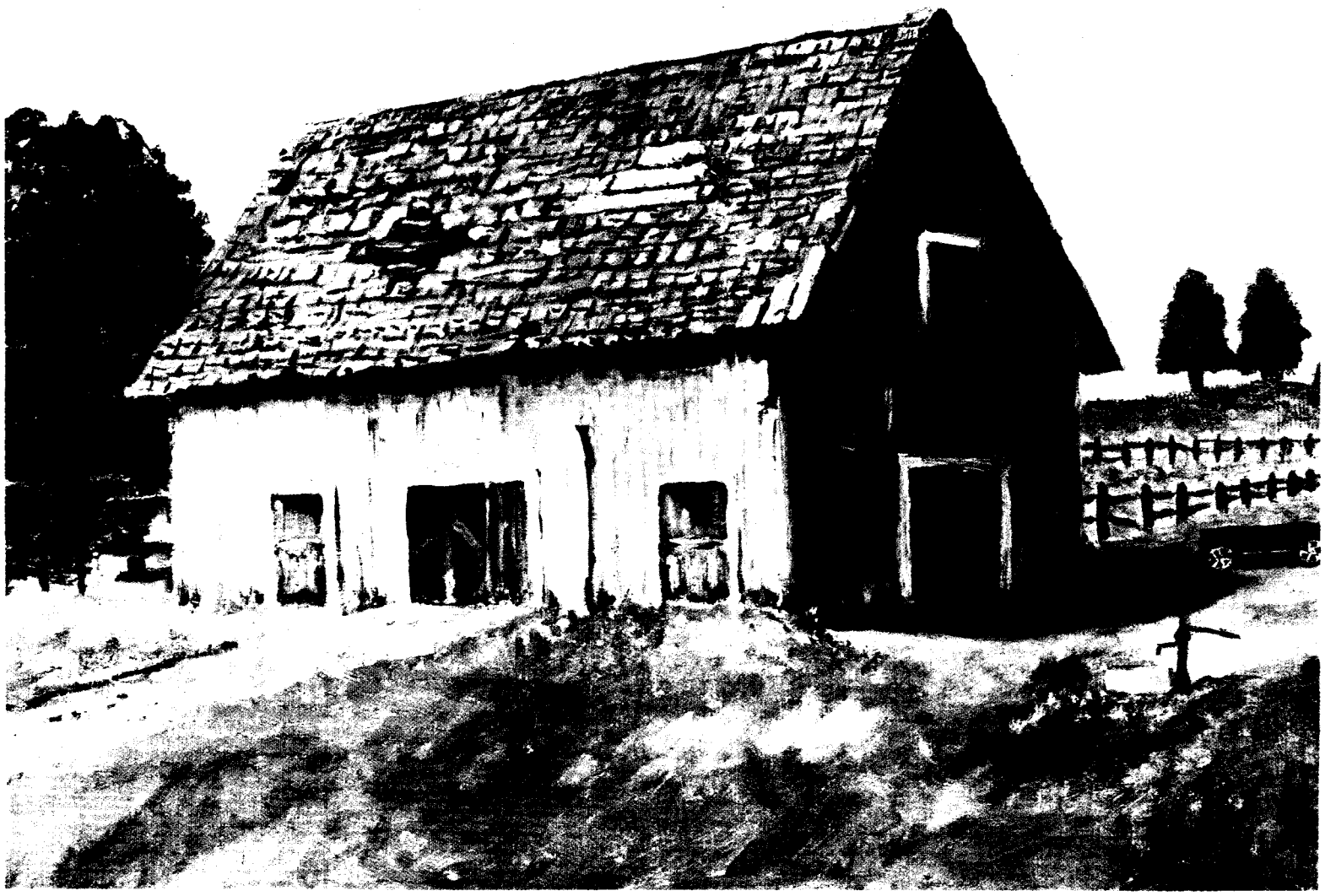
THE RED BARN

The Red Barn was one of Ike's favorite paintings. As a boy in Kansas, he remembered barns like this one. Unlike some of his paintings, *The Red Barn* was something that he dreamed up in his mind; it was not copied from anything. We used *The Red Barn* as a Christmas card one year for the White House staff. But in order to print the Christmas cards, we had to borrow the painting from Chief West, a Navy gardener at Camp David who had admired the painting on Ike's easel one day and found that it was his the next minute! Chief West had been transferred to Japan and so it was quite an undertaking to reproduce *The Red Barn* in time for Christmas, as we had to have it shipped from Japan to Washington and back again. I have a print of *The Red Barn* hanging on the sunporch at the farm.

A COUNTRY ROAD

This painting recalls the times when we were children. You rarely see a scene like this anymore. Ike loved fishing. As a little boy he used to fish in a river outside of Abilene called "Old Smokey." He loved that little creek. He and his hometown hero, Bob Davis, used to go camping by the creek. Ike thought that was just the last word. He couldn't have been very old—probably about ten or eleven. In the evenings on these fishing trips, Ike learned to play poker. I think what he remembered most about those overnight jaunts was not the fishing but the fact that Bob Davis taught him the percentages! Ike became an excellent poker player.



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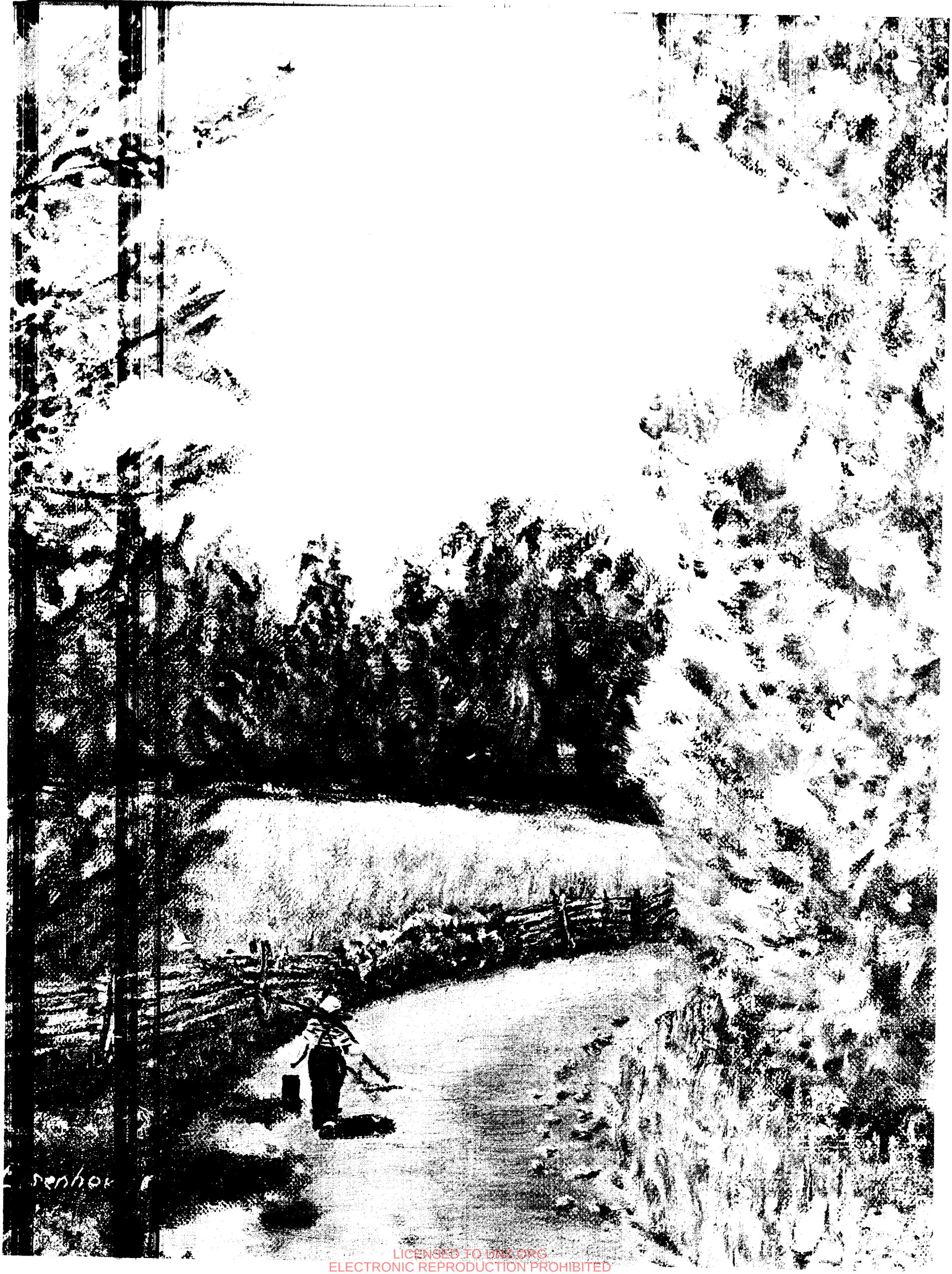

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RETURN FROM EXTINCTION

For 200 years, the perceptive sea otter has survived man. But now this impish character of the sea is fighting for life.

Text and Photos By Ron and Joyce Church

Shotgun blasts sliced the air with sizzling hisses that exploded into the night. Other shots followed in rapid succession. "Look, we got one! Lousy sea otter has had its last meal at our expense," the man said smugly.

The night swallowed up the crime unnoticed. All that was left of it in the morning was the dead body of a yearling sea otter washing in the surf line on a Monterey, California, beach.

Sea otters have been hunted, mass murdered into near extinction, and have even become victims of nuclear explosions. Man's selfish interests have often disregarded the wants and needs of other living creatures that are incapable of defense against man's weapons. The sea otter has been a prime target. Legislation prevails, and the sea otter has returned from near extinction, but wanton killings of this unique sea animal continue. . . .

The dead sea otter in the Monterey surf line was a personal loss to my husband and me, as well as to a half dozen other divers, who had grown to know, respect and love him. It brought an untimely end to an intelligent, curious and, at times, impish character of the sea. . . one who had learned to accept man into his world, who had shared it with him, who had learned to trust man and yet was repaid by a shotgun blast in the stomach. Incredible—unreal—unbelievable—but true.

I first became acquainted with the sea otters less than three years ago while my husband was filming them for Jacques Cousteau's TV special "The Unsinkable Sea Otter." But it was some time later during several diving vacations that I gained real insight into the ways of these marvelous animals of the sea. On my first dive in Monterey's chilling waters, I met our little friend who later suffered such an untimely end.

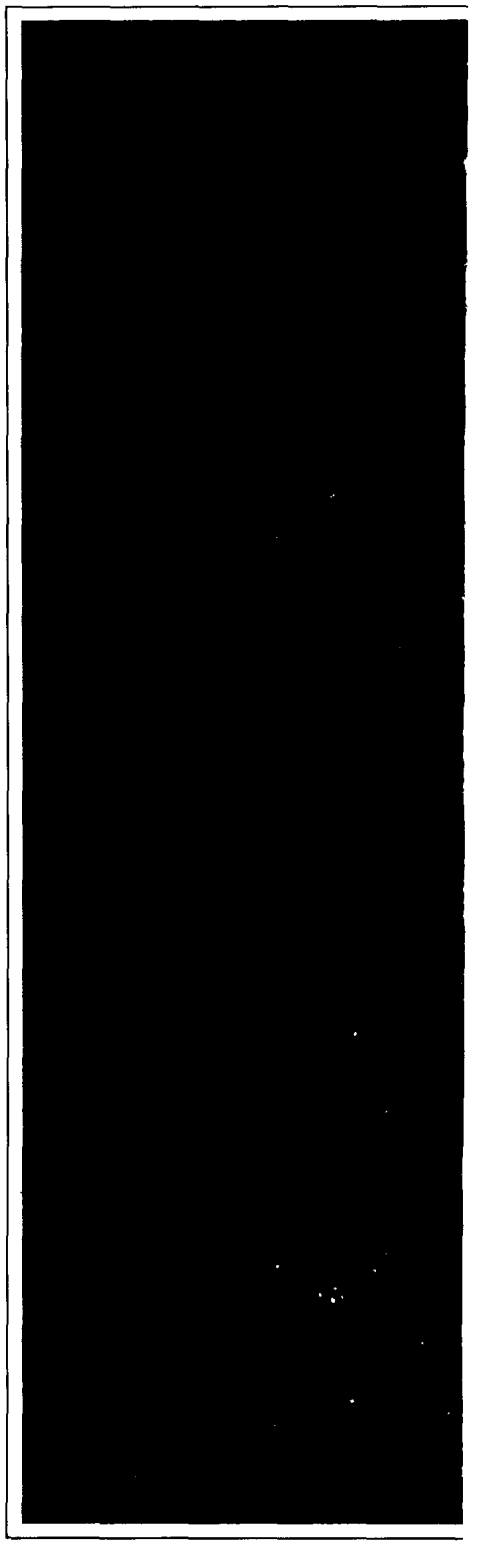
The gray mist of dawn breathed upon us as our little boat silently drifted toward a pod of sleeping sea otters. We were sure we would disturb none of them by our stealthy approach; yet, otter heads peeped one by one, chain reaction fashion, high above their floating kelp beds which had moments before concealed their whereabouts. Now eyes like polished black pearls queried us. Silence prevailed. Intense were our studies—ours of them, and theirs of us.

Ron, continuously and ever so slowly, lowered his form over the side of the boat as he held a prickly sea urchin at water's edge. All heads faced his food offering with a deathly stillness uncommon to the sea. Ron began to cluck a low guttural sound barely audible at first. In just moments, a small otter slid from his kelp bed nest, disappeared underwater, and instantaneously rose above the surface immediately beside Ron's hand. The little otter, tense and excited, grasped the urchin with his forepaws and was gone.

This was the same otter that had accepted food from Ron during the filming for the TV show. It had been a week since the filming had ceased; yet this little otter came when Ron called and accepted food from him. The otter had seemed to recognize him or at least had learned to regard man as friend, not foe. This theory was soon to be tested. Ron continued to feed him while I slipped into my wet suit and lowered myself slowly and silently into the water. Involuntarily, I gasped for breath as I shivered in the liquid cold. How alien human beings are to this world of the sea, I thought, as I moved slowly away from the boat.

"I thought of the instinct this sea animal had to overcome to accept food from me, a potential assassin. It was an exhilarating thrill."

Sea otters have lived despite man's near annihilation of them. Their relatives are all land, not sea animals, and it has only been during this century that the sea otter has returned to the sea for total living—never again to go to the shores of populated areas.



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Several otters paddled off down the coast to high surf. I hung suspended in the otter world of water and kelp. The dawn cast an awesome glow upon the water and showed the otters more clearly to me. I waited! The wet chill was more penetrating as the minutes clicked on . . . ten . . . fifteen . . . twenty . . . . I tried to move my toes but they were held useless in thick rubber booties and giant web fin protrusions. My feet and legs felt as if they were a permanent part of the sea, as if no longer alive and warm-blooded.

Ron cautioned me not to move. I held onto my food offerings, and waited. Another ten minutes passed. In desperation, I called to Ron's little sea otter. "Come on, little fellow. Come here." And for no apparent reason, Ron's little otter began to move toward me. His eyes pierced mine. He was watching every perceptive sign of danger and, I was sure, even the beating of my heart. I held out the urchin. He dove under the thick carpet of kelp that lay sprawled between us. The little form surfaced under a kelp frond some fifty yards from me. He stared at me in frightened silence. I continued my senseless baby chatter to him. "Come on, little fellow, come on. It's O.K. Sure . . . here's some food. Come on, little baby." The words seemed to quiet his apprehensions; he dove.

He circled all around me underwater. He broke surface perhaps twenty yards closer and then began to swim slowly towards me . . . his nose leading the way like a hound in the hunt. I was growing so excited by being on the threshold of hand-feeding this timid, sensitive, wild animal that I no longer felt the cold, no longer heard Ron's instructions, no longer saw the seagulls overhead or any of the other otters about us. At that moment I was aware of nothing else except this exquisite mammal as he approached me.

His every sense was tense, alert and cautious. Would I befriend him or turn traitor. His instinct and his long parental training had told him "to beware of man . . . man the killer . . . man the mortal enemy."

When he was within ten feet of me, he began to practice his escape tactics, which proved so comical that I nearly burst into laughter. With extended forepaws he would swim toward me and then jet in reverse only inches away from his goal, turning head over heels in his backward somersault retreat. At times his head would be on the same plane as his back flippers which would look like giant ears of "Dumbo" the elephant. Again and again he would make pseudo passes at me. Maybe five or six times, he practiced his speedy reverse.

Then he dove and came up a foot away from me. He studied me closely, his entire framework panting fear. My garbled chatter ceased in a silence that was frightening. A silence unearthly in nature. Even the everpresent roar of the sea was starkly silent. I wanted to coax him farther, but nothing came from my throat. The reality of our meeting was naked before us. We hung motionless as death in the stilled waters.

A wet chill swept over me in one brief moment. I knew this was the otter's last try. He would accept the food or flee in fright and remain a stranger to me. Tensed as a race horse at the starting line of the Kentucky Derby, the perceptive little otter moved in, grasped the urchin between his dextrous paws, and reversed his position instantly.

A thrill so exhilarating ignited in me that no words can describe the experience. It must be akin to the thrill the hunter knows at the moment of kill, and yet it was a thrill of acceptance into the world of a strange, wild animal, not the thrill of destruction. In that moment, I thought of the fear and natural instinct this animal had to overcome to accept food from me, a stranger, a potential threat or assassin. Only in the last sixty years have sea otters been protected by law. Before then, the sea otters were considered "Sea Gold." Fur hunters converged upon their natural range from the frozen

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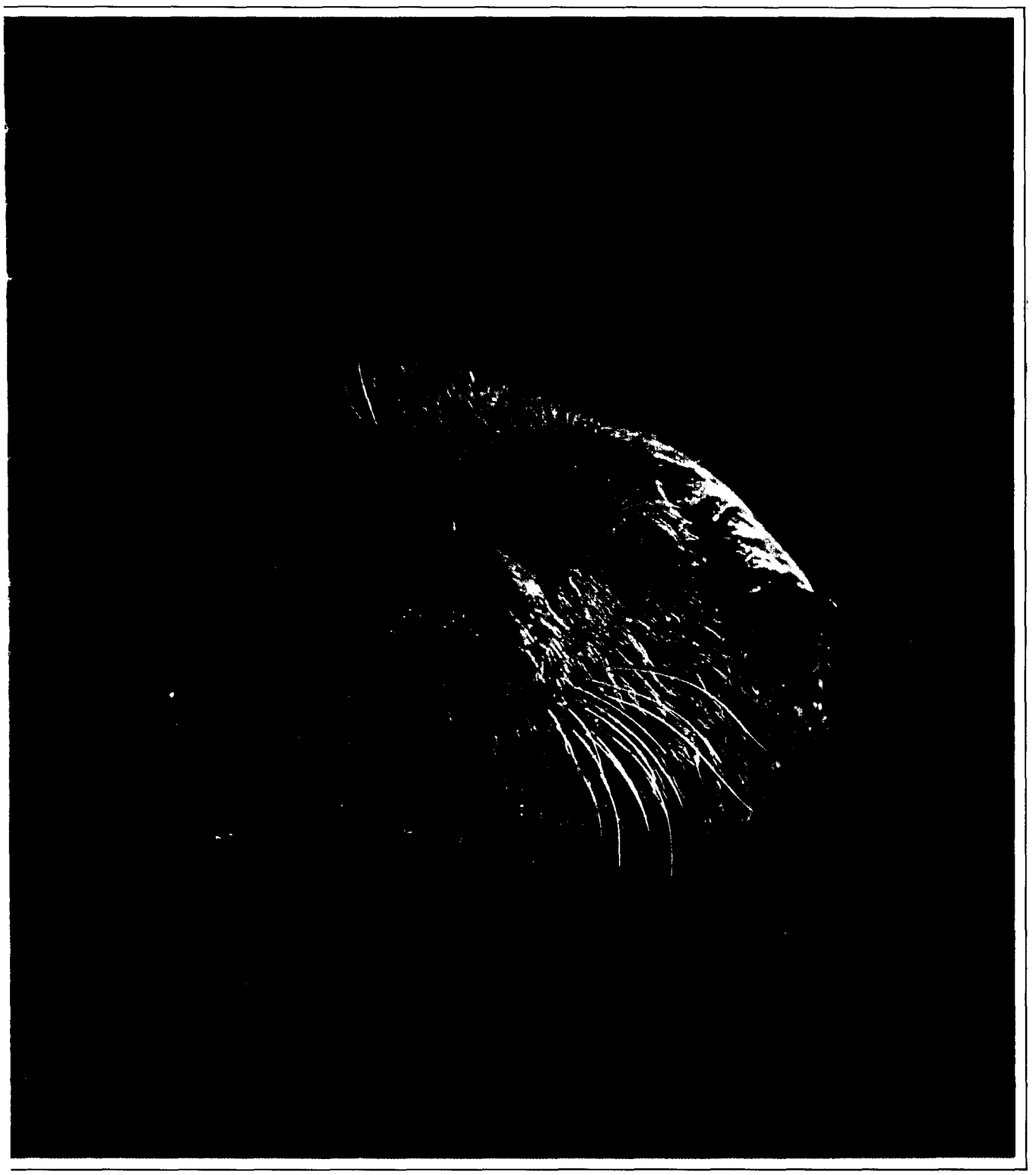

The furry otter is an intelligent, curious and impish character of the sea . . . one who has learned to accept man into his world.

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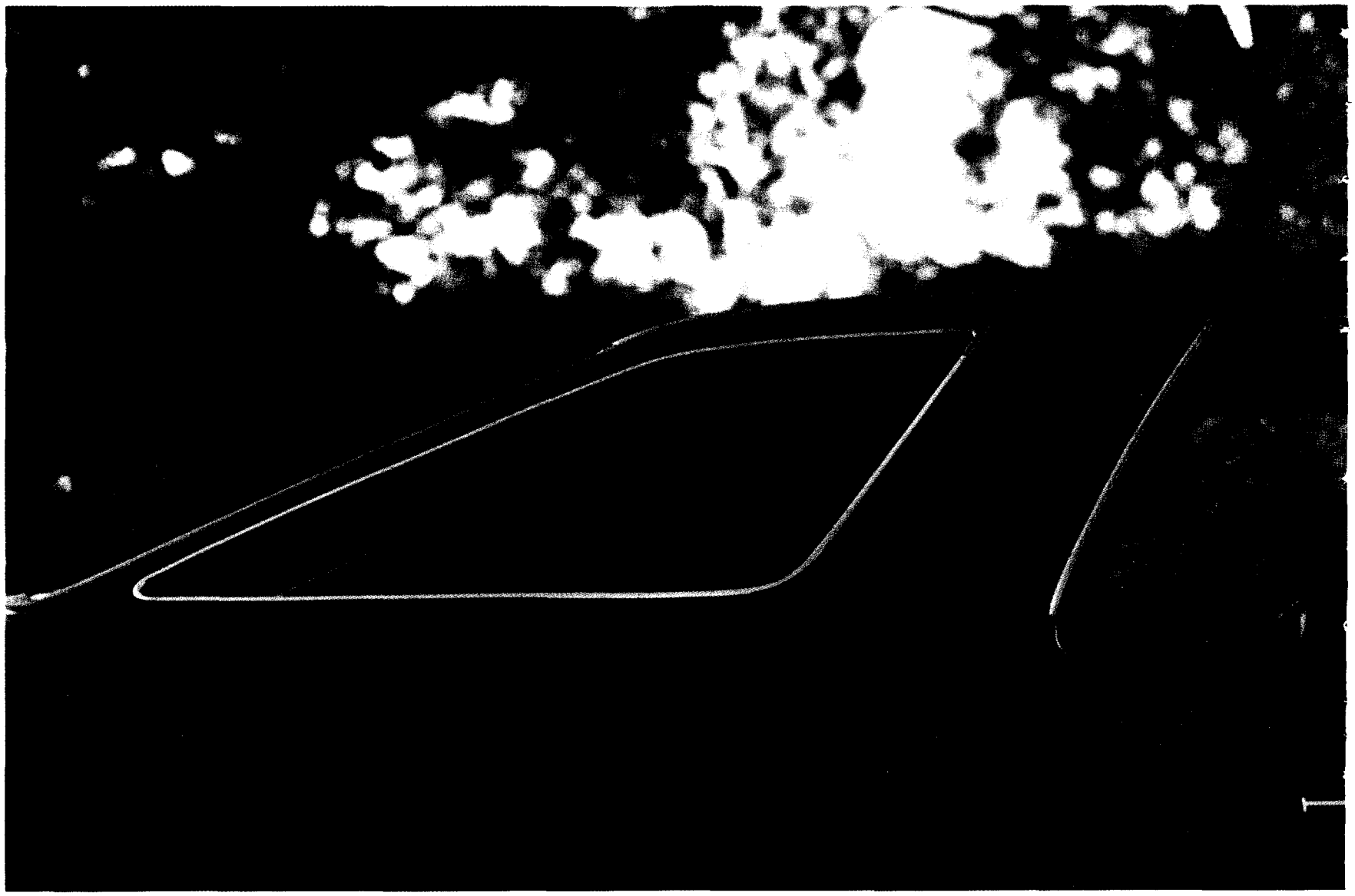

GM improves your outlook on life.

The colonnade roof featured here is shown with an available vinyl top.

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The improvement is our new colonnade roof, which you'll find on many full-size General Motors cars for 1974. We wanted to create a look that was both contemporary yet timeless—and built for strength. And thanks to thin but strong roof pillars, our new colonnade roof gives you more glass area all around and a feeling of spaciousness for every passenger. What's more, the roof itself has a double construction—two panels of steel with the inner panel acoustically perforated to help absorb sound. All this you'll find in our new colonnade roof. The hard-to-top top from GM.

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SPORT OF THE GODS

By MARY COMPTON

Those flying objects may be your neighbor's balloon!

November 21, 1783, over Paris, François Pilâtre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes, in a hot-air balloon built by the Montgolfier brothers, at last realized man's age-old dream of free flight. The world has since shown a continuous, if somewhat fickle, fascination with the sport. This fascination almost disappeared completely after powered flight was perfected, but revived in the late 1950's.

Today there are perhaps 300 licensed hot-air balloonists in the United States and a much smaller number of gas balloonists. With most aeronauts teaching others, the activity might truly be described as "ballooning."

A majority of pilots belong to the Balloon Federation of America, a division of the National Aeronautics Association. Dr. William C. Grabb, a plastic surgeon from Ann Arbor, Michigan, is a former president of the organization and one of its most active members. Just how, you might ask, did a physician become involved in such an unusual avocation?

"In 1967, I volunteered to arrange a balloon ascension for a party," he related, which was several months in the planning, thus providing time for the necessary training. As it turned out, he found balloons so interesting that he became the balloonist himself.

Since then, Dr. Grabb has often placed first, second or third in such events as the Columbus International Balloon Race, the Indianapolis Speedway Balloon Race and many others, as well as pursuing his hobby mostly for fun. At the National Championships held each July or August at Indianola, Iowa, or the February 1973 World Championships at Albuquerque, New Mexico—the biggest meet ever—125 balloons were inflated at one time. Dr. Grabb caused a sensation in his red-white-and-blue Raven S-40, *Yankee Doodle*. Why? Because the doctor spurns the basket or gondola ordinarily slung beneath the balloon envelope, preferring instead a kind of swing seat. Flanked on either side by propane tanks, he straps himself in and lifts off to the cheers of enthusiastic spectators and friends.

"Actually, I ordered my one-man balloon sight unseen, several years ago," he said, "and when I arrived at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, to take possession, the seat was quite a surprise."

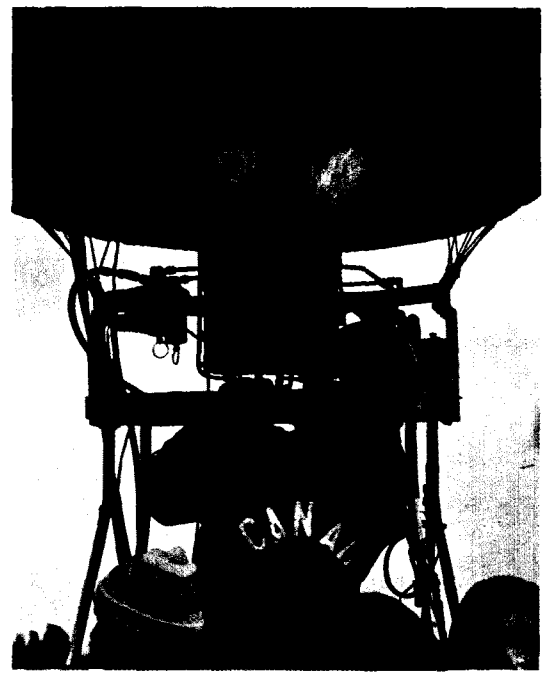
Although gas balloons aren't much used in the United States except for scientific research, mainly because of expense and volatility (an expenditure of hundreds of dollars is required to fill an envelope with helium, while hydrogen is highly explosive), Dr. Grabb and former BFA President Don Kersten flew over the Alps from Mürren, Switzerland, in one of these in July 1972. "Our flight was shorter than we'd have liked," he explained. "After an hour-and-a-half, a thunderstorm with lightning came up and we had to land right away because of the danger of explosion."

(The first hot-air balloon trip across the Alps took place on August 21, 1972, with Don Cameron, a noted British balloonist, at the controls.)

"There are almost as many gas balloons in Europe as hot-air balloons in the U.S.," Dr. Grabb went on. "Clubs there are formed in connection with factories from which they obtain hydrogen inexpensively as a by-product." Dr. Grabb and Tony Fairbanks, a longtime gas balloonist of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, represented America at the Sint-Niklaas, Belgium Gas Balloon Event in 1971.

Hot-air balloons are rapidly growing in foreign popularity, however. Three of the top winners at Albuquerque were from other countries, with Janne Balkedal of Sweden, Terence Adams of England, and Peter Vizzard of Australia capturing third, fifth and sixth prizes, respectively. Altogether, thirty-seven foreign balloonists from fourteen nations competed, along with dozens of Americans. After a series of eliminations, national teams were reduced to four members each, with remaining pilots taking part in contests called "Fiesta Races."

Sometime during 1974, aeronaut Bob Sparks of Tamiment, Pennsylvania—holder of the present duration record for hot-air balloons—will attempt a first-ever Atlantic crossing, bringing, he hopes, a new title to the United States. Bob attempted the trip last year, but the flight failed when bad weather conditions forced him down off



The controls are misleadingly scientific. The balloon, not the balloonist, decides on the course.

the coast of Newfoundland. "Many have talked of such a flight," he says, "but only two really serious attempts have ever been made. I'm trying to avoid earlier mistakes; I've been preparing this for a long time." He will depart, when weather conditions are favorable, from Bar Harbor, Maine, and will be flying a combination helium-hot-air balloon with a catamaran below instead of a basket or gondola. His rig will be radio-equipped. Various scientific experiments will be conducted by Sparks during the estimated five-day journey.

Leaving competition aside, why should recreational sports enthusiasts take up ballooning, considering that once off the ground the aerostat may drift only where the winds direct? (Old timers tried to solve the steering problem through use of oars, rudders and sails; some even suggested training flocks of birds to tow the balloon forward through the air.)

"It's a great sport for those who want to go somewhere, but have no place in particular to go," one aeronaut remarked whimsically.

"You get a view of humanity from up there that's not available by any other means," stated Ralph Hall, a pilot-instructor from Lexington, Massachusetts. "It's as if you're looking down on

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A concourse of balloons. Comparison with the size of an automobile suggests that balloonists are tampering with a power-packed monster, quirky and unpredictable.

a world laid out like an HO-gage train set."

Hall specializes in landing within sites scarcely large enough to accommodate an automobile or two, a skill he developed because the spacious open fields of the Mid-and-far-west are few in his area. "There just isn't much landing room in New England," he says. Ralph enjoys touching down on unbroken winter snow, partially deflating, quickly walking around the gondola, ascending again and chuckling in amusement when hikers who haven't seen the balloon wonder just where those tracks came from. Maybe his antics have inspired occasional UFO reports?

Other pilots speak of the "ultimate in flying," of the feeling of unbelievable freedom and serenity experienced as the earth drops away and the balloon reaches its selected altitude, with a height of from 200 to 500 feet possibly the most rewarding. The sense of flight is totally different from that in a powered craft; the countryside, rather than the balloon, seems to move. No wind is perceived, since the aerostat is as one with the atmosphere.

Beyond this exaltation, ballooning has its comical side. Drivers who suddenly spot the balloon are apt to leave the road, landing in the ditch as they slow to a crawl, craning their necks skyward. Cows and pigs race about excitedly. With most flights taking place in the early mornings when winds are likeliest to be calm—pilots prefer winds of less than 5 mph—farm families often scurry from their homes dressed in pajamas and robes as they search for the source of the intermittent whispered roar issuing from the balloon's propane burners. A landowner is usually pleased, if disconcerted, to have a balloonist use his property as a landing field and will frequently hasten to offer some assistance in repacking the

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY, NORMAN ROCKWELL

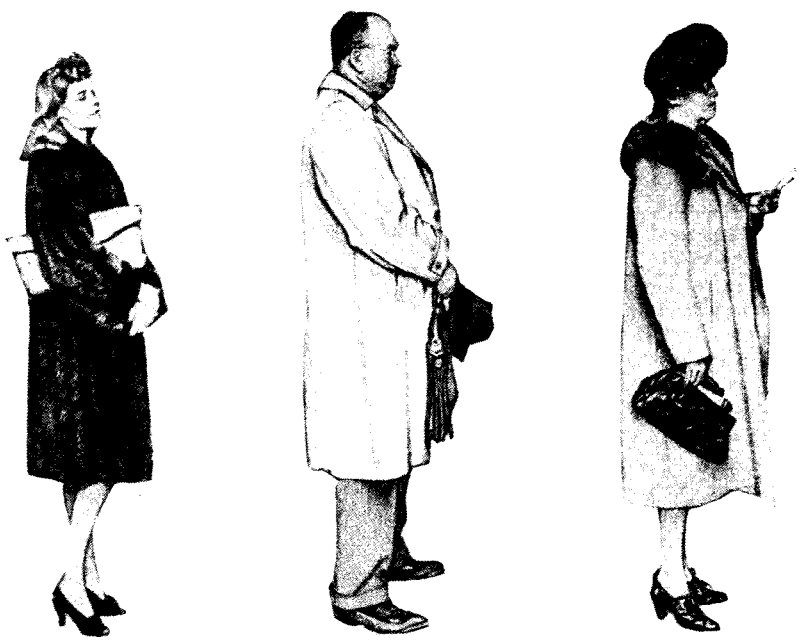
By Virginia Viault Easkold

Best wishes on his 80th birthday from a former model

On February 3, 1974, Norman Rockwell celebrated his eightieth birthday. This fact takes me somewhat by surprise, for it seems such a short time ago that his life and mine crossed paths, leaving me with an admiration that has lasted all these thirty years.

Unfortunately, I'm not a wealthy, talented, glamorous movie star as Marilyn Monroe was at the time she flew across the continent to sing "Happy Birthday" to John F. Kennedy at Madison Square Garden before 20,000 guests. No, my fate is to be a middle-aged housewife, mother and grandmother, who would like to express my sentiments to Mr. Rockwell at this important milestone in his life in some meaningful way. How better than through *The Saturday Evening Post*, the magazine that plays such a major part in my memories of him that span the years?

It all started during the years of World War II, in the little village of Arlington, nestled in the Green Mountains of Vermont. My Aunt Leone Atkins had a beauty shop in town and I went there to gain experience as I had just completed my cosmetology schooling in Albany, New York. The rural life was not new to me as I had spent the summer months with my aunt while growing up. I was all of nineteen at the time and therefore liked to take part in any social life available. With many of the boys in the service of their country, there was not much social life for a nineteen-year-old. Joining the Grange seemed the thing to do, for there were the monthly meetings plus the Grange suppers and those wonderful round and square dances on the Green. These dances have been well publicized in connection with Mr. Rockwell, as it was at one of them that he discovered Bob Buck, who modeled for the well-known Willie Gillis series, so popular during these years.



The stylish young lady in the mink coat, above, is the author portrayed by Norman Rockwell in 1934. The lady who loaned Virginia the coat, her aunt Leone Atkins, a beauty shop operator, posed as a housewife. Uncle Clifford Atkins, a businessman, posed as a businessman with cool aplomb. All were in Arlington, Norman Rockwell's home town at that time.

Attending a Grange meeting one evening, a gentleman was pointed out to me as the artist, Norman Rockwell. Today you may obtain copies of his work minted in sterling silver, portfolios of prints of his work, posters and such, but at that time he was best known for his *Saturday Evening Post* covers. He had recently moved to Arlington with his family, living within a stone's throw of the hall in which the Grange meetings were held. He was quite a celebrity in our midst but one would never know it to observe him, as he looked and acted just like everyone else present. As I remember it, he was Keeper of the Gate that night and one had to whisper the secret password to him to enter the hall. Before the evening ended I had a few words with him, for he was a very friendly person, full of life and wit, with a twinkle in his eye. I felt completely at ease with him as he was a man who truly liked people and it showed in his attitude and personality. His wife, Mary, was a lovely woman, liked by all, and one of our favorite customers in my aunt's shop. Their three boys, Jerry, Tommy and Peter, were quite young at the time, as full of pep and deviltry as all the other children their age.

One day my aunt received a phone call from Mr. Rockwell asking if she, my uncle (who was a jeweler) and I would care to pose for an article he was doing for *The Saturday Evening Post*. Would we? You couldn't have

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stopped us! Several of our friends and neighbors had posed for him, some of them many times. In fact, my aunt's young son, Charles, had posed for a short-story illustration a short time before. Back then, in the town of Arlington, you just hadn't "arrived" until you had posed for Norman Rockwell, so this was our opportunity to become one of the fortunates. We were thrilled and excited, especially me!

The article was to be on the ration boards, which were then an active factor in the American scene. We three were to represent people waiting in line to appear before the board for special consideration. My aunt was to pose as a housewife, my Uncle Clifford was to be a businessman, and I got to wear my aunt's fur coat to pose as the very haughty young socialite, indignant due to the necessity of standing in line with the common folk for ration stamps of one kind or another.

I entered the Rockwell studio in quite a nervous condition, all tingly and expectant. Mr. Rockwell posed me as he wished me to appear in the art work, while his photographer snapped pictures, my head thrown back with my nose in the air. He no longer painted from live models but took many photographs of his models and used them as his guide while painting. My nervousness soon vanished, for he kept up a constant conversation with me, his photographer and even with himself as he worked. Watching him pose as he wished me to was hilarious—screwing up his face into a "look down your nose" expression. I understand he does this with all his models, taking positions and using expressions that he wishes to catch on canvas, making him quite an actor as well as an artist.

When it came time to leave the studio I was presented with a check for five dollars. At the time I didn't realize how important that check could be to me in years to come, so as any normal nineteen-year-old, I cashed the check and spent the money—on what I do not know. How I wish I had that check today, as a memento of the day I posed for Norman Rockwell!

Another thrill was to be experienced when on July 15, 1944, the feature was published in the *Post*. It was a two-page spread with the ration board covering most of the area, but along the bottom were these small figures, three inches high—a line of people waiting to appear before the board. Sure enough, there was my Aunt Leone, my Uncle Clifford, and fourth from the left—ME!! To my knowledge, our small figures were never picked up by any of the many books that have been published of Rockwell's work, but thirty years later I still treasure my dog-eared copy of that issue of the *Post* and just recently framed the two-page spread. Possibly Mr. Rockwell no longer has the completed work, for I can't bear to think that he considered the

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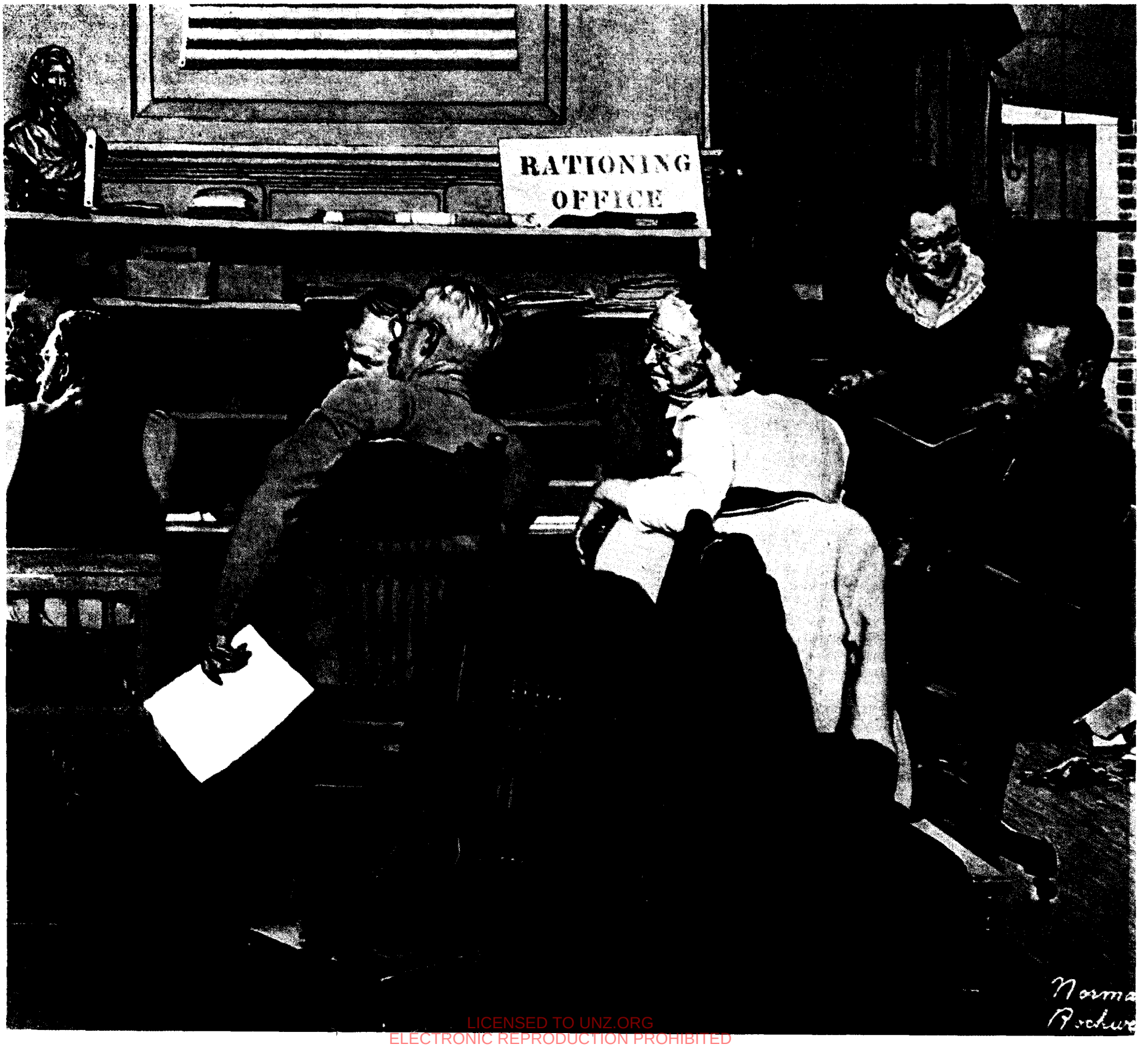

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ANNOUNCING THE SATURDAY EVENING POST WRITING AND CARTOON AWARD WINNERS

In our May/June issue, the *Post* announced the opening of the lists for competitive entries in the fields of short story writing, humorous essays, poetry, and cartooning. The winners were to be awarded a trip around the world. Certain restrictions were placed upon entrants. The major limitations were merely those of a deadline for the contests, allowing entrants some months to prepare their work, and the traditional stipulation that people associated with this magazine were not allowed to enter, lest there be any advantage available to them based upon a special association with *Post* standards. Other than that, the doors were wide open. Three thousand and more short stories were submitted to us, hundreds upon hundreds of humorous essays, barrels and barrels of poetry.

Katherine Saunders of Norwood, Massachusetts, is the winner of our short story contest. A grandmother of four, Mrs. Saunders writes poetry as well as short fiction. She says she once met an exiled Russian countess, but any resemblance to the character in her delightful story is strictly a coincidence!

The humor essay's author, Ronny Fooks Berinato, is a fifty-seven-year-old artist and housewife who "just writes for fun." (P.S. There really is a Louie who is alive and well and still chewing up furniture at the Berinato home in Upper Montclaire, New Jersey.) Our winning poet is Diana Tollefson, a fifty-five-year-old honorary member of the Lakota Sioux tribe. Mrs. Tollefson, who teaches art at a high school run by the Cheyenne River Indian Agency in Eagle Butte, South Dakota, explains that the title of her moving poem is Siouan for "Black Hills."

Bill Whitehead is twenty-two years old, a lifeguard at the Hoffman Estates YMCA in Illinois. He teaches diving while his wife of one year works in a greenhouse. "She's crazy about growing things, organic gardening. Al Capp was my first idol. I remember devouring his cartoons when I was in the fifth grade." Bill weighs in at 143 pounds which would indicate Mr. Capp is food for thought. On page 99 is Whitehead's first published cartoon.

The *Post* salutes these authors of such exceptional talent, and we look forward to more of their work appearing in these pages. But we also salute the ones who did not quite make the first award. They came close in many cases and they proved our faith that out there are indeed the talents of tomorrow. You shall be hearing from them, still, these unknowns, and we thank them one and all for contributing. It is not by any means the least we can say that writing is a great deal like living. One writes by writing, and becomes the better for it. In that sense, for writing is a living thought, they all have gained, as have we, by sharing their manuscripts.

First Place Winner, 1974: Fiction

"LITTLE COUNTESS AWAY"

The poison of her hatred began before the Revolution

By Katherine Saunders

I, Nicolai Tolstoyan, have, I believe, committed the perfect murder. Why do I say this? Because everyone thinks my wife is still alive. And why, again? Because, and this is the key to the whole thing, she seems to be still here, living amongst us.

But first I must tell you our story and why I had to murder her. It was desperate self-defense. She would have had me dead in a few weeks if I had not been the quicker of us. You, I am sure, would have done the same in my place.

We were both born of fine and noble families in Russia. We were the most pampered and loved children in Moscow.

Ludmilla adored dogs, but because of a terrible fright as a child, I hate them. She maintained to the last that the truest friend a person can have is a dog. I know better because I know how to be a true friend, but Ludmilla did not.

In the morning she would come, when we were children in Russia, with one of her great hounds and taunt me at the iron gate in front of our palatial city home. I would be studying with my sisters in the garden with our governess in summer, or, in winter, up in the nursery, and Ludmilla would throw sticks for the animal until he got into the grounds and then she would pretend she had to go after him.

She looked like an elf, tiny and dark with small pointed features and lively sea-green eyes. Her hair hung long and straight as a twig. She was free and untaught, as her father believed that women needed no education. All her brothers were sent to the very best universities but Ludmilla, like an untutored savage, ran the streets of the city as she pleased. Her mother was meek and her father loved her dearly. So, if she wished to run with the dogs, she was allowed to go. An education of sorts may be obtained in such a way, I grant you, but she learned strange things, such as how to haunt and bedevil a man. As a child, I hated her with a terrible hatred. It was only after she married my best friend that I learned to love her.

She and the wretched hound ran through our grounds one day when I was about twelve and she was seven. My sisters and I were playing with a rubber ball. Ludmilla ran screaming into the midst of us and the dog grabbed our ball. They kept going.

Throwing gentility to the winds, I took after her. I nearly caught her while she was twisting like a rabbit, looking for the back gate. There were trees and the gate keeper's cottage, but she got there first, with me breathing fire down her neck. It was only a short distance through the dirty Moscow alleys before I caught her. I must have frightened her to death with my violence because it had been pent up for so long. I remember I took her by that long dark hair and pulled her head back with a jerk.

"Where is that ball? What has your dog done with it?" As if she knew. I should have admired her because, little though she was, she would not cry. I jerked her hair again. "I want that ball, do you hear?"

I thought the dog had gone but he had not. There was a roar from behind and I let go her hair in a hurry.

"Wolf, Wolf, it's all right. Let him alone," and the two were off.

I picked up the ball which was lying in the street and slowly trod my way home. What a wonderful opportunity to run like Ludmilla, but twelve years of being told what to do and how to do it were too much. I thought of my mother worrying and I went home.

We had one or two more encounters before we grew up. I would chase her off the grounds even though I knew she was higher born than we were. I would hurl epithets at her when our governess was out of earshot. And my little sisters were intrigued.

And then, without warning, when I don't believe she was more than thirteen, Ludmilla became a bewitching young lady, well, not a lady, she could never be that. Her father took better care of her and she began to appear at parties with a chaperone. And then she was married to Sergei, Count Czerney, my best friend and comrade.

I wished him luck with such a gypsy witch and would not even call to see their sumptuous apartment. He was still at the University and she kept him from studying by taking him to every party and to every skating contest there was. I avoided them.

But then came the Revolution and we were thrown together. Then we were too much together and then in spite of myself, I fell in love.

We and our families were exiled to Siberia. My poor mother and my little sisters died. The cruel climate and sudden lack of all care and luxuries were too much for them. Even the priceless jewels we all had failed to buy fuel or food enough to keep them alive. When my father died in my arms, I stayed in my loneliness with Sergei and Ludmilla. Ludmilla and her two little dogs. Old Wolf had died but she had two little monstrosities who ate what she should have eaten and whose hair-covered eyes annoyed me because they were so stupid looking and so ugly.

Sergei would try to smooth me down. "Nick, let her have the little beasts. They take only a few crumbs to feed."

We were escaping and trying to make our way to China. Over cold and barren wastelands we journeyed, with only one courageous little

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First Place Winner, 1974: Humor

PAMPERED LOUIE

Never will he know the thrill of a night on the town, the joys of scavenging, or the fun of a leftover martini.

By Ronny Fooks Berinato

The business of having a dog has changed a lot since I was last an owner, some fifteen years ago. Then, if you wanted one of the non-pedigreed variety, you simply went to the pound, or the Bide-A-Wee, picked one out you liked, gave a small donation and everybody was eternally grateful when you took him home. He was loved, played with, fed at the table, given bones to chew on, pushed out the door several times a day, and when anyone happened to think of it, dragged off to have a distemper shot. Included in his diet were chewing gum, candy, cookies, booze, popcorn, soda and the contents of a large assortment of neighborhood garbage pails. He more often than not lived to a ripe old age and died quietly in his sleep, whereupon the whole family went into a state of mourning and swore by all that was holy that they would never, never, never have another dog as long as they lived! This determination held for maybe one or two weeks, then it was back to the pound, and the whole thing would start over again.

This had been my only experience, so it came as quite a surprise when recently my husband and I succumbed to the persistent demands of our two small sons that we get a dog, to see how things had changed.

The people at the animal shelter were polite enough, though obviously suspicious. After we had taken a look at all the dogs, we were asked to fill out a questionnaire. Name, address, telephone, number in family, husband's occupation, type of car we had, whether we owned our own home, and if the back yard was fenced in. Apparently we passed this hurdle, for we were then invited to take the dog of our choice for a walk. This was to find out if we were temperamentally suited. It was love at first sight, but the lady in charge was not to be rushed into anything. She suggested we look at some of the other dogs while she looked up Louie's record.

When it finally came to a this-is-the-only-dog-for-us point, she gave in, and pulling two large sheets of paper from a drawer, asked us to read them and sign. These were a contract in which we promised almost everything but our blood, but we went along with it willingly, and after having donated ten dollars to the shelter, bought a leash, promised faithfully to get a last dose of worm pills at the vet's and been given a schedule for care and feeding, left with our new pet.

Louie is a crossbreed terrier, eight months old, male, housebroken and well behaved, according to his record. On several of these counts, I am not inclined to agree. He is completely uninhibited, and within one day chewed up everything that wasn't nailed down, christened every room in the house, and adopted for his very own our newly decorated couch, on which he scratches fleas, washes himself, drags his greasy bones, and growls at anybody who tries to sit down. He also swipes food off the table, bites the boys, snores in his sleep, digs enormous holes in the garden, and barks at three o'clock in the morning. But we had promised in writing to love, honor and cherish, so we tried hard to overlook these few little failings, and praised him for the things he did well—like eating.

We had promised to take Louie for the worm pills right away, and since I had the uncomfortable feeling that spies from the shelter were watching our every move, I decided to get this taken care of at once.

My first glance at the interior of the dog hospital was enough to make me realize I had made a social blunder by not wearing my best clothes. Beautifully paneled, the office had indirect lighting and arrangements of greens artistically placed. Ceramic dogs and horses graced the window ledges, and large brass lamps gave out a restful light.

On the wall benches around the room sat a number of people holding their dogs, all wide-eyed and shivering uncontrollably. At the far end of the room was a large, semicircular desk, behind which sat a crisply uniformed nurse.

Louie took one sniff and headed for the door. When this maneuver proved unsuccessful, he did the next best thing, and cocking up his leg, watered the pine paneling. I stood, horror-struck at the audacity of this act, but neither Louie nor the nurse seemed the least concerned.

After taking my name, address, number in family, husband's occupation, etc., the nurse told me to sit down and the doctor would be with us shortly.

As I looked around, I found myself thinking of the beat-up old office that our family doctor called home, with the worn leather chairs, and the out-of-date magazines, and made a mental note to say something about it on my next visit.

In the meantime, dogs were coming and going through a door at the back of the desk. A buzzer could be faintly heard, and each time this happened, another white-uniformed nurse either brought a dog out or took one in. When it came to our turn, Louie refused to move, and since we were holding up the assembly line I was forced to drag him into the examining room on his rear end. We waited for some time, during which we could see several other nurses, and two veterinarians in white jackets drifting in and out of the various rooms.

I had just about had enough of Louie, who had been trying without success to hang himself from the doorknob, and was seriously considering leaving and letting the worms have him, when the doctor appeared. I explained why we were there from under the examining table where Louie had taken cover, but the doctor informed me in icy tones that he would not give me worm pills or anything else until he had thoroughly examined my dog and gotten his history from me. I was too exhausted to argue and could only picture with grim delight what a heck of a time he was going to have getting Louie on the table. But, being of the "Old School," I had not anticipated the use of tranquilizers and couldn't suppress a feeling of utter disgust when, some time later, after having gulped one down, Louie folded up on the table like a happy drunk. When I had given the doctor all the vital statistics, he ushered me out of the room and closed the door.

I did not see the vet again, but Louie was delivered to me shortly thereafter, his legs folding slightly under him, and a happy smile on his face. I was also presented with a list of things to be taken care of AT ONCE! He was to have a rabies shot, a hepatitis shot, and one for distemper. Accompanying this was a scientific diet for my dog, a chart for rest and exercise periods (only on a leash, or in an enclosed area), a prescription for vitamins, three worm pills in an envelope, a stern, printed warning that these things were to be taken care of WITHOUT FAIL, and a bill large enough to get Louie kicked right out the door.

So, here I sit, some weeks later, contemplating man's best friend, who stares back at me from his couch with a baleful eye, and wondering if we are being fair to him. Never will he know the thrill of a night on the town, the joys of scavenging, or the fun of a leftover martini. I dream at night that I have forgotten his vitamins, or that he hasn't had his rest period, and I am being stalked by the lady at the shelter and the two dog doctors, followed by a line of stiff nurses in uniform. I awake drawn and haggard, and if the day ever presents itself when I am not busy taking care of Louie, I intend to head for our doctor's shabby old office, or the nearest bar, and have a shot for myself!

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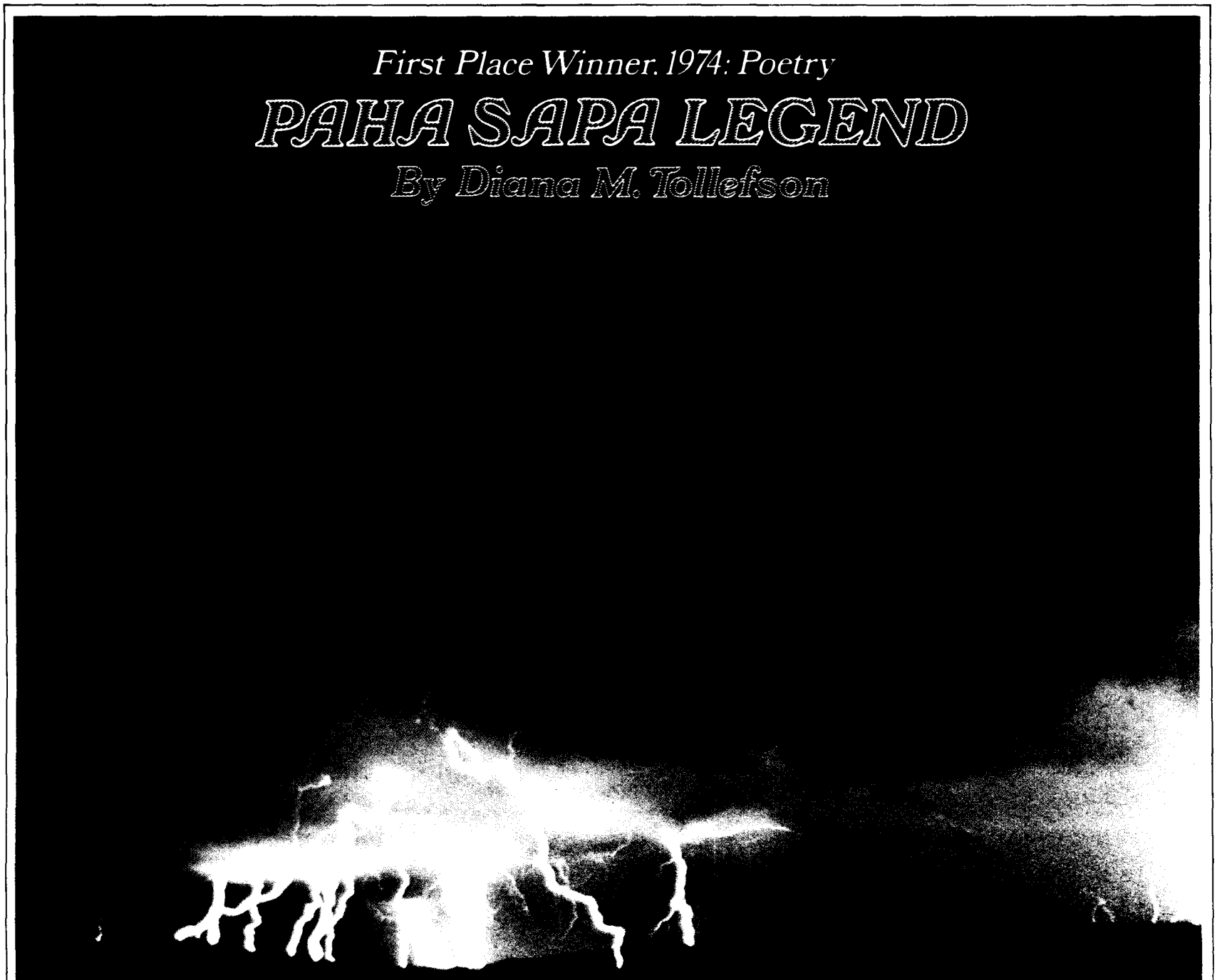
First Place Winner, 1974: Poetry

PAHA SAPA LEGEND

By Diana M. Tollefson



Earth woman lay beneath the sky, small and dark in the night
With clouds weighing upon her heavily pressing
Against hills and valleys.

Gently but firmly persistent the mists fingered her form
Running in and out of canyons, coaxing responses
And the earth gave;

From her underground caves sprang rushing streams
Swift surfacing, and on her banks windswept trees tossed
In the seducing storm.

A giant bolt thrusted down as lightning split apart
The timbered slope and flashed again in thunder;
The earth and sky groaned.

Then great pulsing drops fell slowly at first
But quickened until sheets of water covered the creek bed
Throughout the night.

Exhausted, the clouds lifted when eastern light
Drove a wedge in the darkness parting earth and sky
For another new day.

So it is said, when clouds come over the Black Hills
And mist fingers its way up the canyons, sky-earth is one,
Shattering night with passion.

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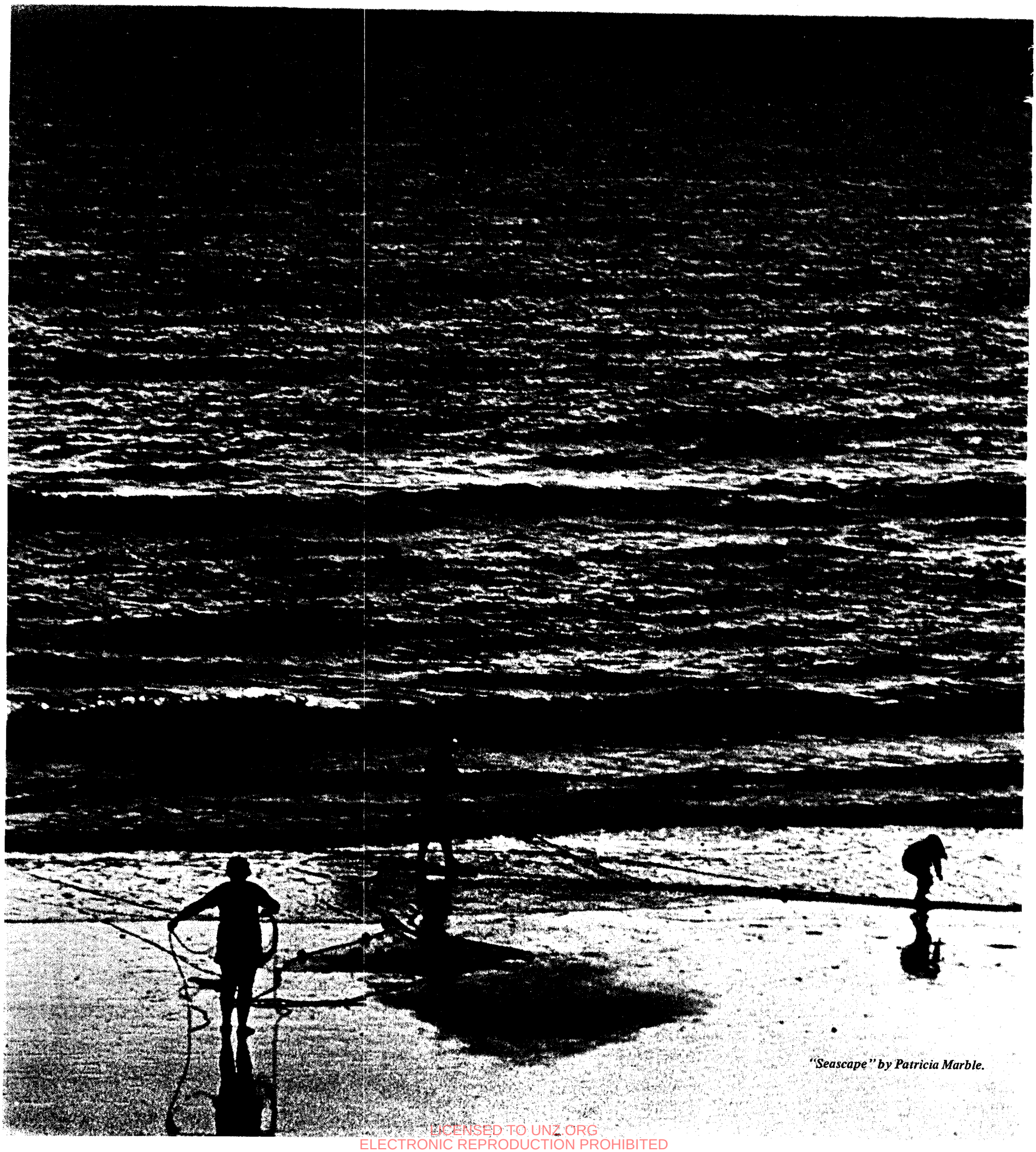

"Seascape" by Patricia Marble.

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THE GREAT OCEAN MINING RACE $200,000,000,000 BENEATH THE SEA

Queen Victoria started it.
Now Howard Hughes is in on it.

By Barry Newman

The mining camps of the American West sprang up in a land that was brutal and lawless. But laws have a way of following closely behind the acquisitive wanderings of man, and they gained a foothold as soon as it became clear that what seemed a wasteland to many actually concealed a wealth of minerals desperately needed by a growing industrial nation. Laws protected lonely prospector and giant mining combine alike from claim jumpers muscling in on deposits at places that once appeared too barren to be worth governing at all.

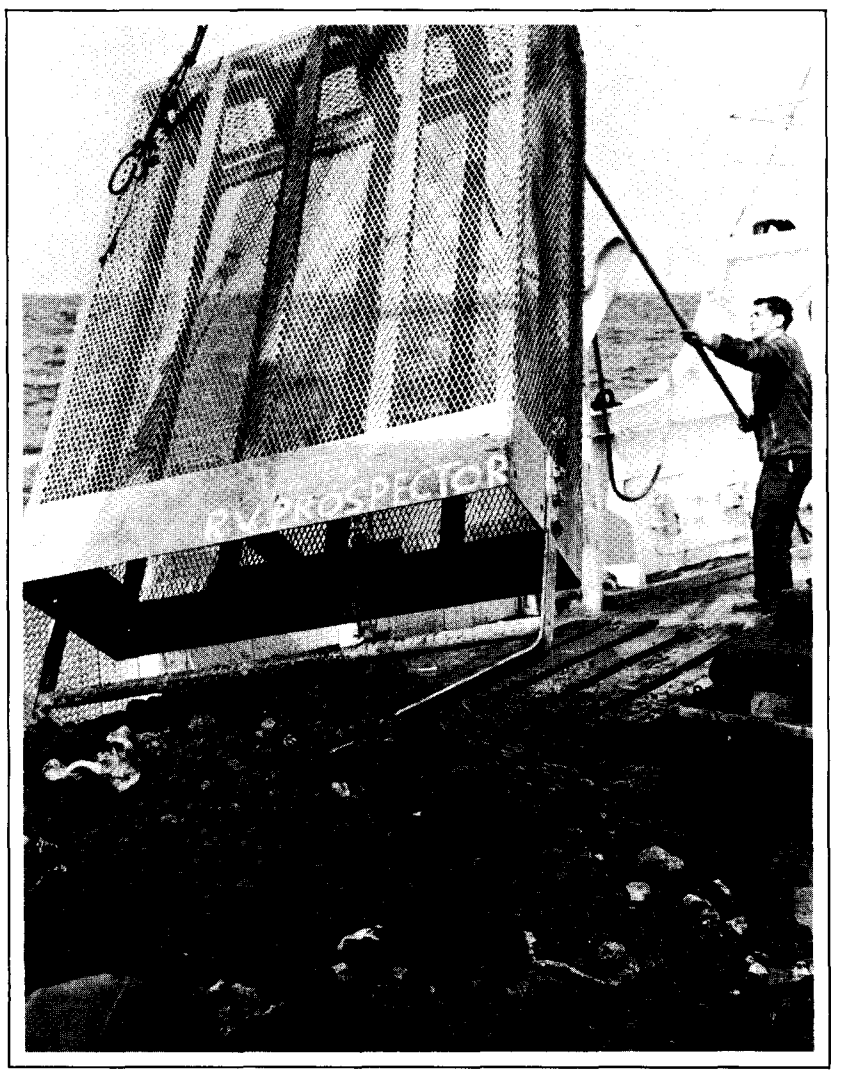
There are still apparent wastelands on earth that haven't succumbed to the rule of law, mainly because there is nothing evident in them that men have found to be worth fighting over. The greatest of these seemingly empty lands covers fully two-thirds of the earth's surface—the bottom of the sea.

Man has used the sea as a means for moving from one point on land to another. In the coastal waters near land, he has learned to take advantage of the food the sea offers, and more recently, of the oil. There has been little interest, though, in the dark world beneath the surface and far from land. Except for a few international treaties governing shipping practices, "freedom" of the seas has thus been little more than a euphemism for the lawlessness of the seas. And "ruling the waves," as Britain claimed to do in its ascendence as a naval power, has never been more than the privilege of pure force.

The sea is still a lawless place. But a big change is coming. The clearest sign of it is a major conference scheduled for Caracas in May. It is called the Law of the Sea Conference and its purpose, under the auspices of the United Nations, will be to draft an international convention that for the first time would bring the vast area of the world's oceans under the control of laws.

Why have a Law of the Sea Conference now? Civilization, after all, has survived long enough without one. Among the most compelling reasons is the same one that helped bring laws to the mining camps of the wild West: There is something out there in the middle of the oceans, in the terrifying blackness 20,000 feet below the surface and thousands of miles from land, that is worth fighting over.

What's out there is a big mess of dull, crumbly black rocks that could easily pass for old burnt potatoes. They are properly known as "nodules," and they are very, very valuable. Locked within their unseemly exteriors are the metals of paramount significance to this industrialized society. There is copper, used in virtually everything electrical. There is manganese, essential to the making of steel. And there are the important steel alloys of nickel and cobalt.



The ocean bottom, ripe for harvest, yields up tons of metal-bearing nodules. Copper, manganese, nickel and cobalt are locked within. A legal question still to be answered: who shall control the ocean's riches.

These nodules are strewn over the bottom of the seas of the world like pebbles on the shore. They exist at the incredible depths of 12,000 to 20,000 feet and their abundance is mind-boggling. One estimate has it that at the bottom of the Pacific alone there are 1.5 trillion tons of them. And the most startling fact of all in this era of fuel and energy and mineral shortages is that the nodules are growing at the pace of 16 million tons a year.

How they got to the ocean floor in the first place is something of a geological enigma. They may drift up from the sediment, be heaved to the surface by volcanoes or they may slowly collect, like pearls, from minerals in the water itself.

They first were discovered 101 years ago by an early oceanographic expedition of Britain's *H.M.S. Challenger*. The *Challenger* was a steam corvette, a fighting ship, commissioned by Queen Victoria to take a three-year voyage to all the oceans of the planet in search of knowledge about the unknown depths. The 240 crewmen and six scientists returned with a vast assortment of finds. Least spectacular among them was a bunch of those innocuous black rocks. They evoked so little interest in Britain's scientific community that they were stored in London's British Museum and to this day haven't been analyzed.

And that might explain why there wasn't a Law of the Sea Conference in 1874.

In the years that followed, other expeditions brought back nodules that were analyzed. What the scientists found, combined with the intensifying scarcity of minerals on land, has ignited a worldwide rush by a rare breed of seafaring miners to find the nodules, bring them to shore and draw from them their hidden treasure.

There are no lonely prospectors here. They are the big guns of the mineral industry and they are pouring millions of dollars into the race. Included are at least thirty companies and several governments that have already invested as much as $300 million in exploration and the

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invention of equipment for mining the deep. Perhaps as much as $500 million is poised to be spent on deep-sea mining in the imminent future. Russia, Germany, France and Japan are putting government money behind their projects, but the heaviest outlays so far are being made by three U.S. corporations–Kennecott Copper Corporation, Tenneco, Inc., and Summa Corporation, the privately held concern of Howard Hughes.

Characteristically for Mr. Hughes's ventures, Summa Corporation's activities have been going on behind a heavy cloak of secrecy. It was pretty much impossible to hide the launching in 1972 of a 618-foot prototype mining ship, though, and it's clear that Summa is leading the pack with an investment of easily $100 million. Still, Summa won't answer any press inquiries about its activities and it hasn't participated in any of the meetings among the competing companies to push pro-mining legislation.

Secrecy may be the private predilection of Howard Hughes, yet it isn't the prime reason for his lack of candor in the ocean mining race. Indeed, none of the other companies involved is willing to reveal much about what they're doing. The reason is the law–or, that is, the absence of it. When an old prospector struck it rich in the West, you can bet he didn't go around advertising his good fortune to potential claim jumpers. The same holds true for the seabed now. Without any laws to protect them, the big companies are keeping mum about their own mineral finds.

"The name of the game is finding a mine site and keeping it quiet," says one deep-sea prospector. "Right now anybody with the will and the vessel can go out and explore there."

Tied up under a bridge at the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay is a ship called the *RV Prospector*. RV stands for "research vessel," but the *Prospector*'s brand of research consists of scouring the floors of the world's seas, taking an inventory of nodule deposits. The ship is an old Great Lakes freighter owned by Deepsea Ventures, Inc., the ocean mining subsidiary of Tenneco. The company's management agreed to give a writer a tour.

The *Prospector* looks like any aging freighter, with a few conspicuous exceptions. In its belly, for one thing, is an enormous winch, and wound around it is 25,000 feet of thick cable. At the end of the cable is a big tripod with a TV camera, lights, still cameras and a sampling dredge fastened to it. As the *Prospector* glides along far above the ocean floor, the TV camera, dangling about six feet from the bottom, sends back pictures of vast fields of nodules on closed circuit screens. Every minute of it is stored on video tape.

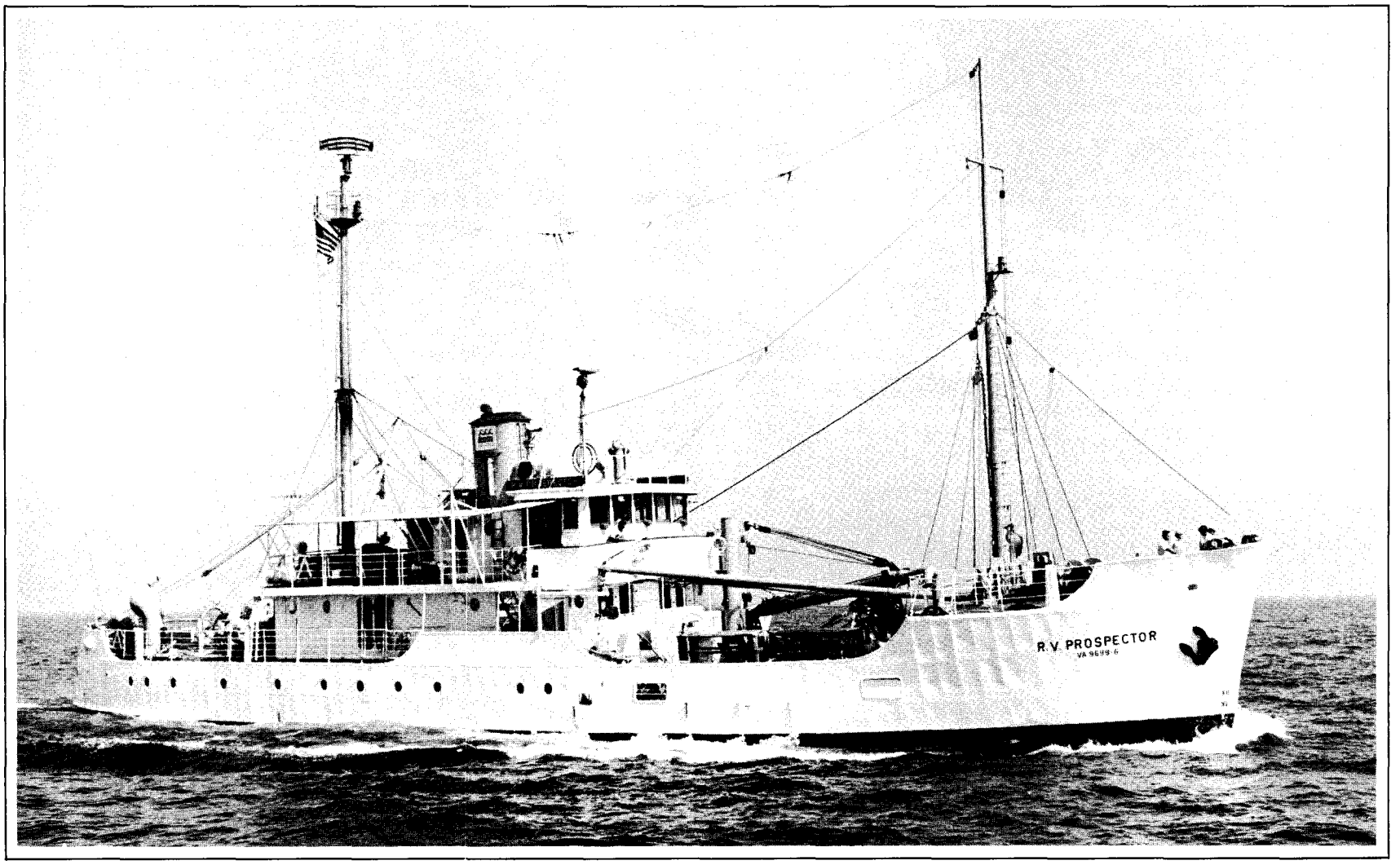
On the ship's bridge are banks of the most advanced electronic navigational gear there is. It's used to map the precise location of the nodule deposits, ripe for exploitation, each covering as much as 10,000 square miles of the ocean floor. The *Prospector* has made forty-three cruises lasting thirty days apiece and not once during those long days at sea has it radioed back its position to shore. Any communicating it does do is electronically scrambled. The purpose of all this quiet skulking about the oceans is to throw off anybody who might track the ship to the site of a big nodule find.

Deepsea Ventures and Kennecott are willing to admit that they've hit pay dirt in their explorations. They just won't say where. However, it seems clear from academic reports that the companies have looked most intensely in a band of what's called "siliceous ooze" just to the south of Hawaii. It is here, says D.R. Horn of the Lamont-Doherty Geologic Observatory, that "almost a continuous carpet of nodules lies at the surface."

Wherever they are, finding the nodules is probably the easiest task confronting the ocean miners. Getting them topside in huge quantities is a far more difficult proposition. After years of study, the main contenders say they know how to do it. Kennecott, Tenneco and, reportedly, Summa, have all picked a system that literally sucks the nodules off the bottom like a leviathan vacuum cleaner.

It is done with gigantic hydraulic pumps suspended beneath a mining ship that remains at the site full time, loading nodules into freighters that shuttle the ore to land-based processing plants. In 1970, Deep-Sea Ventures ran what it says was a successful test of its system, hooked up to a converted World War II freighter. Summa's big ship, the *Hughes Glomar Explorer*, hasn't reported on its successes or failures, but industry scuttlebutt has it that the *Explorer* can tow a 4,000-ton pipeline. The reported cost of the ship and equipment is $80 million and working on the project are said to be such big-name concerns as Global-Marine, Inc., Lockheed Corporation, Honeywell, Inc., and the Batelle Memorial Institute.

There is a much cheaper contraption being tested for scooping the nodules off the sea floor



RV Prospector *skims the surface of the ocean, its bridge equipped with sophisticated electronic navigational gear that will map the precise location of nodule deposits. The vessel is making an inventory of such deposits, many as large as 10,000 square miles of ocean floor, for Deepsea Ventures, Inc.*

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with a string of buckets tied to a long, looped cable. This "continuous line bucket" system is being pushed by John L. Mero, head of a twenty-five-company international syndicate called Ocean Resources, Inc. Among the participants are Ethyl Corporation, NL Industries, Inc., Phelps Dodge Corporation, Société Le Nickel of France and Nippon of Japan.

Dr. Mero is full of praise for the Japanese inventor of the bucket method, a naval commander named Yoshio Masuda. He is "an inventive genius," Dr. Mero says. He credits the gentleman with having concocted many other inventions, including a buoy that generates its electricity for blowing whistles and blinking lights from the movement of the waves. The other companies are skeptical about the whole project, to say the least. "Mero is a loser," cracks one rival.

Plenty of other ideas for recovering the nodules have flitted through scientific minds. One of the most intriguing, but also one of the least practical, is the product of the imaginations of two scientists, Bernard G. Stechler and John T. Nicholas. Their plan calls for a fleet of robot vehicles reminiscent of the lunar landers. They would dive to the bottom of the ocean, scurry around collecting nodules, and then cart them up to the surface. It sounds enchanting, but nobody seems to have been convinced it would be a good way to get the job done.

Getting the nodules to the top is just the first step and it isn't even the most challenging. More complex is the problem of getting the metals out of the nodules. The centuries-old methods of fire smelting won't work because the nodules don't behave like any ores found on dry land. The metals are distributed throughout the rocks molecule by molecule so that only a chemical process can free them.

The U.S. companies are all developing systems to refine the nodules but none is willing to discuss the techniques in any great detail. They won't even allow a reporter to take a gander at their pilot plants for all the inside dope he could cull from gawking at a jumble of pipes and valves. Possible sites for the land-based processing plants are also under wraps, though it seems likely that the West Coast and Hawaii are prime possibilities. As far as Mr. Hughes goes, there is speculation that he is thinking about putting one of his plants in Nicaragua. That might well have been his reason for setting up housekeeping in the country before being rudely evicted by the earthquake of 1972.

One thing the companies are willing to say—and say often—about their schemes for processing the nodules is that the plants won't pollute the air. That, however, hasn't been proven conclusively. In any case, the plants will accumulate mammoth waste heaps.

The companies also say that pumping up the nodules and a lot of nutrient-rich water from the cold and therefore nearly lifeless deep won't disrupt the marine environment. A study made for the U.S. mining industry of the potential impacts of ocean mining concluded that the plankton growth resulting from the mixing of nutrients from the bottom with the warm waters at the surface wouldn't be substantial. But the researchers added that attempting to apply their findings to large-scale Pacific mining operations would be "not only difficult but potentially misleading."

The threat of an unheard-of new form of pollution caused by deep-sea mining is spurring considerable concern among environmental groups. The Sierra Club is lobbying intensely among participants of the Law of the Sea Conference for an international regime that would control such pollution before it starts. Ocean mining offers a rare chance, the club argues, to treat a pollution problem long before it has a chance to mar the environment.

So far, however, the club's efforts have generally met with indifference among representatives of the negotiating nations. The certainty of a pollution threat from ocean mining hasn't been established and because of that, bargainers fretting about more immediate troubles of energy and mineral shortages aren't likely to lose much sleep over the environment.

The hardest haggling at the conference is going to center not on questions of pollution but on the issue of who controls the deep-sea-mines —private companies, individual countries or an international agency. Those questions, moreover, will be thrown into the bargaining arena with the other hotly contested issues of fishing and oil rights.

It will take plenty of persuading to convince the less developed countries that survive on the export of minerals to allow ocean mines to enter into stiff competition with mines on land. Reliance on these expropriation-prone countries for

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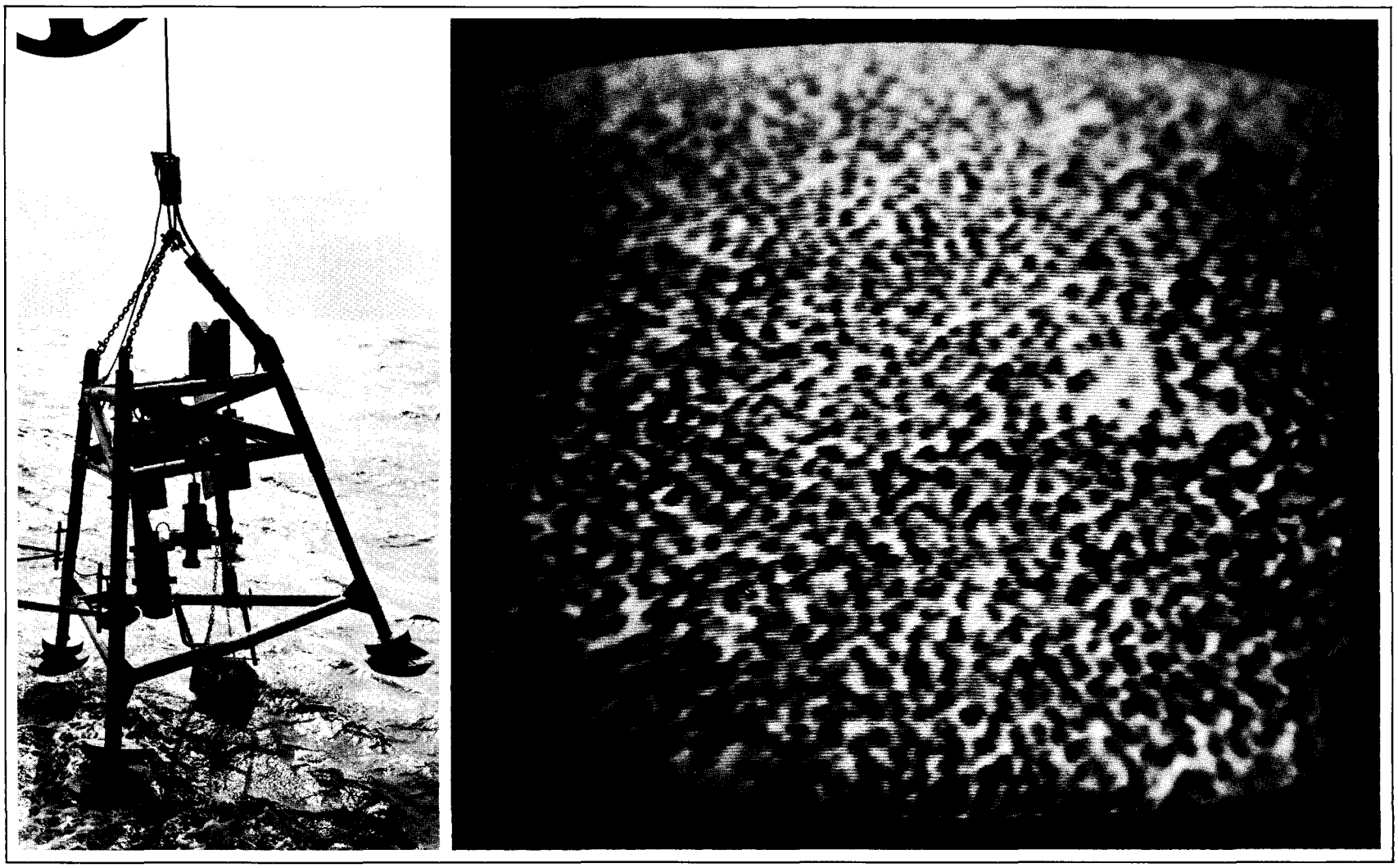

The Prospector*'s camera-rigged tripod is lowered into the sea to film the ocean bottom in a relentless and highly competitive search for fields of the mineral-rich nodules. Immense profits are in store for the corporation that perfects an operation to retrieve the nodules and remove the metals.*

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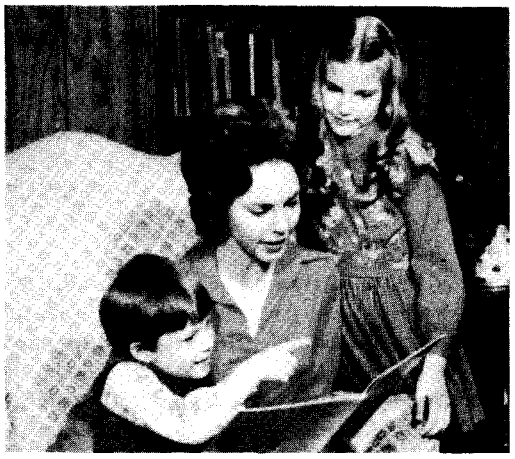
"READ ALOUD"... CHILDREN'S LITERATURE FOR POST READERS



The first Read-Aloud selection for children appeared in the January-February issue of the *Post*. This month we hope the whimsical story "The Horse Who Went Fishing" will bring laughter and fun to you and to the children who share it with you. Jean Morris's story originally appeared in *Jack and Jill*.

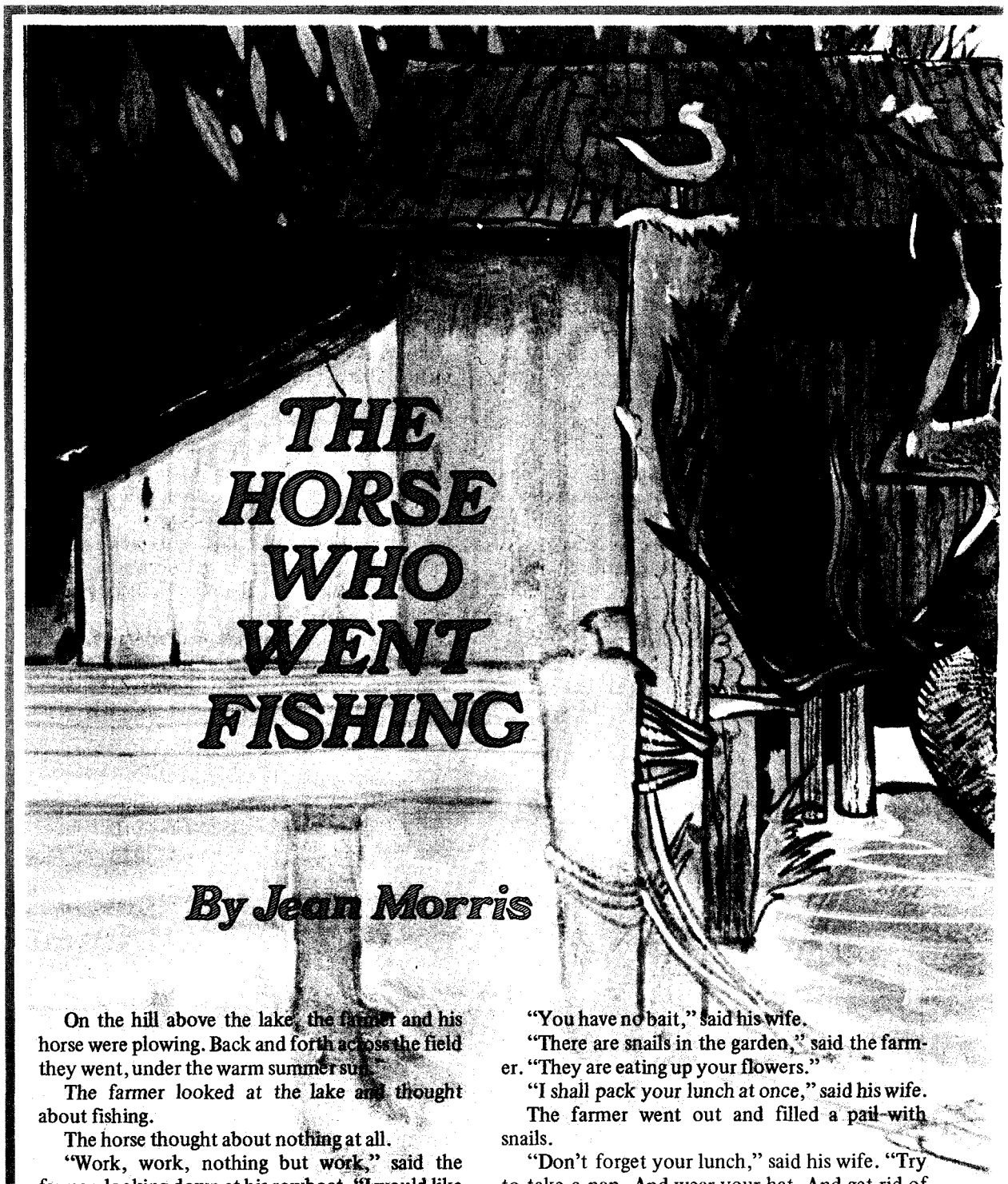
In the months ahead you will find more of the best literature from Curtis's vast archives of children's publications, including selections from thirty-six years of *Jack and Jill*, and from *Child Life*, for fifty-two years a national favorite. In addition, we will also offer stories from *Children's Playmate*, which was first published in 1929, and from a much more recent Curtis publication for young people, *Young World*.

In researching the Curtis treasury of children's literature, I have been excited to find stories and poems written by such beloved authors as Pearl Buck, Marguerite Henry, Lois Lenski, Walter de la Mare, and even Henry Steele Commager, a distinguished historian from my husband's alma mater Amherst College.

Why is the *Post*, an adult magazine, venturing into the world of children's literature? I know from personal experience how precious moments of completely undivided attention are to a child whose parents are busy and active. My father was already in his second term as a Congressman when I was born. Both of my parents were so involved in government and politics that they were eager to make the most of the time they spent with Tricia and me. Fortunately we discovered early the joy of reading together, and the read-aloud sessions with my parents became a very special part of the day for all of us. Today I have memories of my mother reading *Black Beauty* to us thirteen times and of the tears we shed together when Charlotte, of E.B. White's *Charlotte's Web*, died; all those memories are golden ones. They are golden because I am convinced that my parents gave me a priceless gift—the love of reading.

In the United States, children spend a great deal of time watching television, and many are completely unexposed to the beautiful adventure of reading. It is the hope of all of us at the *Post* that "Read Aloud" will provide you with a special way of saying, "I care" to the young people who are dear to you, and that it will help open the door to the magic world of the printed word.

Julie Nixon Eisenhower



THE HORSE WHO WENT FISHING

By Jean Morris

On the hill above the lake, the farmer and his horse were plowing. Back and forth across the field they went, under the warm summer sun.

The farmer looked at the lake and thought about fishing.

The horse thought about nothing at all.

"Work, work, nothing but work," said the farmer, looking down at his rowboat. "I would like to go fishing, but work comes first.

"On the other hand," said the farmer, looking at the lake, "there is more than one kind of work. I plant seeds for food, and planting is work. If a fish is food, then fishing is work. And work comes first!

"It will be cool on the lake," he said, "and the fish will taste good for supper."

The horse looked up. He knew what supper was. But what was that about fishing? "I have never gone fishing," he said to himself. "That boat looks too little for two. But I will have to go if fishing is work; the farmer cannot work without me."

The farmer led the horse to the meadow, then he hurried up to the house.

"I am going fishing," he said to his wife.

"What about your lunch?" said his wife.

"I can eat in the boat," said the farmer, "while I work."

"What about your nap?" said his wife.

"I can nap in the boat," said the farmer, "while I work."

"What about the sun?" said his wife.

"My hat has a very wide brim," said the farmer.

"You have no bait," said his wife.

"There are snails in the garden," said the farmer. "They are eating up your flowers."

"I shall pack your lunch at once," said his wife.

The farmer went out and filled a pail with snails.

"Don't forget your lunch," said his wife. "Try to take a nap. And wear your hat. And get rid of the snails. And—"

The farmer held up his hand. "Enough is enough," he said. He took his lunch and his hat and the pail of snails and hurried along the path past the meadow and down the hill to the lake.

The horse watched him go by. "Fish might taste good for supper," said the horse. And he jumped over the fence.

"I must hurry," said the horse as he galloped down the hill and onto the slippery dock.

The farmer was already in the boat, stowing away the sack of lunch and the pail of snails.

"The farmer will be glad to see me," said the horse as his foot slipped, and he skidded and slid and fell off the end of the dock—SPLASH!

Waves rocked the little rowboat.

"Who is rocking my boat?" said the farmer. "Stop it at once!" He straightened up and turned around, and into the water he went.

The farmer came up shivering. He reached for the side of his rowboat, but the boat was not there.

"Who took my boat?" he said, wiping his eyes. "I see a small red boat out there, but it is not mine. There is a horse sitting in it."

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He shut his eyes and opened them, but the horse was still there. He looked again.

"It is not only my boat," he said, "it is also my horse! How could this happen to me?"

The boat drifted out toward the middle of the lake.

"Come back!" the farmer shouted. "Back, back, back!"

The horse heard the farmer shouting. "Sack?" said the horse to himself. "Did he say 'sack'?" He looked around and found the sack of lunch.

"The farmer wants me to eat his lunch. How kind of him," said the horse. He nodded at the farmer to show that he understood, and took a big green pickle from the sack.

The boat drifted farther away.

"Swim!" the farmer shouted. "Swim, swim, swim!"

"Brim?" said the horse. "Did he say 'brim'?" He looked around and found the big-brimmed hat.

"The farmer wants me to wear his hat. How kind of him," said the horse. He nodded to show that he understood, and put on the hat at once.

The boat drifted farther away.

"Jump!" the farmer shouted. "Jump, jump, jump!"

"Dump?" said the horse. "Did he say 'dump'?" He looked around and found the pail of snails.

"The farmer wants me to have more room. How kind of him," said the horse. He nodded and dumped the snails into the water, pail and all.

"You are a fool!" the farmer shouted. "And so am I," he added sadly. "No horse, no boat, no fish, no pail, no hat, no lunch, no nothing. Fool, fool, fool!" He shook his fist at the horse, and made his way back to shore.

"The farmer is not fishing. He waved good-bye, and he hopes I am cool. How kind of him," said the horse. "I shall fish for both of us."

The horse took a bite of the pickle. "I hope fish tastes better than this," he said. He leaned back in the boat and shut his eyes, and the hat slid over his nose. The boat drifted on.

"So this is fishing," said the horse. "I wonder where the fish are?"

He did not have long to wait. The boat soon drifted into the reeds, and stopped. *Splash*. A fine, shiny fish leaped high out of the water and gaped at the horse.

"Well?" said the horse, sitting up. "Have you never seen a horse before?"

"Not eating pickles in a rowboat!" said the fish, flopping into the boat and gasping.

"How rude," said the horse. "One fish for the farmer." He leaned back and shut his eyes, and the hat slid over his nose.

Splash. Another fine fish leaped out of the water to gape at the horse.

"Have you never seen a horse before?"

"Not eating pickles and wearing a hat!" said the fish, dropping into the boat and flopping about.

"Lie still," said the horse. "One fish for me. But I shall give mine to the farmer. I could not eat rude fish."

He took another bite of pickle; it made his eyes water. The horse dropped the pickle into the water and took off the hat. He saw the farmer swimming toward him with a rope. "How kind of him," said the horse. "He knows I am tired of fishing."

The farmer tied the rope to the boat, and then he saw the fish. He shut his eyes and opened them, but the fish were still there. The farmer towed the boat to shore, led the horse back to the meadow, and took the fish up to the house.

"How wet and cross you look!" said his wife. "Fishing *must* be work. Did you get rid of the snails?"

"No," said the farmer. "The horse did."

"That is no way to talk," said his wife. "You are cross because you are hungry. Did you eat your lunch in the boat?"

"No," said the farmer. "The horse did."

"You are cross because you are tired, said his wife. "Did you take a nap in the boat?"

"No," said the farmer. "The horse did."

"The warm sun has made you cross. Did you wear your hat in the boat?" asked his wife.

"No," said the farmer. "The horse did."

"You are cross," said his wife, "but it does not matter. You caught two fine fish for our supper—and do not tell me the horse did."

"But he *did*," said the farmer sadly. "What would I do without him?"

His wife gave him a long, long look.

"Sit down and rest. Enough is enough. I shall cook your supper at once," she said. And did.

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POST SCRIPTS

A Sorry Situation

Do you find it hard to say "I'm sorry"? If you do, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I waited until now to tell you my way of making it easy to say "I'm sorry," even when you're not.

The secret of my own success is not to avoid saying "I'm sorry" but to say "I'm sorry" as often as possible. The more I say it, the easier it is.

Once upon a time, if I did something wrong or stupid I forced myself to say "I'm sorry." It took a good deal of forcing. I was, I am sorry to say, embarrassed, even humiliated. If I bumped into someone, I said "I'm sorry." If I dialed a wrong number, I said "I'm sorry."

But now if someone bumps into me, or even into someone else, I say "I'm sorry." If someone dials my number by mistake, at midnight, I say "I'm sorry." I suppose if I were to come home and find a burglar ransacking my house, I would say "I'm sorry." He would be so surprised, not only at being surprised but by my admission of guilt, that he would drop everything and flee.

"I'm sorry!" I would shout after him. "You left all these valuable things behind you." He would run even faster, convinced that he was dealing with a madman.

Familiarity breeds content. Far from finding it hard to say "I'm sorry," I now find it easy, even enjoyable. In fact I'm sorry when I have no occasion to say "I'm sorry."

I'm sorry I wrote this. I'm sorry you wasted all that time reading it. But I hope you're glad I'm sorry.

–Richard Armour

Chairman Of The Bored

The party was one of
  Those dullish affairs,
With guests forming clusters
  Of mix-or-match pairs.

And drinks that were either
  Too weak or too strong,
And the talk was just gossip
  The guests brought along.

By nine I was ready
  To leave, but I couldn't;
At least, etiquette says that
  A *host* really shouldn't.

–F. O. Walsh

The Greeks Had A Word For It

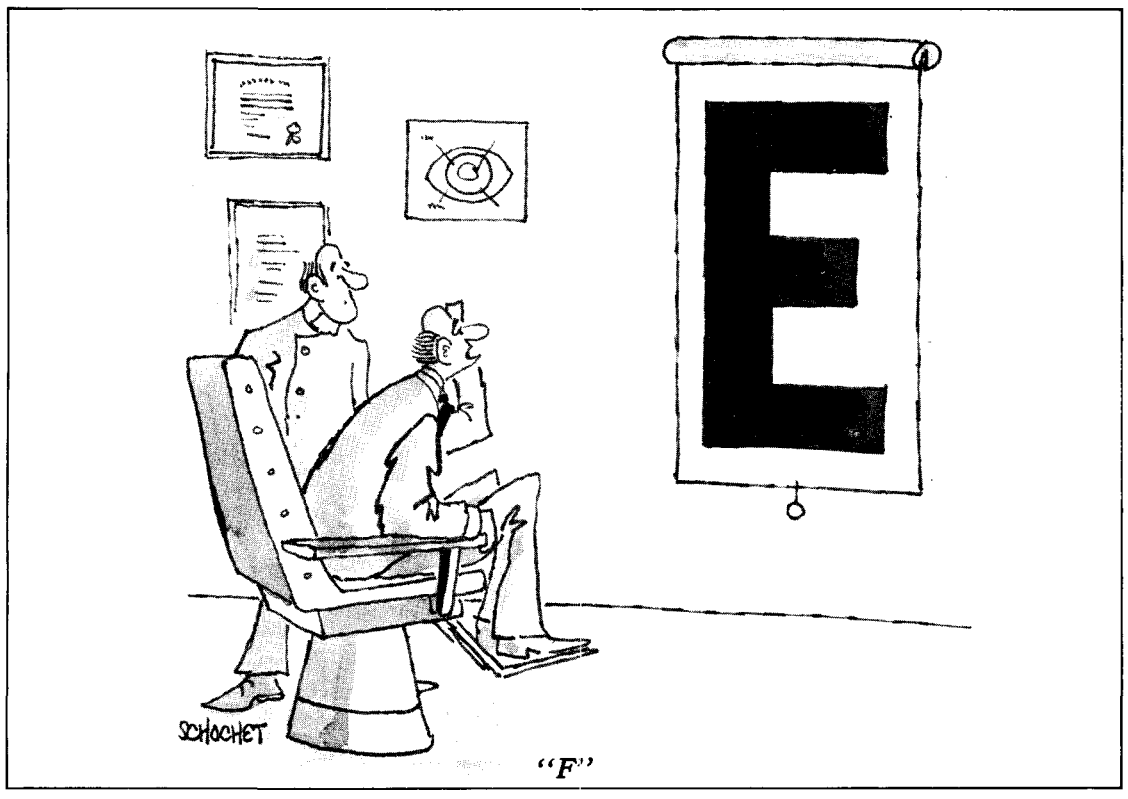
After watching their first football game, one Greek said to the other, "It's sure all American to me."

–George E. Bergman

Atta Boy!

A lad named Attila
Gave not a scintilla
For rules and things that were lawful.
He laid waste to Rome
And when he got home
His mother said, "Hun, you were awful."

–Bob Rich



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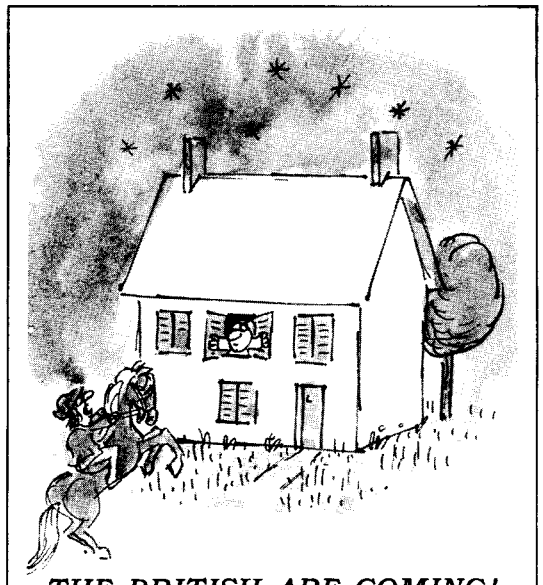

THE BRITISH ARE COMING!

Cheers!

With grin askew, complexion ruddy–
He orders one more Bleary Muddy.

–Rosemarie Williamson

Next Screen Star?

Sporting champs who do their thing
Like Fleming, Namath, Spitz and King
Cash in on movies and TV;
So very soon I think we'll see
John Wayne with gun and lariat
Atop ol' Secretariat.

–John Sabin

Help Wanted

Advertisement in the *Hades Herald*: Men with good intentions needed for paving work.

–Edward Stevenson

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An Open Letter To Raquel Welch

Dear Raquel,

You gals today are in a mold. (Darling, am I growing old?) Yesterday's were clearly inked–personalities distinct. Current starlets are replaceable–current faces darned erasable:

Jacqueline Bisset, Joanna Pettet, Suzanne Pleshette, I just don't get (not like Claudette or Paulette)! Katherine Ross, I'm at a loss. Carrie Snodgress, I guess you think I quibble, but I dig neither you nor Cybill.

Hubba Hubba: Give me Lucille Ball, bright and brassy, Lauren Bacall, smart and sassy; Susan Hayward, acting wayward; Bette Davis, livid, vivid; Betty Hutton's noise and clamor; Carole Lombard's poise and glamour; Natalie Wood, so breezy, gentle (am I growing sentimental?). Debbie Reynolds, easy, happy; Ginger Rogers, teasy, snappy.

Sex symbols now all seem the same, alike in everything but the name. You bare it all in bold undress, revealing more but showing less. Now, way back when, when stars were stars–Garbos, Dietrichs and Lamarrs–prototypes were sure distinct; hardly nude but often minked.

Haughty Merle, naughty girl; both the Russells, Roz and Jane; Joan Fontaine, Priscilla Lane, Jeanne Crain and Vivian Blaine. Joan Crawford, cold and glossy; Barbara Stanwyck, bold and bossy; Kelly's Grace, Vivien's face. Doris Day, features Windexed. (Movie stars were better indexed.)

So, Mary Tyler Young, you haven't yet begun. (Pardon, I mean Leigh Taylor-Moore, you have no right to stardom.)

And YOU, Raquel, are not much cuter.

Did you come from a computer???

Sincerely,
Bob Edison

PS–Give me Marjorie Main over Barbara Bain. Oh wow! Right on.

Towel Hear This

If a snake charmer married an undertaker, would their monogrammed towels read "Hiss" and "Hearse"?

–Herm Albright

Inadequate Aqua Extremis

We had better conserve our water,
One way or the other,
Or we'll find our country going from
One ex-stream to another!

–Ruth M. Walsh

Mother Goose Revisited

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater
Had a wife and sometimes beat her.
But now his little pumpkin shell
Has turned into a living Hell.
Ms. Eater, into Liberation,
Turned into a Carrie Nation,
And Poor Peter's on her list
From when he was a chauvinist.

–JoAnn Gill

Dumb Questions

My neighbor asks the dumbest questions. We both live on the top floor of the building and when she gets into the elevator with me she asks, "Going down?"

When I'm sitting by the pool she comes out, pulls over an empty chair and asks, "Is anyone sitting here?"

I wore my new $150 mauve chiffon to the bridge dessert Friday and she told me, "That's a nice style, but do you really like that color?"

I've decided to ignore her. Today she was in the lobby all red-eyed and sniffling. She gulped out, "I just came from Ada Trent's funeral."

"Oh," I said, "Did she die?"

–Rhoda Riddell

Quick Rundown On Man

His life's a tough run,
His end, not evadable;
And when his stint's done,
He's biodegradable.

–G. Sterling Leiby

Commune—ications

She Hippie: I'm moving in with you.
He Hippie: In a pigsty you are.

–Teddy Malkin

End Of Course

She was learning to drive
And was doing OK
Till she made a wrong turn
Down a street marked ONE WAY.

As was later remarked
By her businesslike nurse,
"She did fine till she took
That turn for the worse."

–G. Sterling Leiby

Cost Plus

She sells
Sea shells
By the sea shore.

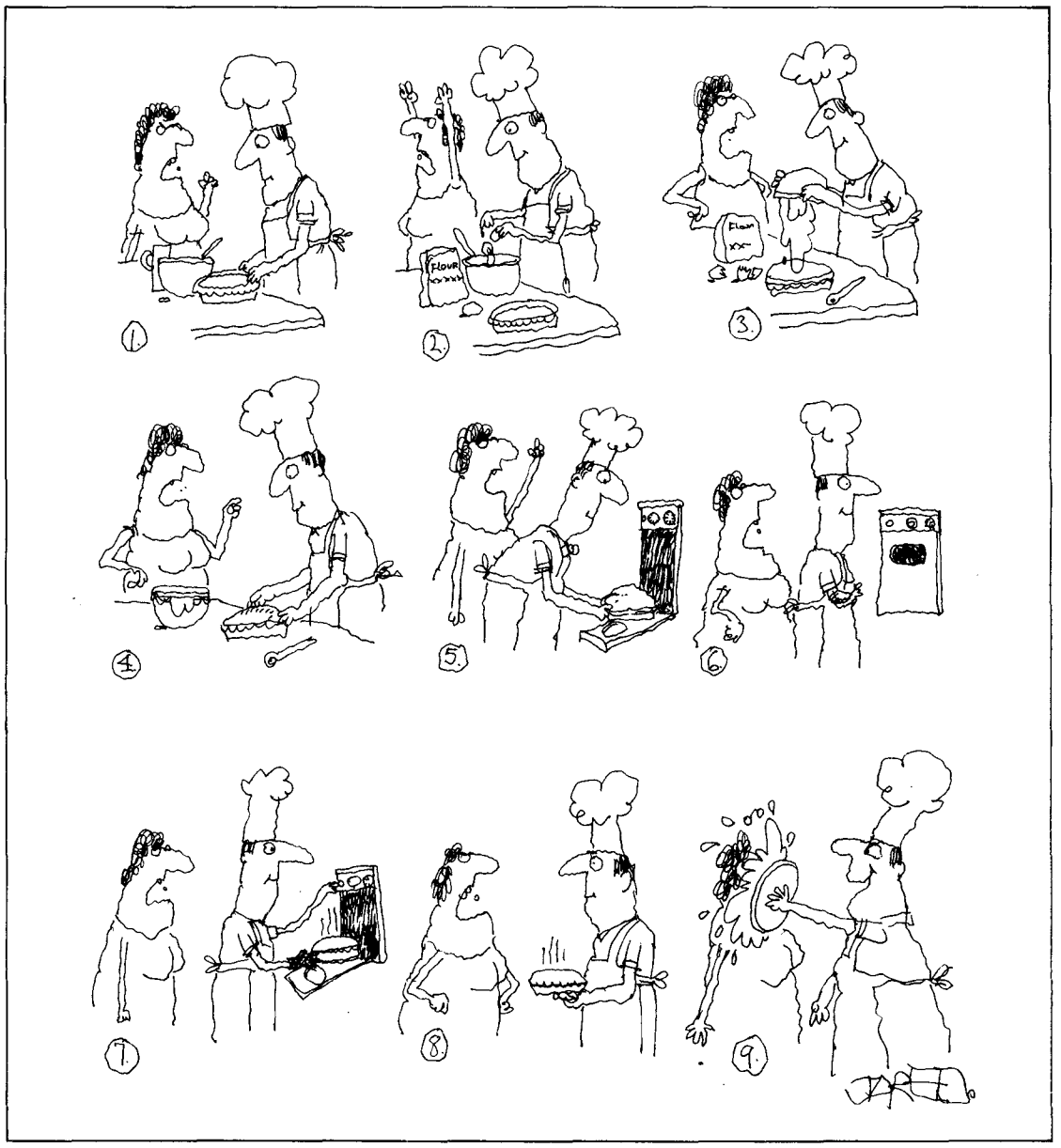
Sam sells
Clam shells
For a bit more.

–Rosemarie Williamson

First Grader

He had trouble writing *y*'s today.
They were too wide and spacious.
So he turned his paper upside down
And wrote a page of *h*'s.

–V. R. O'Connor



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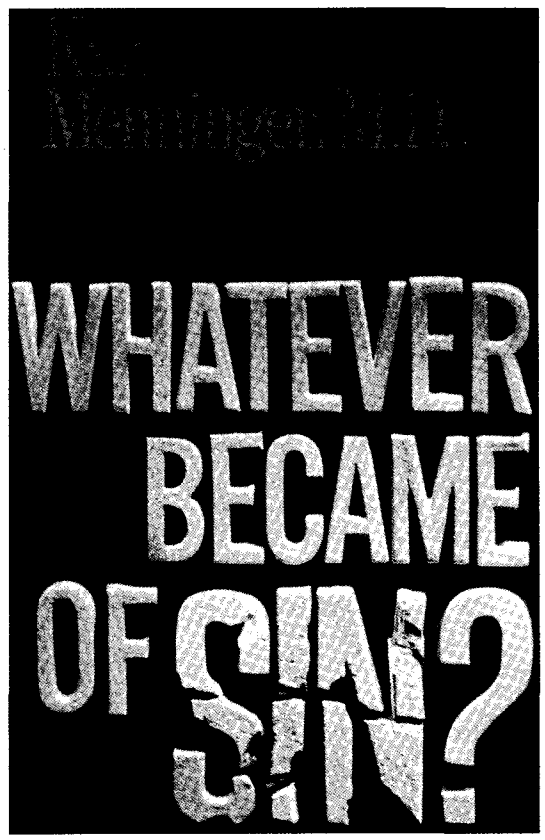
The Saturday Evening Post Book Shelf

Whatever Became Of Sin?

By Karl Menninger, M.D.
242 pages, Hawthorn Books, Inc., $7.95.

By RICHARD G. GRAY



Whatever became of sin? Sin that prompted the Mosaic Law? Sin that Christ went to the cross to bear? Sin that the medieval Church sought to stamp out? Sin that so troubled the consciences of our Puritan forefathers and that became the focus of so much fire and brimstone preaching?

The question is put in this enlightened age not by a preacher, not by a theologian, not by a philosopher, but by a man whose name has become almost synonymous in America with the science and practice of psychiatry. Dr. Karl Menninger—who founded, and along with his father, brother, son and nephews, developed a world-famous psychiatric center in Topeka, Kansas, to help heal the guilt complex—has now written a short but penetrating book on the need to return to a recognition of sin.

"I believe there is sin," Menninger declares, "which is expressed in ways which cannot be subsumed under verbal artifacts such as 'crime,' 'disease,' 'delinquency,' 'deviancy.' There is immorality; there is unethical behavior; there is wrongdoing. And I hope to show that there is usefulness in retaining the concept, indeed the word SIN. . . ."

This is the same Karl Menninger speaking who has long gone to the barricades to defend the behavioral sciences, psychoanalysis, motivational research, and who has attacked the inhumanity and stupidity of punishment and prisons. Has he undergone some sort of fanatical conversion to narrow-minded fundamentalism? Has he been won to the side of the moral hard hats, the punishment and vengeance people, the archaic prudes?

After some fifty years of fighting to annihilate the sin concept, has he turned his intellectual coat and gone over to the enemy? "No!" answers Menninger. "The moralistic bullyboys are no friends or allies of mine. I think I have spoken out against them louder and more often than most. I say they are wrong. But they are not concerned with sin. They are not concerned with morality, only with legality and vengeance. They advocate practices to halt crime which are often more criminal than the crime they seek to halt."

What Menninger is calling for is renewed moral awareness and acceptance of personal responsibility in our complex and troubled world. He is not concerned with the classic sins of the flesh, but rather with twentieth-century offenses—sins of modern war, sins against minorities, sins of the corporation, sins of overpopulation, and sins against the environment. Menninger believes that we have gone too far in trying to wash away our guilt complexes. And he is right. In attempting to cure man of an over-concern with personal transgressions, we may have released him from social responsibility.

This new morality stems in part from the spread in our modern world of secularism grounded in overly-optimistic assumptions about the nature of mankind. Secularism may take many different forms, but they are all united in one thesis: rejection of the Christian doctrine of original sin.

As theologian Reinhold Niebuhr points out in his classic treatise *The Children of Light and the Children of Darkness*: "One school holds that men would be good if only our political institutions would not corrupt them; another believes that they would be good if the prior evil of a faulty economic organization could be eliminated. Or another school thinks of this evil as no more than ignorance, and therefore waits for a more perfect educational process to redeem man from his partial and particular loyalties." But none of these schools bothers to explain how essentially good men could have created corrupting political institutions or exploitive economic systems or imperfect schools.

In part, our new morality also stems from the work of some modern sociologists and psychologists. We tend to excuse everything. Individuals go astray because of their parental background; crimes are the result of a poor social environment; wrongdoings are forced upon us by the actions and beliefs of our peers. The psychoanalysts have even given us a new lexicon to help play down the concept of sin. Our actions are no longer sinful, but "aggressive" or "self-destructive" or "alienating."

The end result of all this is a modern society where individuals tend to rationalize and justify their errant actions. Students steal on the campus today because they say the university is just one big "rip off" anyway. Business executives pad their expense accounts because the corporation owes it to them. Citizens cheat on their income tax because the system is corrupt. Politicians take bribes and kickbacks because that's the system. And we excuse ourselves by saying, "Oh, well, everyone else is doing it." If this type of moral thought process is carried far enough, we will end up with nobody taking responsibility for anything—war or the environment or the corporate society.

The truth of the matter is that man is sinful by nature, whether we want to recognize it or not. That is what Socrates was indicating when he wondered why "Men know what is good, but do what is bad." And that is what St. Paul was confessing when he wrote, in essence: That which I would not do, I do; and that which I would do, I do not. History attests abundantly to this sinful nature of man. Consider Dachau, Hiroshima, and the institution of slavery, to name only a few telling examples. But history also records instances of man's humanity to man.

Ultimately, then, man has both the capacity for good and evil. The challenge is to devise a social and political system that encourages man's capacity for good while at the same time discouraging his propensity for evil. Coming to a realistic recognition of mankind's sinful nature, as Menninger does in this work, is taking a philosophical step in the right direction. When individuals take cognizance of their sinful nature instead of trying to wish it away, they are less apt to become vexatious. If the Christian concept of original sin has done nothing else, it has helped keep men and women from over-indulging in self-love and assuming inordinate will-to-power. By recognizing our sinful nature, we are more apt to cope with it ourselves. That is, if the individual recognizes sin—and internalizes the process of confession, absolution, resolution and atonement—society is more likely to end up with positive rather than negative means of controlling errant behavior. In the final analysis, internalized control is more efficient and effective than external control. Compare the Hebrew dietary laws and the Pure Food and Drug Act controls, for example.

Whether democracy can survive in the later half of the twentieth century may ultimately depend on how well the citizens of free countries undertake this process of internalization and learn to control themselves. Otherwise the bureaucratic forces of outside control will assume more and more of a totalitarian stance or, at the other extreme, society will self-destruct amid chaotic anarchy. Therefore, Karl Menninger's latest work takes on meaning and significance of fundamental political and social importance, as well as adding a new dimension to the literature of psychiatry.

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The Lure Of The Falcon

By Gerald Summers
283 pages, Simon & Schuster. $7.95.

By ANN McGLINN

As a three-year-old boy, Gerald Summers fell into the company of a tyrannical tame mongoose, and their often unholy alliance was the beginning of the author's lifelong passion for animals and nature.

Actually, Gerald Summers could not have escaped this passion. He inherited it from his family; he acquired it through osmosis.

As nearly as can be ascertained, all of the people with whom he came in contact had the same malady. Besides the tame mongoose, his grandmother kept such oddball pets as desert mice and a Kashmir blackbird. His beloved Aunt Maud pedalled him about the English countryside in the basket of her outsized bicycle, extracting from nature any lore it would yield. Miss Jennison, his governess, introduced him to the mystic world of the butterfly and moth; to pond creatures, newt, scorpion, water spider, nymph, dragonfly and squiggly masses of mating toads.

Young Gerald, the sponge, soaked it all up. His friends, relations, and even schoolmasters were surprisingly sympathetic to the peculiar and sometimes appalling habits of his ever changing menagerie. Imagine a mother who would be bearable, much less amiable, when a small hawk hid things such as dead mice in the sofa cushions to retrieve them days later for a nice lunch.

And all this time life was leading this, by now, young soldier to a small kestrel falcon lying injured and starving in an isolated spot near a military training base in Britain.

With the outbreak of World War II begins the incredible adventure of Cressida, the falcon, and Gerald, the man. Tucked into Gerald's battle shirt, Cressida goes to North Africa to face Rommell's fire. Together they are wounded, captured by the Germans, hospitalized and imprisoned.

To tell the reader more would destroy the suspense of this moving true story. If the author has a weakness, it is in his near disdain for the human drama (enough to fill four books) and his absorbtion with the animal. His competent prose only rises to lyricism in the passages which describe the wonders of nature. On the other hand, his dedication to the falcon certainly saved his sanity and, quite possibly, his life.

Gerald Summers calls love of nature his lodestar, but it really is his talisman as well. I hope this book makes him a fortune.

The Implosion Conspiracy

By Louis Nizer
495 pages. New York: Doubleday. $10.00.

by ARTHUR G. HANSEN

Truth may be stranger than fiction but as set forth in Louis Nizer's *The Implosion Conspiracy* it is also more bizarre and exciting than most of the fiction you are likely to encounter. Here is the story of the trial of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg that took place over twenty years ago for conspiracy in stealing and delivering to the Russians one of the key secrets of the atomic bomb. The Rosenbergs, as it turned out, were found guilty of this conspiracy and sentenced to die. That was but the beginning. The case was to have historical proportions. It received more judicial attention than any case in America's history, caused a workers' strike in Italy, prompted an appeal from Pope Pius XII to President Dwight Eisenhower, and left many people wondering whether the facts in the case would ever be known.

Nizer, as a lawyer and talented writer, is the man to tell this tale. He has the touch of making you feel like a member of the jury as the testimony in court is set forth. Along the way he provides us with personal comments on law and courtroom procedures which make the trial record even more intriguing and puzzling than it must have been to the original jurors.

The story that unfolds after the trial is as suspenseful as any carefully constructed tale of fiction. There is a last-minute appeal to Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, who stays the Rosenberg execution and asks for examination of the trial judge's sentence. We agonize with the defense lawyers as a sick Chief Justice calls a vacationing Court into precedent-breaking special session, and the lawyers learn that a decision on the Douglas stay will be made less than ten hours before the Rosenbergs are to die. Again the reader is swept up in events as the Court reverses the stay of execution and frantic calls are made to the White House for clemency. All fails and Nizer's final description of events in the death house are more than likely to lead to clammy hands and a quickened pulse.

From a historical perspective, what is to be learned from this review of the Rosenberg case? Probably not much that we don't already know. We are reminded that even the best kept secrets can be discovered and that family loyalties may be sacrificed when lives are at stake. However, it is probably good to be reminded how the legal system of these United States works. The system is imperfect as is any human institution, but probably more fair to the accused than any other in the world. Nizer's opinions and perspective on this point are convincing and eloquently stated.

The trial review has one other great value and that is set forth in the author's statement "... (the case) is a symbol in the ubiquitous capital punishment debate and the general conflict between stricter law enforcement to diminish the crime wave and concern for the civil rights of those apprehended." Was the decision to let the Rosenbergs die in the electric chair a wise one? This is the question that will undoubtedly haunt the reader when he closes the covers of *The Implosion Conspiracy*.

History

207 pages. $7.95.

The Dolphin

78 pages. $6.95.

For Lizzie And Harriet

48 pages. $6.95.
All three books by Robert Lowell.
Published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

By PAUL ENGLE

Countries blast each other with bomb or word. Crops fail, cattle starve, the bellies of children bloat. Moon sets and sun rises. Life trembles on a surprisingly stable earth.

And the poet goes on writing, as always, in defiance of all disaster.

The headlines go to government, the footnotes go to the poets, whose final language outlasts the civil power. Robert Lowell has been an ornament of this country for years, with his emotionally tense and intellectually nimble poems. The publication of three new volumes of verse by him in a single season ought to be regarded as a triumph American culture can offer the world.

Robert Lowell has taken the English language as it is spoken in the U.S.A. and shaped it into resounding lines. He writes wryly of the young who "wish to stand in our shoes before we've left them," of his blood drawn off into test tubes "like the firecrackers of live July," of how he feels he has "plotted too freely with my life." Plain prose says that the Charles River at Cambridge bends, but Lowell writes that "The black stream curves as if it led a lover." That is why mankind goes on accepting the tough struggle of making words mean more than they should.

These are confessional books, close to the bone of Lowell's life. They are candid, gritty, alive. They look in the mirror more unflinchingly than most of us look into the eyes of another. The nerve is here on the page, quivering, soft, aware of pain and pleasure. He speaks of a couple as "a net trapped in the arms of another net." There it is, the entire sense of two people together, stated in a width narrower than a hand. Christ, he said, was "turning the word *forgiveness* to a sword." Of Samuel Pepys: "He kept a sensual man's respect for sin."

This is poetry out of day-by-day, what the eye saw, the nose smelled, the ear heard, the tongue tasted, the hand touched. It is an art made out of brickdust, river stink and human stink, and still another variation on that old theme: "I waste hours writing in and writing out a line,/ as if listening to conscience were telling the truth."

What the United States needs is the unbreakable honor of such lines. They are a national treasure and should be so declared, for this reason:

The hurt mother sleeps awake like a cat till daybreak
stretched on the mat by the bed of our breathy child...
her cat thrusts its small brown arm through a crack
in the door,
then another arm, a brown nose, and the door
sticks–
it is this waking daily to the fire of daybreak,
our twenty years of fractious will and feather...
Do I romanticize if I think that I can be as selfish a
father as Karl Marx, Milton, Dickens, Trotsky,
Freud, James Mill, or George II, a bad son and worse
father–the great lions needed a free cage to roar in...
O when will I sleep out the storm, dear love,
and see at the end of the walk your dress glow
burnt-umber, as if you had absorbed the sun?

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ICE PRINCESS

continued from page 54

at age two-and-a-half, and when, according to Janet's mother, Mrs. Ethelyne Nowicki, all Janet ever said was, "I wanta skate, I wanta skate, I wanta skate," the battle was already won. "I have never seen anyone with the drive of Janet," says the dark-haired Miss Kohout, who recently took a closer step toward the center of Janet's life by marrying Dick Button, the former Olympic star, now forty-seven, and Janet's manager, the man who negotiated her million-dollar contract. Button and Slavka were married in Switzerland, and like true winter children put their wedding off a day because, as Button recalls, "the skiing was so great we skied instead."

"Janet's skating possesses poetic lyricism, free-flowing movements, and jumps that spring up suddenly like fountain sprays," says Button, who as four-time World's Figure Skating Champion won some fame with lyrical jumps himself. "She has the two things no coach can put into a skater—superb balance and strong character," says Mrs. Button.

Button's romance with Slavka is a long story that began thirty-one years ago when Button was skating in Berkeley, California, and Slavka's father brought her to watch Dick. "She came up to me," he recalled in his New York office where trophies have given way to business contracts and promotion stunts, "and asked me if I leaped and twirled. I reacted as any self-respecting sixteen-year-old champion would to such a question from a lisping ten-year-old girl. I ignored the question." Button laughs, "But she finally got even with me."

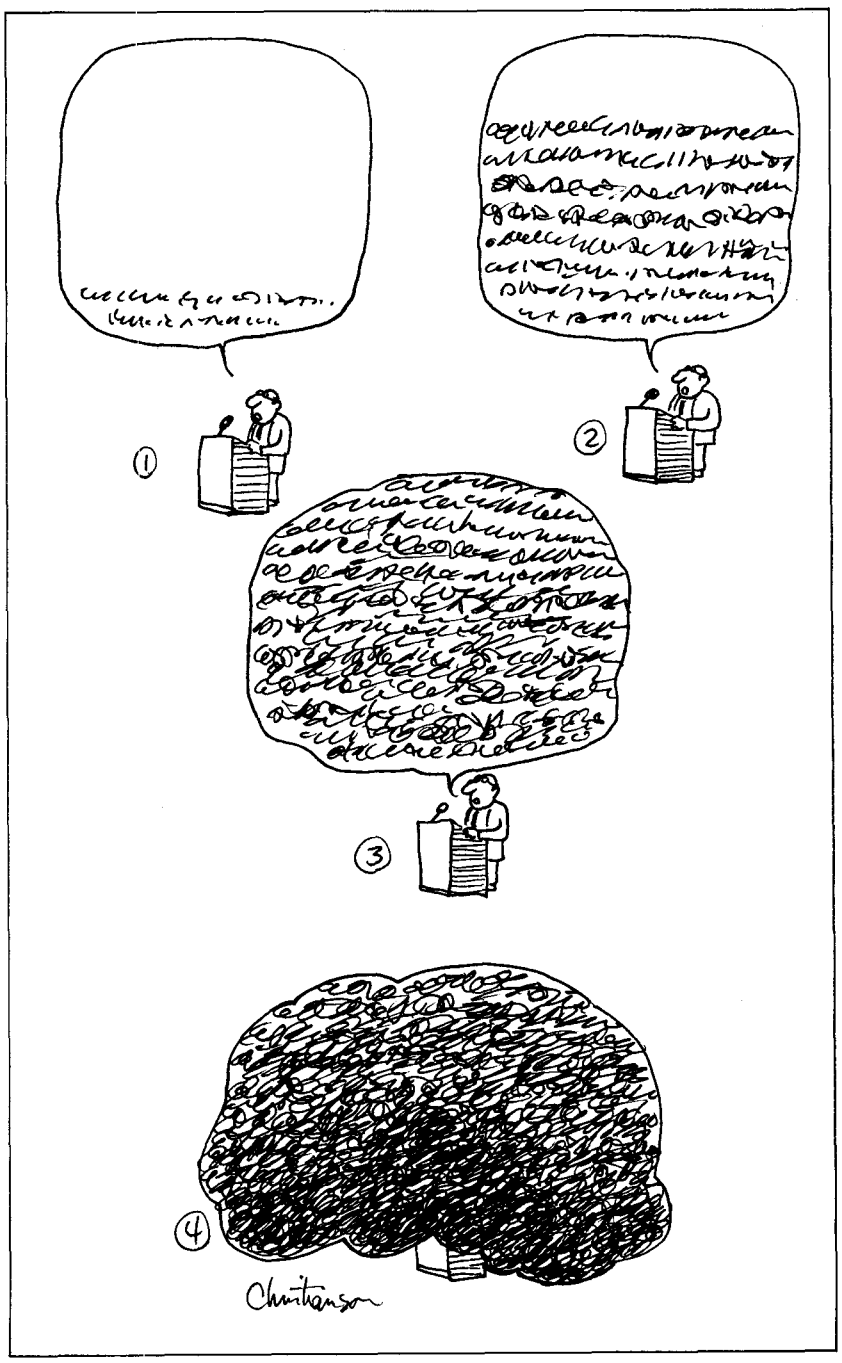
"We keep in touch by phone," Janet says. "I'm very happy for Miss Kohout and I'm happy for Dick." She says it almost wistfully, perplexed perhaps that skaters are so bound to their work that romance comes late and maybe last. Slavka Kohout is forty. Button, though robust, is a reminder that the ice is not eternal. Sonja Henie, first in the long line of blonde or near blonde darlings who've won medals first, then hearts, defended her supremacy on the ice against young comers for years, snatching a bit of happiness with Niels Onstad, finally succumbing to time and leukemia in 1969 to the world's great sorrow. Peggy Fleming, the pretty Coloradan, a pro since 1968, has delighted millions of television viewers with her specials, linking herself with the glamorous skier, Jean-Claude Killy; but the link broke recently when Killy married a French actress.

Janet now sees her life veering toward specials, movies (hopefully), and quality promotions. Her contract is designed to allow her time and temperament for the unholy hours taping specials requires. "I'm skating less actual time but doing more performances now than ever." Her appearances in the Ice Follies shows come usually at the beginning of the first act and at the end of the second, not exactly leaving Janet time to go to a movie in between.

What does she do during this time? "Oh, I read, talk with some of the kids who're not on. There're always fittings. Or I work on a new routine."

Behind the proscenium—improvised, curtained, a faint line of mildew marking its proximity to the ice, Janet can sometimes be seen working out her lonely perfection. If a show is not on she is safe. Otherwise, she must watch for the flying exits of the comedy stars. She seems no more than a bit of the finery, part of the sets, the cardboard flats that with lights and action become the magic spectators pay four, six, and eight dollars to see. Often she is called away by a public relations person to pose with Girl Scouts working on merit badges in ice skating, or with members of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, to which Janet belongs.

Janet is deeply religious, the natural result perhaps of a childhood deprived of the haphazard. Her thinking for a long time was very much "if God had wanted people to fly he would've given them wings." In 1967 she was working toward the U.S. Competition in Philadelphia that would give Olympic team berths to three girls. Two months before the competition, Janet sprained her ankle. She stayed off the ice for ten days. "I was fourteen," she remembers. Apprehensive about testing it with jumps. The bones are soft in a girl that age. "I finally said to myself I might as well do the best I can and keep skating." The ankle was strong enough, somebody up there loved her, and with a little moxie on Janet's part, she placed third to become the youngest female American Olympian in history.



Slavka Kohout was beside herself. And so was Janet's hometown, Rockford, Illinois. The special school schedules—allowing Janet to skate from seven a.m. until her first class at ten-fifteen—had paid off. More skating after school, and all day Saturday. One of Janet's teachers, Robert Winters, says, "Janet was the same in school as she was in her skating. She settles only for perfection." The subject was math.

"I've taken two college courses—English and Christian ethics—it's hard because we move around so much with the show, but I want to finish. Richard Dwyer—the male star of Ice Follies—finally graduated this year after *twelve* years. I'll be an old woman!"

How long does a career in the rink last? "Mr. Frick's been with the show for thirty-five years." Mr. Frick—funny, fifty, agile, according to the program, as a steeplejack, bends limbo-double as he skews around the tank—will celebrate his 14,000th performance this year.

Still, character acting would never conceivably be Janet Lynn's bag. She skates, believe it or not in these cynical days, for God and country. And that doesn't look good on older people. Janet does a number to the tune of "America, the Beautiful," her voice softly amplified behind the orchestra telling why she loves America. The whole thing would wet anybody's eyes with pride. Benedict Arnold included.

More than a year after she lost the chance for a Gold Medal at Sapporo, Janet told a group of foreign correspondents in Japan, "It was a terrible day, worse than I had done in practice all year . . . I went out crying because I had really failed. I asked God, 'Why, why?' until I realized God didn't want me to skate for the medal but for Him. The next day I stepped on the ice and didn't care a thing about the medal because I felt love in me . . . I learned that no failure is such a failure that somebody doesn't love us."

She is more relaxed now with God. "Sometimes I stay up almost all night. Talking with kids in the show. I don't get any sleep, and I say, 'All right, God, you have to skate today. I'm too sleepy.' And I seem to do better than when I have eight hours."

It is the exuberance of youth—the natural response of a healthy, vigorous young woman who must, to a certain extent deny her life for her art. "I don't have a lot of time for boyfriends but there are one or two. Last weekend my family came down. Some of my friends from high school—it was great. They could care

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less about me as a skater. They don't associate that girl out there (she points to the rink) with me. They're two different people."

They are not. They are the same. The smile's the same. And that is her value as a star property: her sincerity and driving desire to please. Even though the teeth are perfect and her hazel eyes crinkle irresistibly and the temptation to smile, for such an effect, is strong, she smiles more to bring her audiences along, to make them sense the fun of her work than to show how pretty she is.

"I feel many times people put me up on a pedestal and I don't deserve it. I try to express love for all people through my skating—to try to find something in other people's lives that is good and worth bringing out."

In the business of entertainment, this desire, not to mention its fulfillment, is pure gold. Arthur Wirtz, the Chicago sports and business magnate, says, "No skater since Sonja Henie, and I've seen them all, has the universal draw Janet has." It was Wirtz who brought the late Miss Henie to professional stardom.

Would she do anything differently if she had her life to do over? Does she feel she missed a lot? "Probably not. I mean, if I felt the same way, I'd do it the same way. Sometimes I miss dressing up in jeans—we're not allowed to wear them—they're not strict with us, they just want us to wear decent clothes, but I'm happy.

"I have a book coming out. *Peace And Love*—an autobiography," she says, deprecatingly since a twenty-year-old supposedly should not have a great deal to say of life.

It was in Japan that Janet scrawled "Peace and Love"—on the wall of her dressing room at the Olympic Village. Words that have been bandied about lately, words that have been made into lances or shields for defending the speaker's position or offending his enemies. Writing on a wall in Japan, as it is in most other places, practice to the contrary, is an illegal act. But the Japanese were touched. More because of the message than for the fact that she used erasable chalk. Thousands of posters featuring a full color picture of Janet were sold at ten dollars a throw, and for several months after the Olympic Games were over, a steady stream of Japanese journalists and photographers appeared at the Nowicki home in Rockford for feature stories. "She's our number one goodwill ambassador," said the U.S. Olympic Committee. Indeed, her popularity in the Land of the Rising Sun is so great, she will be in a TV special aired only in that country.

So winning, in effect for Janet, wasn't everything. Nor was it for her career. And her religion and her smile and her all-around niceness seem to be genuine. She's not sticky because she's real. Around her neck, she wears a tiny gold fish, the symbol of the early Christians. "Somebody I

Continued on page 104

The Lazy Man's Way to Riches

'Most People Are Too Busy Earning a Living to Make Any Money'

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks.

But I didn't start making big money until I did less—a *lot* less.

For example, this ad took about 2 hours to write. With a little luck, it should earn me 50, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

What's more, I'm going to ask you to send me 10 dollars for something that'll cost me no more than 50 cents. And I'll try to make it so irresistible that you'd be a darned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I make $9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and an 8-cent stamp. But what if I'm right?

Sworn Statement:

"I have examined this advertisement. On the basis of personal acquaintance with Mr. Joe Karbo for 18 years and my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that every statement is true."

[Accountant's name available upon request.]

Bank Reference:
Southern California First National Bank
17122 Beach Blvd., Huntington Beach, California 92647

Joe Karbo
17105 South Pacific, Dept. 545-G
Sunset Beach, California 90742

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material—for *any* reason—within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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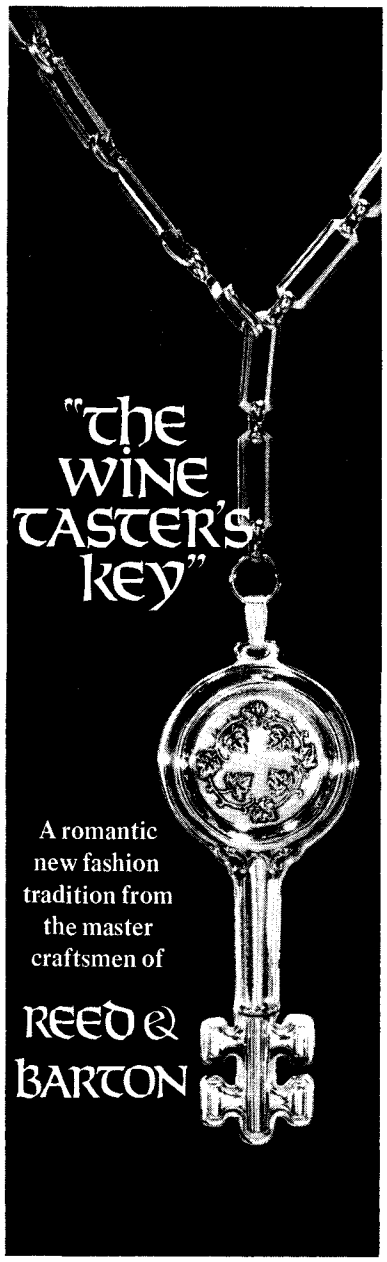

This distinguished sterling silver adaptation of an antique bronze 19th-Century French sommelier's key to the royal wine cellars of Versailles not only serves as an elegant piece of jewelry but as a taste vin or wine sip as well. The key "loop," delicately garlanded with grape leaves, holds a half ounce, enough for the connoisseur to judge the bouquet, texture and clarity of the wine under consideration. With its adjustable, rhodium-plated 39" chain, it may be worn as a pendant or a belt. Even "his lordship" may wish to play the wine steward on festive occasions! See page 129A for convenient tear-out order form.

The Trading Post
P.O. Box 567 B
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please send me _____ sterling silver Wine-Taster's Keys, gift-boxed, $12.95 each plus $1.00 insured shipping. _____ Vermeil, $21.50 each plus $1.00 insured shipping.

☐ Check enclosed. Bill to:
☐ Bank Americard ☐ Master Charge
Credit Card No. _____
Expiration Date: _____

If Master Charge, also enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: ___ ___ ___ ___

Signature _____

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Indiana residents add 4% sales tax.
Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. 4B

SEA OTTER

continued from page 71

Arctic waters, down the North American coast, and extending deep into Baja California. The estimated populations were in the millions. The price per pelt often exceeded $1,000 and record highs doubling that amount were claimed.

The otter's fur proved to be the most compact and finest in the world, which is not unusual considering they belong to the same family of animals as the mink and sable. Their relatives are all land, not sea, animals. Only during this century has the sea otter returned to the sea for total living—never again to go ashore in populated areas. The entire sea otter population was so depleted by the 1911 Fur Protection Treaty that none was believed to exist outside the remote, frozen Alaskan islands. None was sighted from Alaska to Baja with the exception of a few unsubstantiated sightings, most of which were never officially recorded. Yet in 1935, a miraculous return from extinction occurred off the coast of Carmel, California. Thirty to ninety sea otters were reported floating toward Monterey. These otters that we now faced were the descendants that had lived despite man's near annihilation of them. They had learned in less than two hundred years of fur hunting how to evade man; and now one little otter, at least, had learned to trust, not fear us. Within moments, this little otter was back for more food.

Ron was hurrying into his wet suit and making his cameras ready for a dive. We showed our friend our food bag, offered him food just slightly underwater as we became engulfed in the misty-green, awesome, and frightfully cold undersea world. We hoped he would follow. I remained under the dense kelp canopy not more than five feet below the surface, but the otter was gone. Our regulators gulped and hissed their rhythmic air burps into billowing sprays of bubbles that umbrellaed above us. Perhaps it was this that had frightened the sea otters. During the Cousteau filming, Ron and the other Calypsonauts had used oxygen rebreathers, closed circuit breathing devices that do not emit exhaust. The units are silent, small, and noiseless. Now we did not have access to them, so we used regular scuba equipment. We drifted farther into the kelp forest—golden fronds laced the gray world like a fairy garden. Sun streaked through the dense kelp foliage in sparks and streamers. The world of light, air and land was becoming far removed from us as darkness closed in when we reached the bottom at only forty feet deep. Our world had five-foot walls, dim and cold. We lay in wait.

Time eventually turned seconds into minutes in a natural succession, but it seemed the world had stopped and we were held as pagan idols lifeless to an ideal—a dream. Ten, twenty, thirty minutes lapsed. As our air supply faded above us and all hopes of finding sea otters waned, Ron began to take pictures of the sea about us. With each flash of his strobe lights, a vision of color, design and unparalleled beauty was recorded on film. Scarlet gorgonian polyps—golden corynactis, like miniature marigolds, starfish, fat and small, ambled their many legs over encrusted rock bottom. Crabs scampered over kelp. Nudibranch, the shell-less flying wonder of the mollusk family, danced their ballet by folding multicolored bodies into endless forms. "How strange, exotic and inviting this water world of the sea otters is!" we thought as the cameras clicked picture after picture. Within only a few square feet, the diversity of sea life and beauty was astounding. But no sea otters!

By this time, I had spent over two hours motionless in the water. I could bear it no longer. I was sure I had an undersea version of frostbite over my entire body. I would never stop shaking; visions of a continuous hot shower loomed in my brain as a near obsession. Ron motioned for me to go up. I wanted to, but hesitated a moment, then bristled as something caught my flipper. It inched over my thighs and up my framework executing rapid little pats and pulls. I wasn't sure that my husband had not been afflicted in some way, and had suddenly grown amorous in this ridiculously cold water.

It never dawned on me that our friendly little sea otter had at last come to investigate and be fed. At this moment, I was not sure of exactly what food he had in mind. The sea otter's canine like teeth could inflict a serious wound if the otter so chose. But so far, he was just exploring curves and bumps of my frame, air tanks, head, and suddenly my mask! I peered eyeball to face plate with our sea otter. He grasped my mask as if it were truly "Sea Gold." "Ah hah! What strange food is this," he tugged and pulled. His extendible claws cupped around the edges. I wore contact lenses and didn't want to flood my mask and flush them away. I tried to interest him in hand, finger, underwater watch; but no, the face mask had to be dinner, he seemed to think, until he touched upon my blurping regulator. "Oh, this was a real live shellfish," he thought as he pulled full force upon my mouthpiece. "Strange metallic shell," he must have been thinking as he nibbled at the edges. His forepaws were all the while working it loose from my mouth. If I had worn dentures, I'm sure mouthpiece, teeth and all, would have gone to him.

At long last, I gathered some wits and unpacked, as best I could, a sea urchin from my feed bag. It clung to the mesh like a porcupine trapped within a fat lady's girdle, but after many finger pricks, I freed the urchin and offered it to my eager little friend. Oh, what excitement! He tore off to the surface jubilant and was back in seconds for a rock to break it open. He dove, found a suitable rock, and surfaced with us, for our air now was completely gone; therefore, we watched him enjoy his meal topside. He laid the urchin upon his chest, pounded the rock onto it, and then devoured the innards voraciously. Seagulls soared close to secure scraps. For the next hour, Ron fed the otter urchins and squid.

We were amazed at his appetite. We were sure he would ask for Alka-Seltzer soon and moan with a stomach ache, but the otter must eat 25 percent of its body weight per day to ward off cold. This adds up to twenty-five pounds of high protein food per day. So he was probably not overdoing it. No wonder our otter was thrilled at our handouts.

He preened his fur meticulously in between each bite. Eating, spinning through the water, turning, twisting, washing hands, head and face, and turning catlike and then fluffing, blowing air into the fur and shaking it more. This process is amazing to watch. It is so rapid and well timed. It is very essential to keep the fur free from contamination or it will mat and lose its warming ability. The sea otter is the only marine mammal that relies solely on fur, not fat, to keep warm. The care of the fur is very important and our otter was doing his job well.

We watched and waited for others to join the feeding, but none did the first day nor for several days later. But by the end of a week, we had four or five otters converging upon us the moment we appeared in the kelp beds. This was a real beginning. Now we could relax and enjoy close observation of the sea otter as he lives his unique life in the sea.

Ron was called away on assignment that took us out of the country and sea otter territory for about a year. Upon our return, we learned of the death of our sea otter friend. We were shocked, dismayed, and more determined than before to show in pictures the remarkable life of the sea otter.

Of the nearly one million animals known to man, the sea otter is the only tool-using sea animal. This very accomplishment has nearly caused its demise over the years. The "Whack" of a tool breaking open shellfish on the surface was ample target for fur traders of the past. And today the otter's ability to procure abalone by the use of a rock tool has caused it to be considered a pest by commercial abalone fishermen, and

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had been the cause of our otter's death. It was hard to conceive that man would kill an otter over his ability to get abalone from the sea floor. How this was accomplished was a mystery and our goal photographically.

Like many others, we had observed tool use above the water many times, but we wanted to get pictures of such activity underwater, something which had never before been accomplished by anyone to our knowledge. The otter was believed to remove abalone from its secure hold on a rock by the use of a tool. How else could an otter force the abalone loose to bring it to the surface for a tasty dinner? Broken shells also indicated that the otters might smash the shell while the abalone is attached to the rock and force it to release its grip. Man uses an abalone iron as a lever to release the abalone's tenacious hold. Even with this long slender iron shoved under the foot of the abalone, it takes no mean effort to pry the abalone loose.

Abalone in the Monterey (sea otter range) are scarce, so to acquire photographs of tool use, we had transferred a few abalone on various rocks. But before the abalone would have a chance to clamp down securely, an inquisitive otter would steal it and foil our plans of photographing tool-use. Whenever we located an abalone in its natural location, it would be either too hidden from camera's view or wedged between rock crevices which were shielding it from possible sea otter poundings. It seemed impossible to transplant an abalone or to photograph one being retrieved in its natural location.

Ron struck upon the idea of placing several abalone in a bag with a clean beach rock for a few hours until the abalone had securely sealed upon the rock. This we did, and it worked too. We took the rock encrusted with abalone down to the bottom, and thus set up the feeding station. We waited to observe tool use. At long last a large otter came down, felt the abalone on the rock, pulled at them and then picked up the entire rock with all the abalone and went laboriously humping to the surface with the greatest find of his lifetime . . . much to our dismay.

Not to be outsmarted by the clever otter, we were off for a bigger rock and more abalone. Several hours later the same experiment was under way. Ron had secured a huge rock that he could hardly carry on board the boat. The abalone were securely sealed, and all was well until Ron tried to get into the water. He tumbled overboard and dropped straight away to the bottom, which was fortunately only thirty feet below the boat. This was not the desired photographic setting he had planned, but he was not about to try to move the rock and defied any otter to surface with it.

Ron was back on the surface in an instant. "That was fast," I chided with a grin as I handed him the cameras and lights. He nodded his head sheepishly and motioned for me to quickly get into the water and play guard over the abalone rock.

While Ron was setting up the cameras and lights, I sat on the abalone and distracted the otters by feeding them squid and urchins. I felt like I was an underwater mother hen about to hatch a half dozen lumpy abalone. I moved away and down came "White Face," a beautiful otter with a long white cape. He bristled with enthusiasm at the prospect of the abalone. His whiskers wiggled over the rock repeatedly, his paws clamped onto a large abalone, but it would not yield.

We had placed an assortment of different sized rocks all around the abalone. He picked up a small rock and started pounding. Ron's strobe lights flashed as fast as they would recycle. They did not daunt "White Face." He was too intent upon his food. "Another rock might do it!" He threw down the first rock and

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REED & BARTON
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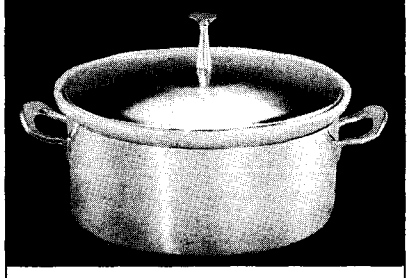
Founded 1824

This graceful Pewter Cider Pitcher is an authentic reproduction by America's oldest pewterers of an 1830 American design by noted pewterer Roswell Gleason of Dorchester, Massachusetts. It has a seven-pint capacity and is made of the finest quality lead-free pewter. $95.00.

The beautiful Casserole, pictured below, is heavily silverplated with a three-and-one-half-pint capacity and comes complete with oven-proof china liner. $45.00.

See page 129A for convenient tear-out order form.



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☐ Please send me the Pewter Cider Pitcher, $95.00 plus $2.50 insured shipping. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.
☐ Please send me the Silver-plated Casserole, $45.00 plus $2.50 insured shipping.
☐ Enclosed is check or money order. Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge.
If Master Charge also give 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: — — — —

Credit Card No. _____

Expires _____

Signature _____

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City _____ State ___ Zip ___
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picked up a larger one, then another, and another until he had tried each rock. Much to our chagrin he disappeared, though we did not think "White Face" would give up so easily. We were not disappointed, for he returned within a few seconds with a huge rock about one foot long, three inches thick and six inches wide. A real tool!

Our rocks had not been big enough; he found his own. With one whack to the abalone, it popped off the rock and into the paws of another otter. White Face could not tolerate this. He was nearly out of breath but tackled the thief with the force of a pro football giant. White Face squeezed the abalone from the intruder just as they reached the surface and left for a well deserved abalone dinner. We had not timed how long he was underwater, but he must have been down a record time.

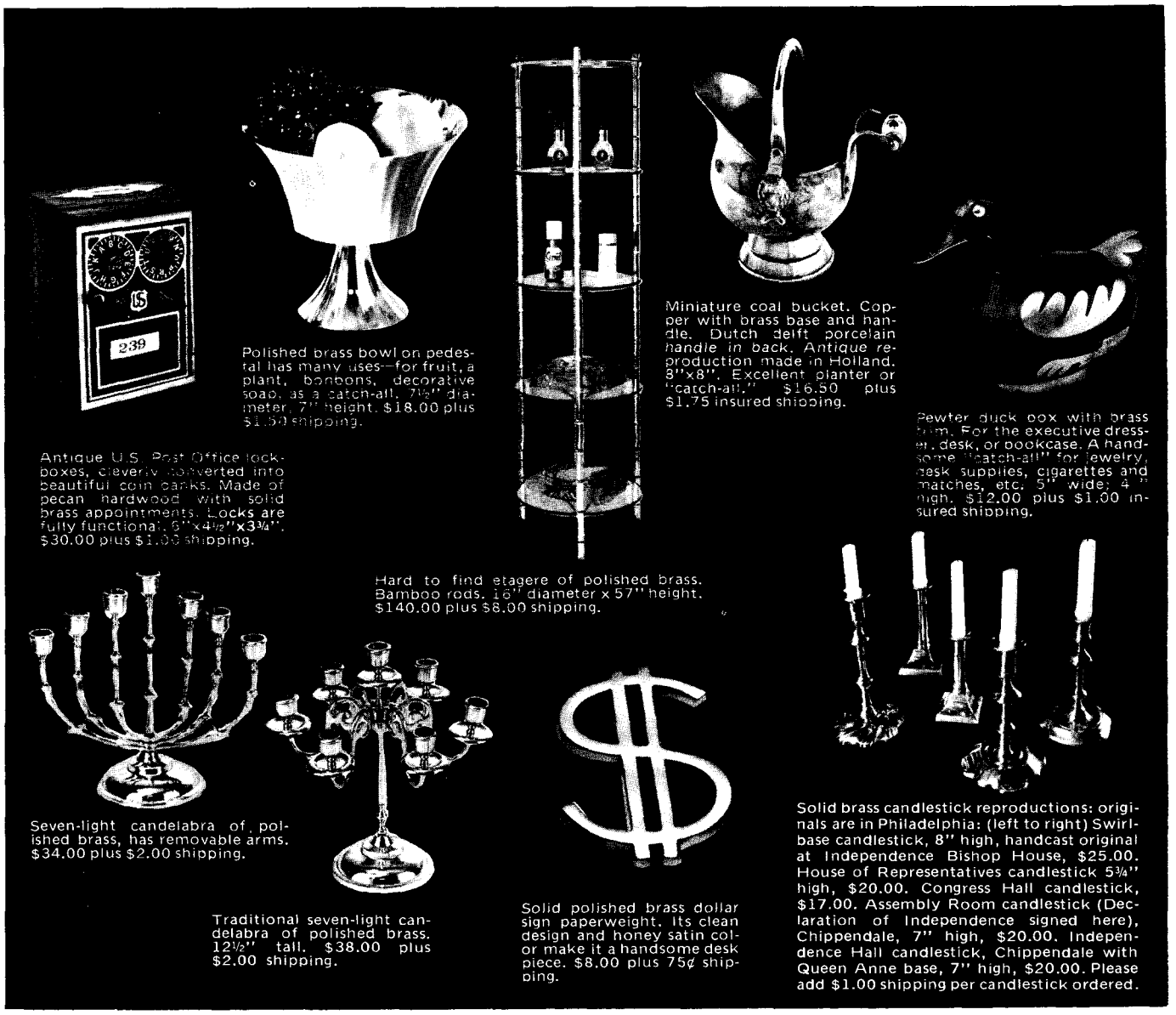
From that point on we were able to observe and photograph several techniques of tool use underwater. The side technique is the most effective. One blow on the edge will lift the abalone free. The most experienced otters use this approach with a very large rock. Some pound using an upward swing, making contact as the rock is lifted up and under the edge of the abalone. Some will pound straight down and break the shell. One poor little otter investigated the abalone, tried to bite it off and then in complete frustration picked up a rock. He seemed to know that the abalone was food and the rock was for pounding but could not quite put it all together to get the abalone. He placed his nose on the abalone and pounded away at his stomach! He finally gave up as he had to surface for air. Naturally we nicknamed him "Dummy."

Yet the sea otters are far from dumb. They display a keen sense of judgment, and analyze and survey any new situation carefully before deciding what to do. Their relationship with one another shows a high degree of intelligence and respect for their own kind . . . the spirit of the chase . . . the innovations that are exhibited in their games . . . their persistent efforts for dominance in the pursuit of food . . . the mother's ceaseless efforts in caring for her young. . . . All of these traits and their unique tool-using ability made the otters endearing to us.

Most of all we loved the otters because they had learned to overcome their instincts which told them to fear man: man the killer.

As we packed our cameras for the last time and left the world of the sea otter, we prayed that none of these little animals would come to harm by those who resent their ability to acquire the abalone.

We could only hope that someday man will learn to live with nature, respect her wild animals and allow them their just right to remain a part of the living for future generations to know and to love. Where, indeed, would man be without the marvels of nature about him to enjoy, to know, to love? ⚓


Antique U.S. Post Office lockboxes, cleverly converted into beautiful coin banks. Made of pecan hardwood with solid brass appointments. Locks are fully functional. 8"x4½"x3¾". $30.00 plus $1.00 shipping.
Polished brass bowl on pedestal has many uses—for fruit, a plant, bonbons, decorative soap, as a catch-all. 7⅛" diameter, 7" height. $18.00 plus $1.50 shipping.
Hard to find etagere of polished brass. Bamboo rods. 16" diameter x 57" height. $140.00 plus $8.00 shipping.
Miniature coal bucket. Copper with brass base and handle. Dutch delft porcelain handle in back. Antique reproduction made in Holland. 8"x8". Excellent planter or "catch-all." $16.50 plus $1.75 insured shipping.
Pewter duck box with brass trim. For the executive dresser, desk, or bookcase. A handsome "catch-all" for jewelry, desk supplies, cigarettes and matches, etc. 5" wide; 4" high. $12.00 plus $1.00 insured shipping.
Seven-light candelabra of polished brass, has removable arms. $34.00 plus $2.00 shipping.
Traditional seven-light candelabra of polished brass. 12½" tall. $38.00 plus $2.00 shipping.
Solid polished brass dollar sign paperweight. Its clean design and honey satin color make it a handsome desk piece. $8.00 plus 75¢ shipping.
Solid brass candlestick reproductions: originals are in Philadelphia: (left to right) Swirl-base candlestick, 8" high, handcast original at Independence Bishop House, $25.00. House of Representatives candlestick 5¾" high, $20.00. Congress Hall candlestick, $17.00. Assembly Room candlestick (Declaration of Independence signed here), Chippendale, 7" high, $20.00. Independence Hall candlestick, Chippendale with Queen Anne base, 7" high, $20.00. Please add $1.00 shipping per candlestick ordered.

Brassy Ideas for Home and Office

Each item in this special brass collection was selected for its quality, artistic design, and usefulness. You can select for yourself or for someone who deserves a truly fine gift that will last a lifetime. Whatever the occasion—birthday, wedding, anniversary—be assured that you have chosen well. Simply fill out the coupon below or see page 129A for convenient tear-out order form. . . and choose an enduring gift that will make a friendship endure.

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Please send me the following brass items from your collection. I have enclosed the correct amount for insured shipping.

☐ Antique lockbox ☐ Bowl on pedestal ☐ Seven-light candelabra, traditional
☐ Seven-light candelabra, with removable arms ☐ Etagere ☐ Candlestick, Swirl-base
☐ Candlestick, House of Representatives ☐ Candlestick, Congress Hall
☐ Candlestick, Assembly Room ☐ Candlestick, Independence Hall ☐ Paperweight
☐ Duck Box ☐ Coal Bucket

☐ Enclosed is check or money order. Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

If Master Charge, also enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: ____ ____ ____ ____

Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Name (print) _____

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Indiana residents add 4% sales tax. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. 4B

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OCEAN MINING RACE

continued from page 85

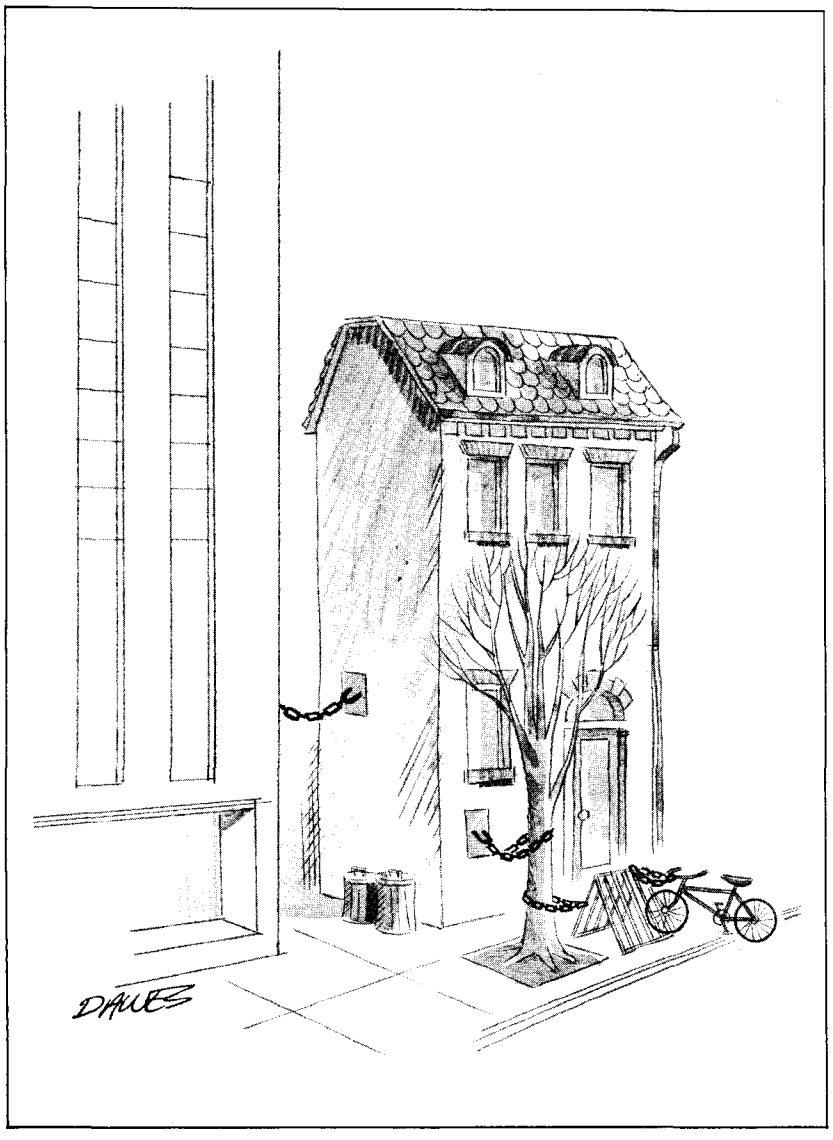
industrial raw materials, though, is more and more precarious for the U.S. "We import these metals mainly from developing countries which are generally unresponsive to U.S. foreign policy or which increasingly are combining to manipulate prices upward or to control production and distribution to further their economic goals," says Tenneco's chairman, N.W. Freeman.

The U.S. is finding it just as hard to meet its mineral needs from sources within its own boundaries. The availability of commercial deposits is so low that areas once passed over as worthless are now being mined. Companies are even mining their old waste dumps. A report last year by the U.S. Geological Survey said "the future drain on our mineral resources will become enormous" and supplies "will be drawn in large measure from resources that are now only subeconomic, or not even discovered."

The problem could be at least partially solved with the technology already in hand for deep-sea mining. Three mines could be operating in 1976, each harvesting 10,000 tons of nodules a day. Those three mines alone could supply the U.S. with 12 percent of the manganese it now imports, 41 percent of the copper, 54 percent of the nickel and three times current imports of cobalt.

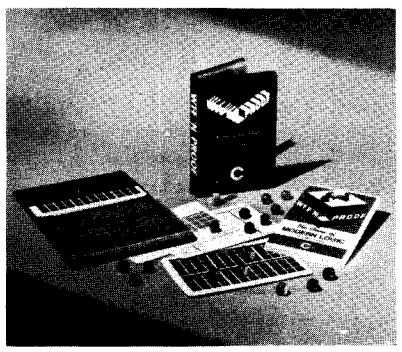
But the mines will have price tags of $250 million apiece and no company is going to lay out that kind of money without legal guarantees, expected from the Law of the Sea Conference, that the investment won't go down the drain. The companies would like to start operations almost immediately, and they want Congress to pass interim legislation protecting their capital until the international conference puts together a permanent convention governing use of the seabed. But U.S. negotiators would rather give the Caracas conference a chance to act first.

So there isn't likely to be any deep-sea mining on a large scale in the very near future. But it is coming, just as certainly as the big mines of the West came. Once the nations of the earth, in their long and tedious tribulations, finally succeed in applying laws to the oceans, the uncontrolled "freedom" of the seas would come to an end. And that would open the way for minerals to join food and oil as the third great resource man has won from the sea.



GAMES for THINKERS

University professors have authored these genuinely fun games as effective tools for nurturing the joy of learning, right in your own home or in the classroom. The emphasis is on how to think, how to learn logic, language, science, mathematics, and critical analysis. Parents and teachers are discovering what children know—the way to a person's mind is through his love of games. WFF 'N PROOF reaches the unmotivated, teaches the motivated.



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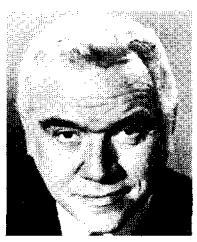

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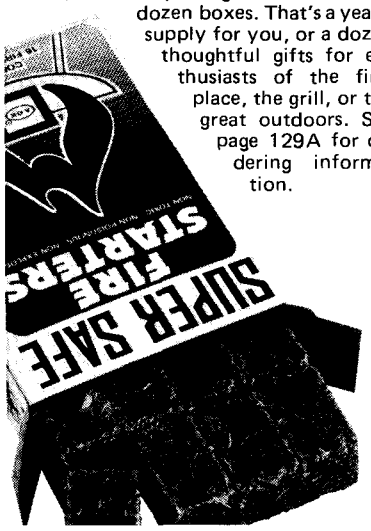


NORMAN ROCKWELL

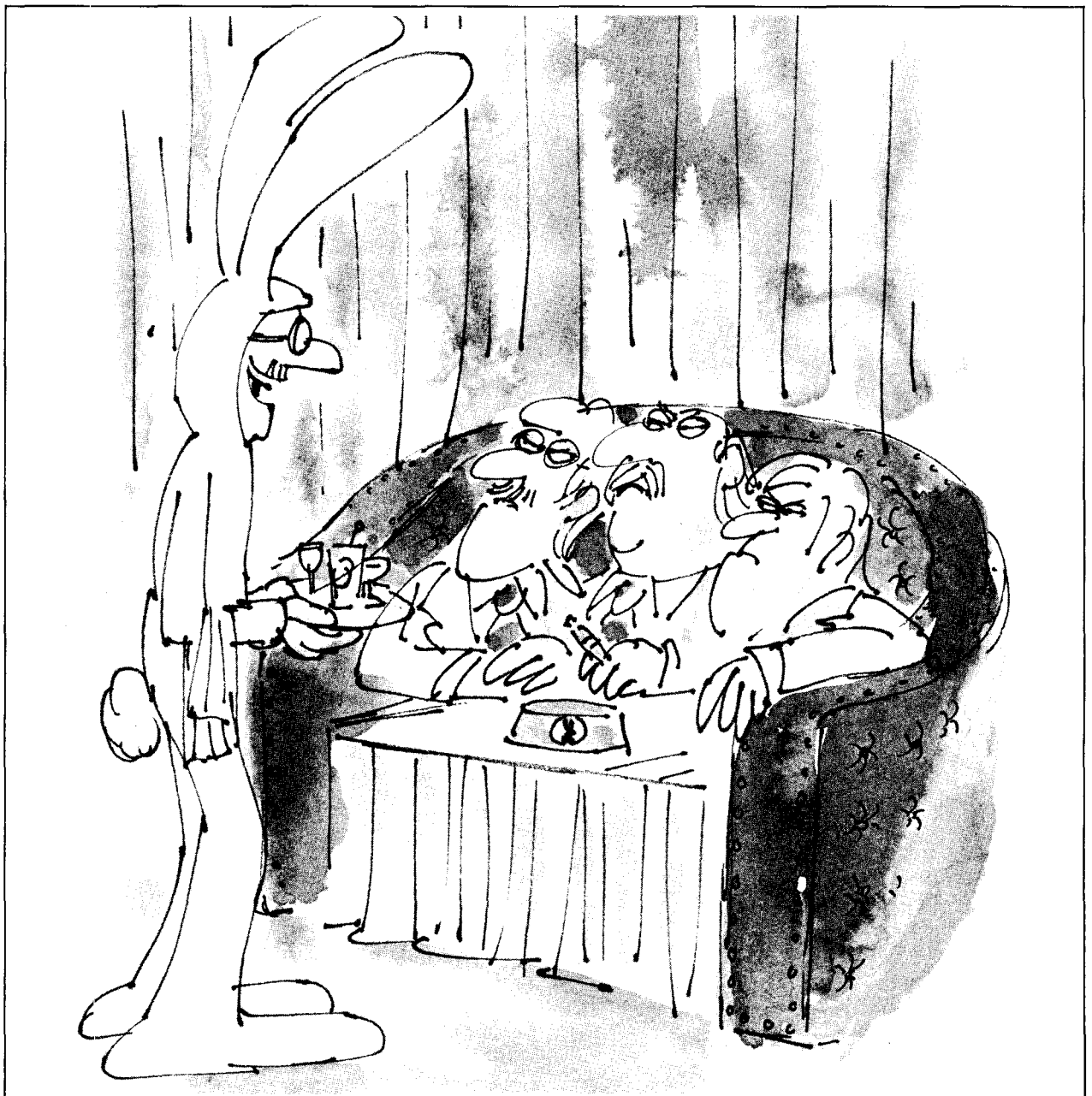
continued from page 77

small figures not important enough to be included when the copy of his work of the ration board was published. He did mention the line of people parading across the bottom of the page in the text of *Norman Rockwell Illustrator*. How disappointed I was to find only the painting of the ration board of Manchester, Vermont, in the book and none of the "little" people.

Time passed, I married and returned to live in New York State but my relatives still resided in Arlington. Mr. Rockwell asked my grandmother to pose for him for one of his covers for the *Post*. She was to pose with a small girl at her knee, showing the child an old-fashioned doll. He couldn't have selected a more suitable model for a grandmother as she was small and wrinkled with snow-white hair, a soft and gentle expression on her face and dancing blue eyes. Prior to the completion of his work Grandma passed away at the age of seventy-nine and the cover was never used. However, Mr. Rockwell, being the kind, thoughtful person he is, completed the portrait and presented it to my aunt with whom my grandmother had made her home. The portrait hung in my aunt's home until she too left us, and it passed on to her son who presently lives in Bennington, Vermont.

Yes, Norman Rockwell celebrated his eightieth birthday this February, and I'm sure his life and work have brought as much enjoyment to him as they have to others. I am sure that although he has worked with presidents and so many people known worldwide, he still remembers with fondness and sometimes humor all the "little" people who have posed for him over the years. I have read his autobiography so many times and have enjoyed it more each time, but feel he should bring it up to date for his many fans with a report on the past fourteen years. I saw him on a television talk show and was pleased to see he had barely changed at all since I saw him in 1944. Yes, he appeared a bit older, his dark hair is now gray, but he still has the same sparkle and wit, and his love of life and people came through as he was interviewed.

I am not a professional writer, so speak only from my heart when I say we need more men like Norman Rockwell in this world of ours, men who bring beauty, humor and goodness into our lives. Happy Birthday, Norman Rockwell, from an old friend and everyone in this world who has enjoyed and appreciated your talent these many years. ☒



I assure you, Gentlemen, it's just a matter of days before management and the girls get together on a new contract . . .

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MAGNIFICENT SWINDLER

continued from page 41

they were leaving, Guillon clapped Fantino on the back and suggested a game of *boules* for Sunday afternoon, Fantino's broad gold-toothed smile beamed his appreciation. On their way back to the caretaker's lodge, Fantino nudged his pal, Vial, and said huskily, "*Un brave type* (A swell guy)." He could say no more.

From that time on, whenever he was off duty, Fantino took to dropping in to say *"Bonjour,"* to make sure everything was all right and to bask for a while in the ambience of Guillon's free-flowing conversation and equally free-flowing *pastis*. It was a perfectly balanced relationship: Fantino liked to listen as much as this *sympathique* and highly educated young man liked to talk. With such an audience, young Guillon's stories got better and better and his knowledge of the world more and more extensive. And yet, to Fantino's amazement, he never put on airs. He still had the same simple Mediterranean tastes as Fantino himself.

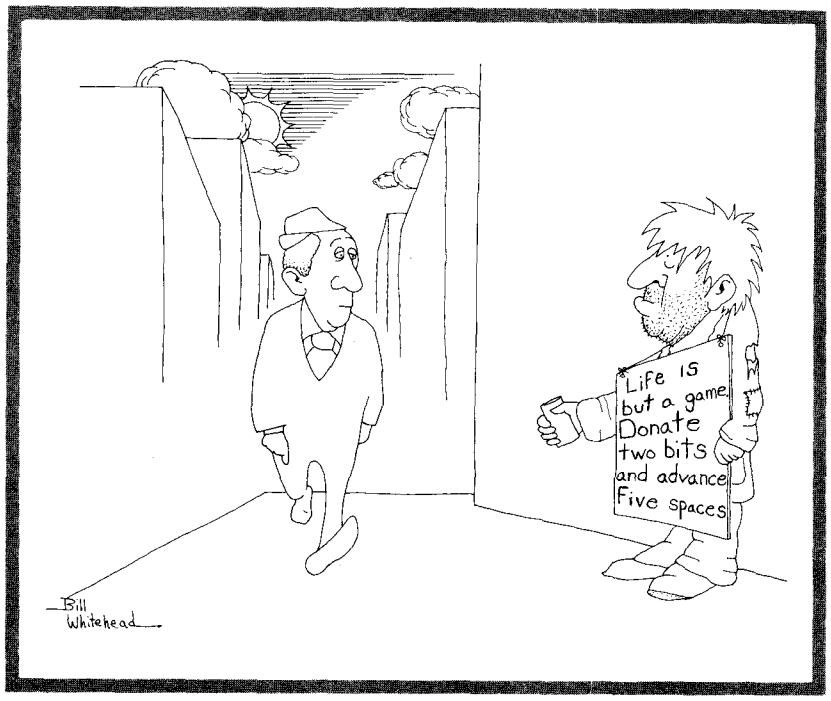
Spellbound as he was, it was about this time that Fantino began to notice that there was something, in his own words, "a little bizarre" about the Guillon setup. It was not that he was suspicious of his new friend's adventures and accomplishments, he explained later; nor was he jealous. It was simply that as a cop he had been trained to notice such things.

The first was the motor scooter. The Vials said their new tenants had arrived in a brand-new American automobile, crammed to bursting with their household treasures. Yet the first thing they'd done after moving in was put the car in a garage and rent an old motor scooter to buzz around on. From his perch on a bicycle, Fantino could not believe that anyone who had a big American car would drive around in anything else. And why, for three adults and two children, a two-seater scooter? Intrigued, Fantino put the question to Madame Vial. And now that she thought of it, pursing her gray lips, Madame Vial found it a bit bizarre too.

Now that she thought of it, frowning, why did the three adults never go out together, not even for an evening walk along the beach? Why were the shutters of the villa invariably kept half closed? Why, with all that money, did the Guillons have no servant of any kind? And no friends? Why did pretty, honey-haired little Madame Guillon do nothing all day but lovingly arrange and rearrange her piles of silver and linens and jewelry, and the rest of the time stand at the window, watching? What was she watching or waiting for? Why, when the two men scooted off somewhere for an aperitif, did Madame Guillon never leave the villa? Never take the two children for an outing or a swim? Madame Vial's eyes narrowed; she had not been a concierge for twenty years for nothing.

"Now, now," said Fantino loyally. "They're just back from New Caledonia, where they have all those Mau-Maus and things like that. It's no wonder they're a little mistrustful."

Mais justement! Madame Vial went on. If they were just back from New Caledonia, as they said, how was it that little three-year-old Jean-François, when she held him up on the gate, could reel off the name and make of every auto that rolled past on the road outside?



Was that something the child could have learned in the colonies?

"Now, now," Fantino repeated, patting her shoulder. "You don't think a fine, educated man like Guillon would go around telling lies, do you?"

That held Madame Vial until Saturday morning, when Fantino dropped in as usual to see his good friend, Guillon. Waylaying Fantino in the courtyard, Madame Vial handed him the morning newspaper, the *Nice-Matin*, folded to a photograph of a certain check-happy Count Foucon d'Inès, wanted in Vichy for a little affair involving one and one-half million francs' worth of hollow checks.

Scratching his head, Fantino studied the photo carefully and long. Speechless, he looked at Madame Vial. Then, still without a word, he tore the photo out and put it in his wallet. Madame Vial said she had never seen a more stricken-looking man than Fantino as he slowly and thoughtfully about-faced, climbed back on his bicycle and headed for the station house. But Madame Vial did not realize that whatever the conflict of loyalties going on in that stout, blue-worsted chest, what happened now had to be according to the book. Or rather, according to Alfred Hitchcock as interpreted by an acutely unhappy little Antibes police sergeant.

For Sergeant Fantino was not one to jump to wild conclusions. This was a serious and dramatic moment in his life, a moment fraught with responsibility, and he had to do this right. He had to collect his evidence methodically, the way they did it in the movies. First of all, he had to research the Wanted File at the police station for the Count Foucon d'Inès's height, weight, coloring and identifying marks ("badly formed front teeth," "scar on right hand," "small burn on inside left leg"). He had to check the count's aliases and the list of swindled goods, and compare that with what he'd seen "with his own eyes." And then, not being sure—well, not entirely sure—he had to lurk.

No one, not even Fantino himself, knows where he learned the technique of lurking. But lurk he did, for the better part of two days, in a style half classic, half free-wheeling. "Disguised in civilian clothes," as he described himself later, he strolled up and down the road in front of the villa in a pair of shorts and a pulled-down cap, crawled through the shrubbery to the back garden, peered around, ducked under to crawl back and start innocently strolling again, always with one eye on the half-closed shutters of the living room where he and Guillon had become friends. It is to Fantino's credit that although he was underfoot most of the time, he caused the Vials little more trouble than an occasional thirst-quenching glass of *pastis* handed through the bushes. Lurking, in August, is hot, sticky work.

On Saturday evening Fantino bicycled home to get back into uniform, and, wearing a genial smile, presented himself at the villa, intending to shake hands with Guillon and see whether there was a scar on his right hand. But it was too dark to see. Invited in, he and Guillon and the brother-in-law had a drink together, the two children dancing and prattling around them, and at that moment Fantino noticed an American Army carbine hanging from a hook on the dining-room door. He also noticed that its safety was off. All this—the hospitality, the happy family scene and the American carbine—so troubled Fantino that he had to go home and think it all out again. After all, as he told reporters later, he had to "put one and one together."

On Sunday morning he was back in the shrubbery, as much from habit as anything else. For his mind was at last made up. There are some in Antibes who imply that Fantino's cautious detective work was not above and beyond the call of duty, but rather a little under, as it gave the Guillon family two full days and one moonless night to execute another planned withdrawal. But this is, of course, captious, since they didn't. Although by Sunday they had "a flea in the ear," as the Vials put it, they made no untoward move. Unperturbed, Guillon and brother-in-law came and went on the scooter as Fantino peered from the garden. "They looked so gay and *sportifs*," Fantino said sadly. "It was hard to believe."

But the call of duty was now clarion-clear, and reinforcements were in order. Sunday afternoon it was a solemn, explicit Fantino who rapped on the door of his police *commissaire's* private office and laid his evidence on the top of the chief's desk. Sunday evening it was a sad but rather poetic Fantino who telephoned the station house to whisper hoarsely, "The birds are in their nest. Come gather them in."

At six, when the *commissaire* and two *brigadiers* in uniform called at the front gate of the villa La Jeune France, Fantino was craftily hidden in the oleanders at the back with his pistol cocked, and old Vial was sitting in full view in the courtyard with a rusty hunting rifle on his knee. At the gate the police explained they were making a routine check of temporary residents' papers, and were surprised when Guillon and brother-in-law tried to make a run for it. Not old Vial, nor

Continued on page 109

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COUNTESS

continued from page 78

donkey to carry our few possessions and sometimes Ludmilla when she was too tired to walk. No one cared much to try to hunt us down. It was our fathers who had been imprisoned and murdered and now it did not matter much what became of us.

Perhaps if they had known what a fortune in old rings and jewels we had all managed to sew into our clothes, they would have taken greater care to apprehend us.

In China we fared better. The people were kindly and if paid well, would give us shelter and food. Our goal was America and, aided by the U.S. ambassador, we went to a good hotel, cleaned ourselves up, bought clothes and luggage and finally were aboard an American boat bound for our promised land.

But our gentle Sergei, worn out by privations in Siberia, caught a heavy cold and took to his bed. Ludmilla was frantic. She did not know English, and the thought of going into a strange land without him was enough to drive her nearly insane. My childhood feelings of hatred had turned about face. I was as violently in love with her as I had violently detested her at home. But my feelings were not returned.

We were treated well and the ship's doctor did his best. But still our Sergei failed. To show you what a friend I am, I would willingly have given my life for him. But how can you do that with pneumonia?

We were sitting in their stateroom which adjoined mine one evening when we were perhaps halfway to California. Sergei was barely conscious, his breathing labored and painful to all of us. I felt his head. "Darling, he is burning up."

She turned on me as though she might scratch. "You call me darling while he is still my husband, while he still lives. You beast!"

I blushed with embarrassment and tried to speak to my dear friend who, I was now convinced, could not last the night.

"Sergei, speak, tell us what we can do without you. Please, please try to live." I felt now nearly as frantic as she did, although I knew that with my education and ease with languages I would have no trouble in a new country.

Ludmilla fell to weeping on the bed and I went for the doctor. Before I got back, my best friend, my only, dearest friend was dead.

I truly believe that if we had still been in Siberia, Ludmilla would have dashed out and run away, anywhere, through barbed wire, or into the river to drown, she was so distraught. If only she could have loved me.

After the burial at sea, the captain managed to calm her. He brought her the little dogs. He had said they must stay in the hold but now he relented and as they were clean little things, they were allowed to be with her until we landed.

We had another week aboard and I often wished the little dogs out of the way as I had to work fast to get her to marry me before we got to America.

She hated me, I know, but I thought the argument that if I took care of her, got her into a nice home with a garden and pets, she might, in time, learn to love me, was a good one.

Ludmilla was so terrified to be alone, that she married me on shipboard. We were too sad to want company, although people were kind. We were a handsome young couple, then only twenty-one and seventeen. Her flashing dark eyes fascinated all men and I knew that if I didn't marry her now, someone would be after her quickly in the new country.

I had learned embalming in the prison camp as so many died that something had to be done with the bodies. I had been told that in America what was called "undertaking" was a very profitable business and that was what I intended to go into. We were advised to journey nearer New York if we intended to go into business; so we finally made an end to our weary wandering in New Jersey, a state near New York.

We each had a fortune in diamonds and emeralds, lovely old jewelry that had belonged to both our families.

Any happiness that I might have had with my darling was always frustrated by the dogs. She had them with her constantly and they yapped at me furiously. If I said anything against them Ludmilla yapped as loudly as the dogs.

I thought that as soon as we were settled in the lovely suburban place I bought, my wife would put the dogs in their kennel and turn to me. But I was wrong; the dogs moved into the house with us.

Ludmilla would not go out. She would not try to learn English. She sat and brushed the dogs. She took walks before dawn and after dark so that the townspeople would not see her and try to talk to her.

Alone, I had to learn American ways and set up my undertaking

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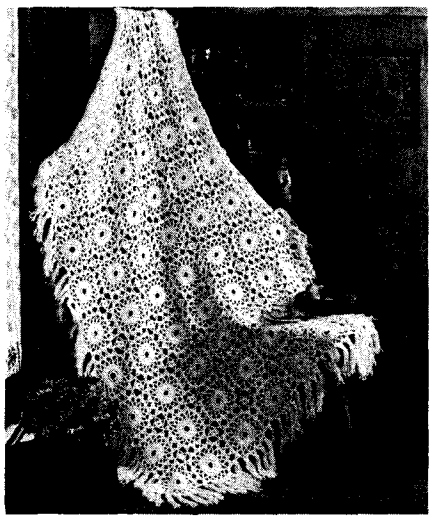

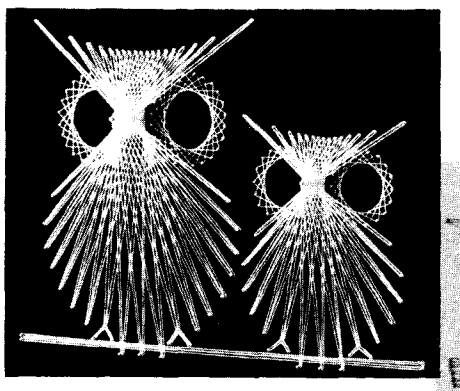

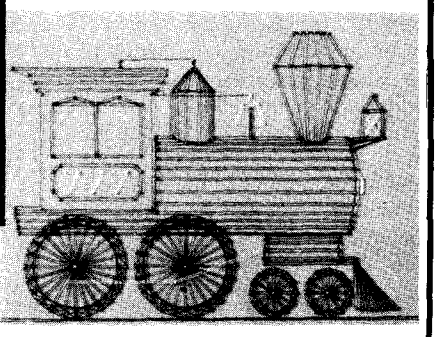

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establishment. It did not go well, as we were not known and I did not then know enough to advertise. But I built a complete mortuary behind the house because we had plenty of room and it did not spoil the looks of the place. In time I had a few customers.

But I had absolutely no success with Ludmilla. She spat like a tigress and actually clawed me if I was affectionate. She sat combing the dogs and talking to them of how she hated me. I bought her presents, American clothes and little things for the house but she would not even touch them.

Once I grew so angry I snatched up one of the little mongrels and bellowed, "If I could get rid of these nuisances you might regain your sanity. That damned hair. You can't even see their eyes." I grabbed a pair of scissors and clipped away at the hair.

Ludmilla screamed and went at me like a lioness. "Cheri is beautiful, beautiful." She pointed to the orchids I had brought her. "Would you cut one petal off a perfect flower? Would you slash apart a painting? You fool! You fool!" She burst into tears and sobbed wildly. Well, at least she had called my flowers perfect. I should have to be satisfied with that.

But Ludmilla moaned and wept as though I had tried to kill Cheri. Hah! The horrid little brute leered at me and I leered back.

My wife fawned over the beast and crooned, "You followed me through Tibet, your little feet bruised and bleeding. *You* are constant and true, you and Bee Bee. Not like him, *brutal*, domineering, stupid. A gravedigger only, not like our gentle Sergei. He would have been a doctor by now. At least this country has education possibilities."

"Then take advantage of them." By this time I had given up. She hated me.

But I did not begin to fear her until later on.

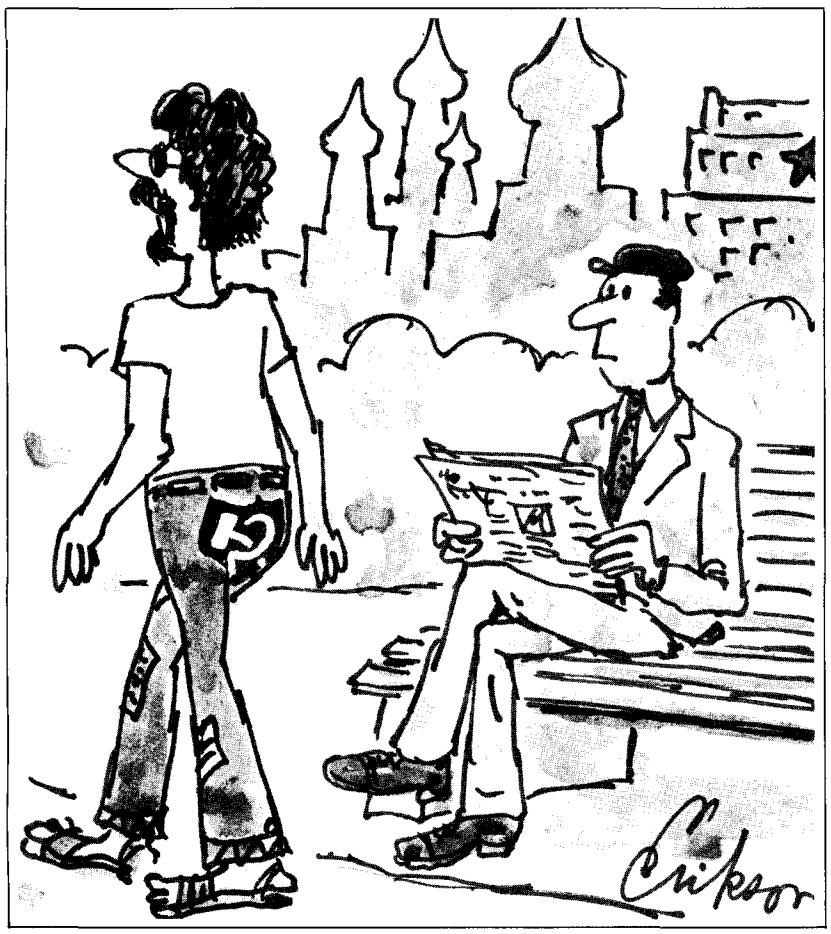
In vain I would tell her how American wives worked in their own kitchens and found happiness by cooking for the husband, cleaning their lovely things and bringing up their children.

She laughed in my face. "I, the Countess Czerney, cook for a dolt like you! Hah!" She snatched up the dogs and went to another room.

Therefore, what cooking was done was done by me. I knew many Russian dishes which we had practiced in exile. Ludmilla would eat little, her homesickness and unhappiness taking away all appetite. I yearned to comfort her but knew not how. I had little business but now and then someone who did not know I was Russian would come to me and I would hold a small funeral in my parlor.

One day I left the borscht on the back of the stove to be ready for the noontime meal. A rich beet soup, it was peasant fare, but I loved it and sometimes Ludmilla would take a little.

But this day it did not taste right. Ludmilla would eat nothing, but moped in her room and luckily I did not eat but a mouthful. But from that mouthful I was very ill. And then I knew she had tried to poison me. There was plenty of weed-killer in the shed and I was sure she had tried to feed me that. I was horrified. I knew she hated me but not to that extent, and I could not take my poor Russian countess to any American mental hospital.



I knew the seriousness of the situation when she would not come near me even though she thought I was dying. Anyone with any humanity left would go to a person in agony and she did not. I was deathly sick and I think for two days I was hardly conscious. I dragged myself down to the kitchen for something to eat on the third day and you may be sure I was careful to use only unopened packets of tea and mush from the cupboard.

I knew then that I must do something quickly or die myself. This was not a situation where I could ask help from relatives, old family physicians or friends. We were friendless in a strange country and I knew no one who would understand. After all, who understands the necessity for murder?

My only concern in the days that followed was to find the most painless way of putting my darling out of her misery. For she was miserable. She would not go out where anyone would see her. She walked the dogs only at night. She would not take an interest in anything I loved, the flowers and plants in the house (now that it was winter), the bits of art which I picked up at auctions, the antique furniture I restored in the basement. For the last time I tried to find her an interest. I bought wool for her to knit. I pleaded with her. She threw it in my face.

"I, the Countess Czerney, knit like a peasant? Bah!" She laughed disagreeably.

The day was dark. Snow as heavy as a Russian winter was flicking against the window and a monstrous wind was howling. How I wished we might die together but for some reason I still loved life.

I had decided long ago that garrotting was the most painless. I had been carrying a smooth and lethal bit of rope in my pocket for a week. I stole up behind her as she stroked those wretched dogs and it was soon over. In my profession one knows how to fix the eyes.

I soon put the little dogs out of the way by shooting them and I laid them with her in the coffin.

For many days she remained, beautiful and lifelike, in her bedroom. After all, no one ever came near and so no one knew that she was not, as usual, fondling the dogs in her room.

After a bit I grew tired of having her where I must see her so often. It seemed as though she still followed me with the look of hatred.

So I merely piled her with some other work I had to do, in my mortuary. If there is an examination by authorities, she is merely a body which is waiting for burial.

But for some reason I am not easy. This grows upon me. It was self-defense and yet I feel that if I make a friend in this friendly country I must soon tell someone.

POLITICS

continued from page 15

had in Corpus Christi in 1968.

The runoffs came exactly four weeks later. Early that morning as my husband and I were getting on an airplane, someone handed me a letter and a small box. The box contained a ring with a piece of crystal set in the middle. The letter was an explanation. The writer told me she was a witch who had great sympathy for me and understood some of my problems because her husband, a former priest, had attempted to reform the church and he had difficulty with his bishop. She wanted me to have this ring and to wear it. I was delighted with the gift, put it on, and I must say, had a sense of buoyancy because of it. Late that afternoon while campaigning on the west side of San Antonio the ring broke as I was shaking hands with a supporter. Someone quickly found some adhesive tape and attempted to mend it but to no avail. Months later while campaigning for the national ticket, I noted a person in the audience in a floor-length black garb. She shook hands and at last I had met the donor of the charmed ring.

That evening I faced my first political defeat. To all of those who waited in the rain I said, in part:

"We are midstream in a journey. We have a distance to go. We are working for public government so long overdue. We are not going to give up that fight."

This did not bring an end to my campaign in 1972 as I had expected because of the unplanned experience in Miami. The five-hour campaign for the vice-presidential nomination was spearheaded by three Texas college students and the National Women's Political Caucus, what I termed a boomlet. It was the only candidacy, to my knowledge, that was organized from Flamingo Park, that didn't have a telephone, a walkie-talkie, a trailer, an official biography—all those trappings of candidacy at a national convention. A total of $300 was spent. That comes to an expenditure of 71¢ per vote for the 421 votes I received. The thrust of that effort was a desire for an open convention, something that is long overdue in the selection of vice-presidential nominees in both parties.

In speaking to the convention that evening I said, "The forces of changes are evident in this convention." One aspect of this is the new visibility of women. Visibility, though, is only the first step in bringing about more representative government. But the struggle goes on to actually bring about representative government.

Happiness is not a goal, it is a by-product.
—Eleanor Roosevelt

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BIRDSEED BUCKET

Holds over 10 lbs.

Designed for convenient and dry storage of birdseed but is also great for dry pet food or general household use. Made of metal, has matching lid, handy handle. 9" diam., 9¾" high. Comes in 4 colors, each with print of different bird affixed. Specify yellow *(gold-finch),* red *(cardinal),* lime green *(finch),* or blue *(bluebird).* $8.95 + $1.35 shipping and handling. Sorry no COD's.

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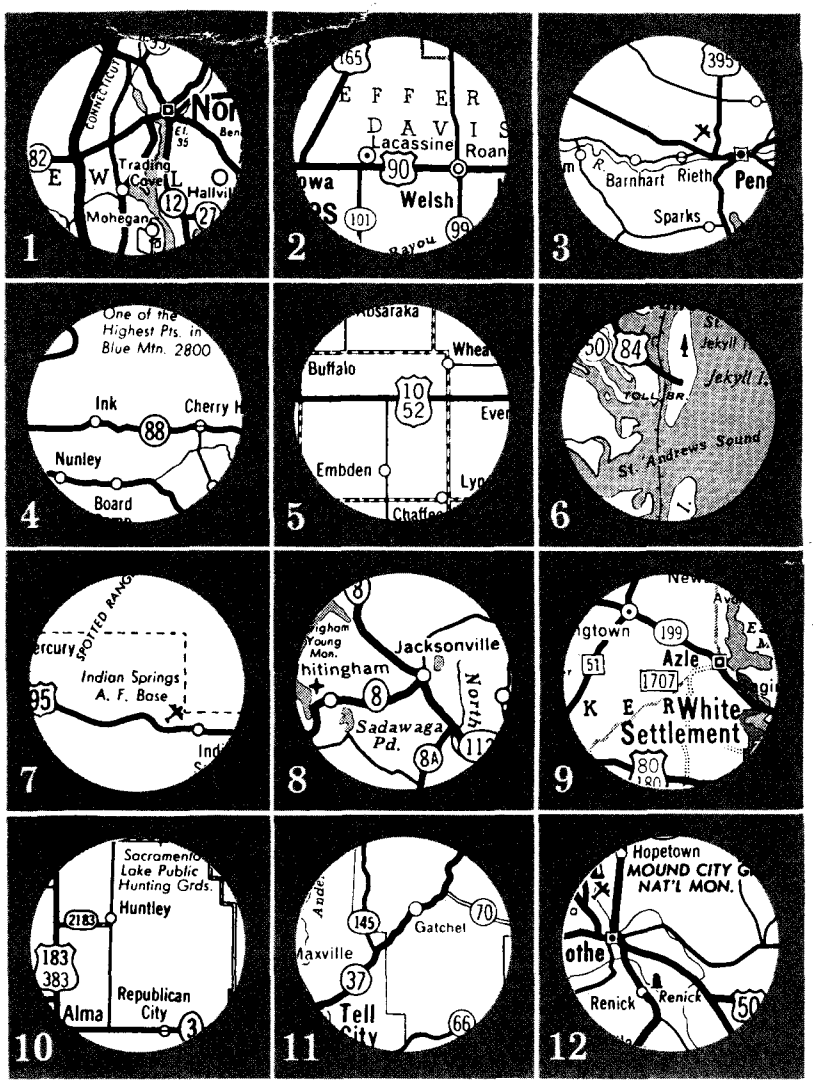
KENTUCKY COLONELS

continued from page 57

and the record of its growth is a stock market legend. When the company went public in 1964 the stock which was offered at $15 a share eventually climbed to $400 a share (allowing for stock splits). In the go-go stock market of the Sixties a number of people got rich, and a lot of them worked at Kentucky Fried Chicken. A $5,000 investment got back $3,000,000 for Brown's secretary. At one time he had twenty-one millionaires on the payroll. Eventually Brown had to fire them a year later than he should have, because millionaires tend not to be hungry.

By the time of the sale of Kentucky Fried Chicken—he agreed to remain five years as chairman of the board—Brown was tired. He had made a fortune fast, but when he was going eighty hours a week on coffee and Di-Gel, it hadn't always seemed easy. Almost three years later, he was still involved in the fast-food business: Lum's, Ollie's Trolleys, Call-A-Mart, and he was enjoying himself the second time around. "This time I've got confidence. For the first time I feel that I'm in control of my life, that every time I do something I don't have to prove myself. I don't feel that I'm on the line anymore. We got a lot of things done at Kentucky Fried Chicken because we didn't know any better. Anyone from the Har-



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

Harley P. Cook

(Answers on Page 98)

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vard Business School could have told you that people don't take fried chicken home in a bucket. I made a mistake when I brought in professional management. By that time we were big, and I knew we would keep growing, and I knew a country boy from Kentucky didn't know it all. What I found out was that people in professional management know about management, but they didn't know about the fried chicken business.

"Right now I'm excited about a business named Call-A-Mart. I think it will be the growth concept of the Seventies. With Call-A-Mart the work is taken out of shopping; you call a supermarket, and the groceries are delivered to your home.

"This is what I do best. I'm interested in innovation. Changing things, doing something better. Business in this country is so conservative it's absolutely incredible."

Conservative is not the word for Brown's P.R. man, James Snyder or Jimmy the Greek: "John Y. Brown is honest and he's brilliant. Ollie's Trolleys (a chain of brightly painted trolley cars featuring quick service and Ollieburgers) is going to be another Kentucky Fried Chicken, five hundred of them by '74." Not celebrated for putting his money where his mouth is—the oddsmaker is no longer a gambler—he has invested in Ollie's Trolleys. "It's a sure thing."

Last year's telethon for the Democratic Party was another instance of Brown's instinct and sure touch with large sums of money. According to Jimmy the Greek, "He took eight months out of his life and made the Democrats eight million dollars."

Super lawyer and sportsman, Edward Bennett Williams, owner of the Washington Redskins, was recently quoted as saying that "Politics is the only man's game in this country." Brown's reaction: "Maybe so, but I'd like to put it off for a while. In three or four or five years I don't know if my chances will be as good as they are right now, but I think I'll be a better man."

Should Brown decide to run for office, he has the hard corps of an organization. When John F. Kennedy ran against Henry Cabot Lodge for the Senate in Massachusetts, the Kennedy women were out in force, pouring and smiling at teas from Pittsfield to Gloucester. In a rueful analysis of his defeat, Lodge said, "It was those damn tea parties." Boston, not Louisville, is celebrated for tea parties, but with a little imagination Ellie and her friends can work it out.

An autumnal spell lay upon Louisville as John Y. Brown III practiced jump shots at the side of a large white house. Sunday traffic is light on Route One, which curls through downtown Louisville toward the bridge across the Ohio River. On the Kentucky side is a large billboard with two basketball players and an invitation: Join the Kentucky Colonels. All right.

THE MOST AMAZING AND SUCCESSFUL BODY SHAPER EVER CREATED

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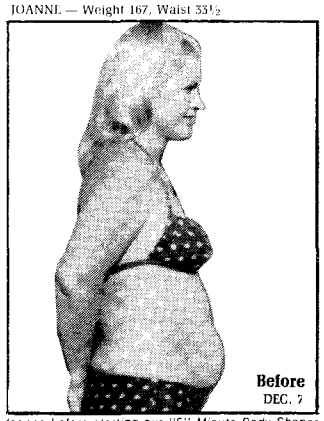
You Better Believe It!...The Cox Family Lost 10½ inches off their Waistline...7½ inches off their Hipline...40 Pounds of Excess Weight... and Shaped Up...In Just 14 Days!

ONE 5 MINUTE EXERCISE, TWICE DAILY, LYING ON THEIR BACKS, WITHOUT GIVING UP THE FOODS THEY LOVE — *DID IT!*

JOANNE — Weight 167, Waist 33½



Joanne before starting our "5" Minute Body Shaper.

Weight 144, Waist 27

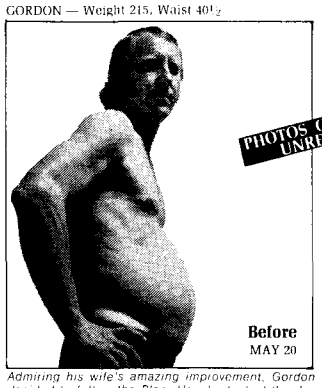
As she looked after 21 days.

Weight 134, Waist 26

A proud Joanne, slimmed, shaped up after 35 days.

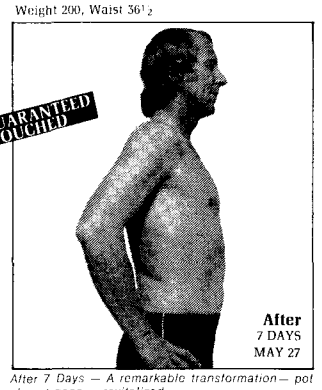
They saw and felt Amazing Results in just 3 days! Using this ingenious "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan in the privacy of their home while watching TV—*Did It!*

GORDON — Weight 215, Waist 40½



Admiring his wife's amazing improvement, Gordon decided to follow the Plan. How he looked the day he started.

Weight 200, Waist 36½



After 7 Days — A remarkable transformation— pot almost gone — revitalized.

Weight 190, Waist 34¾

After 14 Incredible Days — Slimmed, reshaped, looking 15 years younger, feeling 25 years younger.

Joe Weider, fitness expert and trainer of champions since 1936 says:

"Give me 5 minutes twice daily for only 7 days and you'll lose up to 3 inches from your waistline, up to 6 pounds of unwanted weight, and 'shape up' — or I will return every penny."

LET'S FACE THE FACTS WHY YOU'RE OUT OF SHAPE

You eat the wrong combination of foods, you do not get enough exercise to thoroughly work your muscular, metabolic and respiratory systems daily. Because of this, fat accumulates around your waistline, heart and other body organs, slowing you down, aging your body and destroying your vitality, virility and youth. There is only one way to firm up and shape up: that is through proper exercise and proper nutrition. Effortless exercisers, reducing pills, sauna shorts, weighted belts, dangerous and painful diets and other gimmicks designed to appeal to your laziness will not work and have been exposed by the medical profession as frauds, ineffective and in some cases dangerous. They can only reduce your pocketbook. Face up to it...If you want to slim down, firm and shape up, you must work off the inches, and there is no safer, faster and more enjoyable way to do it than with our patented, truly miraculous "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan.

HOW DOES THIS INGENIOUS "5" MINUTE PLAN SLIM, FIRM AND SHAPE YOU UP?

Its miraculous slimming action is based on doing one simple "5" Minute Continuous Rhythm coordinated exercise, lying on your back! **That's all you do!** That's all your body needs to help make up for the lack of activity it doesn't get most of the day. The action is designed to supply your waistline and hipline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look) with the activity it needs to slim you and keep you slim. It also burns off excess fat FAST by speeding up your metabolism and respiratory system, using up stored calories, carbohydrates and fats and releasing excess water, thereby shaping and firming up your total body!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts...or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 ounces and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it with you and use it — anytime — wherever there's floor space for your body. Even while watching television.

Patent Pending. © Copyright Joe Weider, 1973

WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

Medical Doctors, Chiropractors, Osteopaths, Athletic Coaches...agree its the most successful Waistline-Weight Reducer and Shaping Up Plan ever invented!

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"Beats jogging and working out in gyms — and much safer. I lost 4½ inches off my waist in 14 days." — JIM HANLEY, famous athletic coach.

"Miraculous! Weighs less than a pound, is simple to use and beats working out in a gym with 30 different exercisers!" — TOM MINOCHELLO, famous gym owner.

"Based on sound physiological and medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart or other organs. I lost 12 lbs. of excess weight using it." DR. ANITA D. SANTANGELO, Chiropractic Orthopedics

WHAT COMES OFF IN 14 DAYS?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14-day period you can expect to lose up to 4 inches from your waistline and up to 10 pounds from your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. It also shapes you up — from head to toes. For a "5" Minute Exerciser — it sure does a lot.

***EXPOSING EFFORTLESS EXERCISERS**

Reader's Digest (Sept., 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree...there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body...**you must work the inches off!**

Because you may have been fooled in the past by "Effortless Exercisers," we are giving you our no-nonsense Free Trial Offer as shown in the coupon below. We want to prove to you — at our risk — what the Cox family, and thousands of others, have accomplished. You can too!...Safely...comfortably...in the privacy of your own home.

Proven results are already verified by the thousands. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5" Minute Total Body Shaper and start looking and feeling like a million...in just 3 days?

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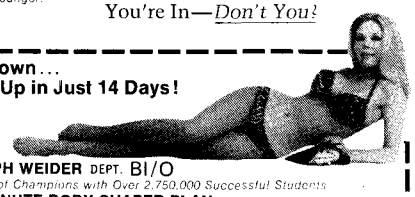

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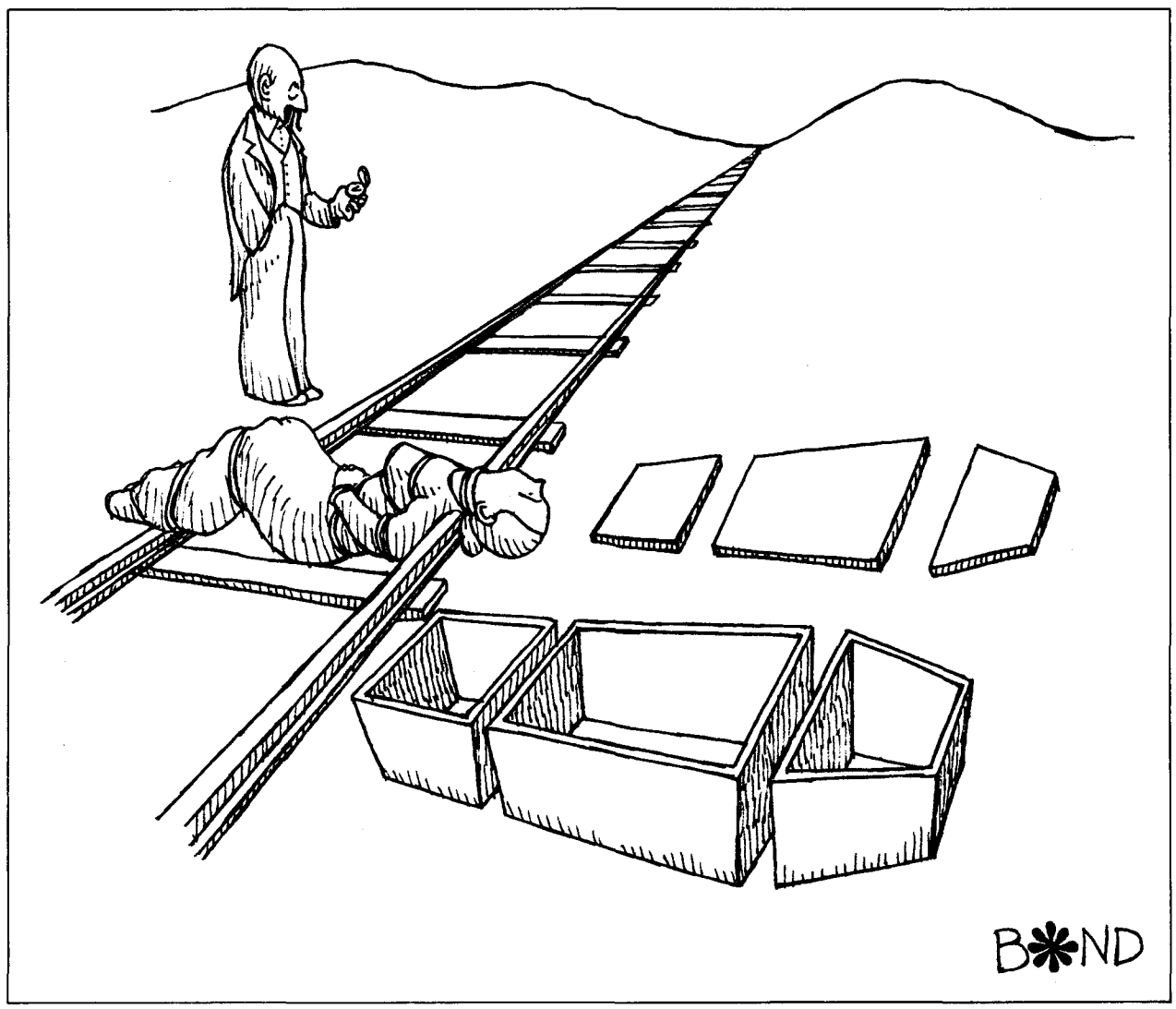


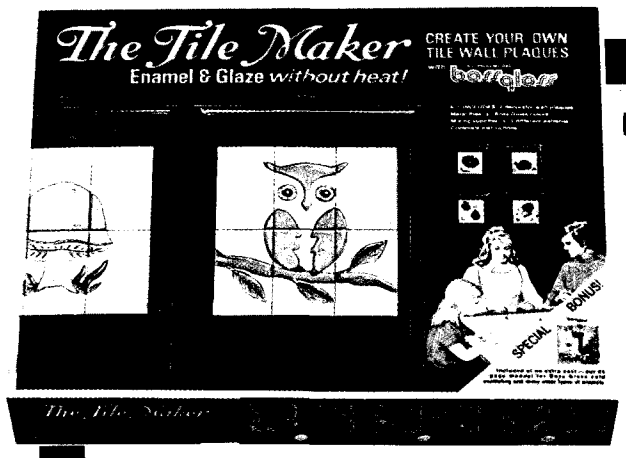
continued from page 93

know gave it to me in Los Angeles," she explains.

It might be stretching a point to say Janet was a child teaching her elders. She is a mature woman with none of the spoiled-brat qualities associated with child stars, though she has been a celestial ornament in skating competitions since age eleven.

"It's her religion that kept her feet on the ground," says Slavka. Another suggestion might be her strong pharmacist father and her family background. She has two brothers—older, both married—and a sister, four years younger, who, according to Janet, "takes modern dance, ballet, and skates—just a little."

Anyone meeting Janet and getting over the shock of finding her, not a public relations man's concoction, or a victim of her own role, but a forthright, hard-working professional, would discover Janet is greater than the sum of the parts, bigger than the practice and the discipline, the personality, the youth and prettiness, more than the Janet Lynn of the playbills and gliding waltzes. "Pixie Princess"? "America's Sweetheart"? Janet fills the bill, and she is only mildly embarrassed about doing so. Janet's real struggle will be with her fans now. How to keep them from loving her too much, from liking what she does no matter the quality. That would be a tragedy. Because it might prevent her from being as good as she really is.



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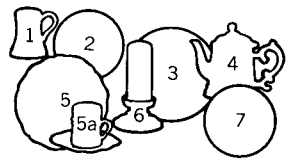

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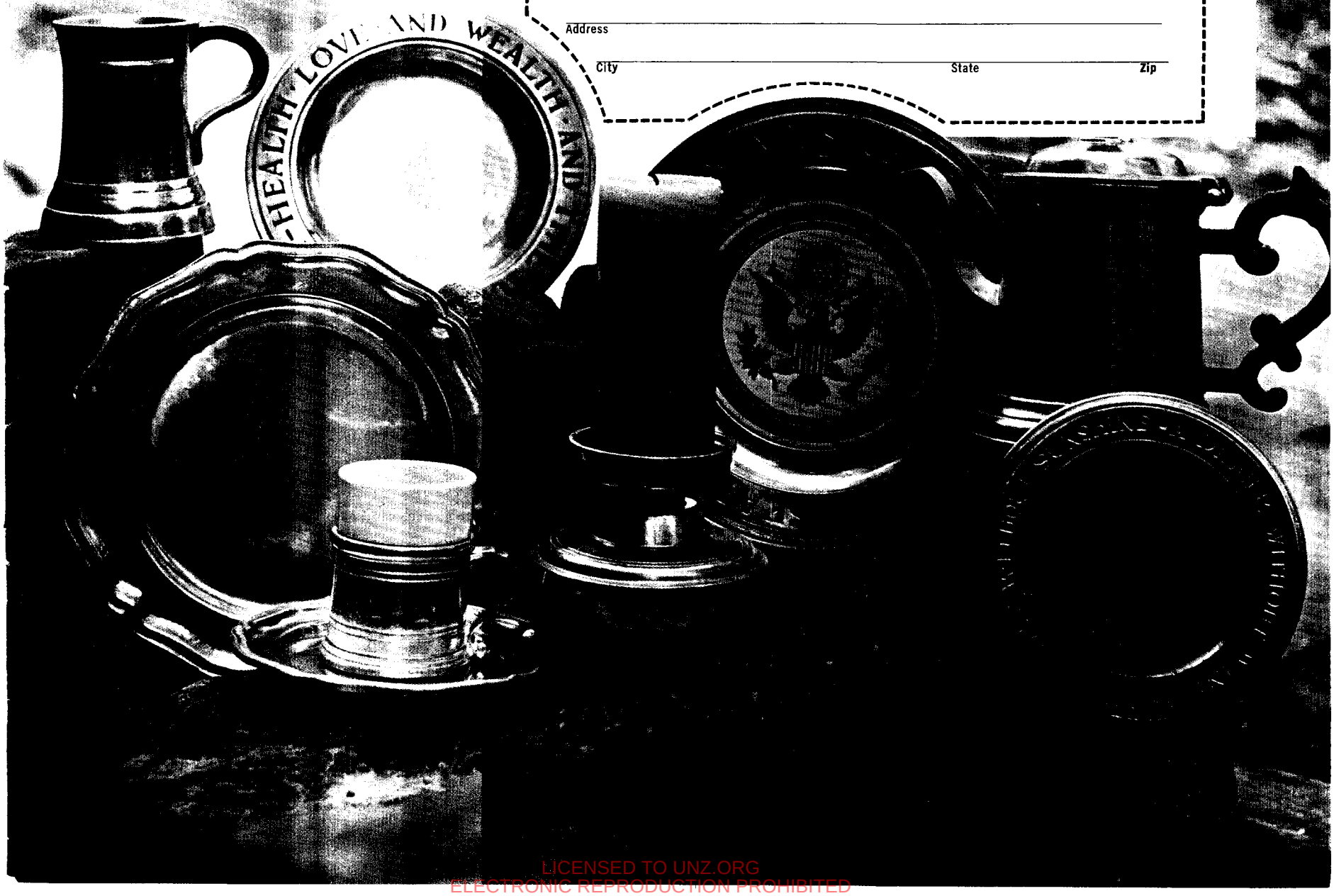

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4. I'll Never Fall In Love Again
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7. Pieces Of Dreams
8. A Time For Us
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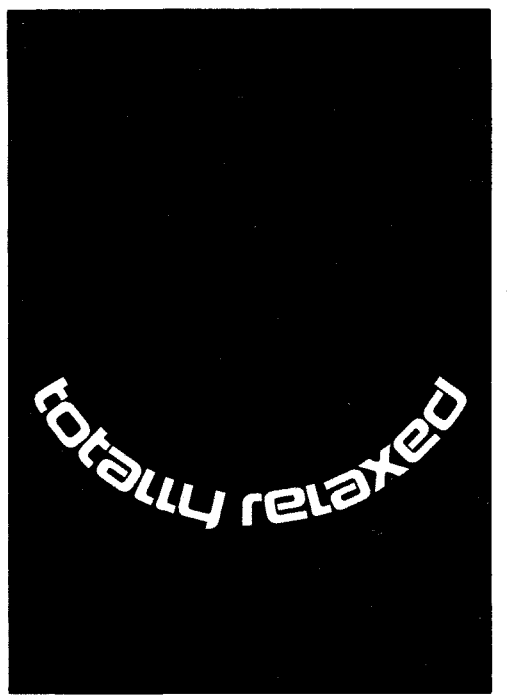
10. This Is The Life
11. Midnight Cowboy
12. Voices Of Spring
13. You Go To My Head
14. If
15. If I Should Lose You
16. Sleepy Lagoon
17. Tony's Theme
18. Love Story Theme
19. With Pen In Hand
20. Smoke Gets In Your Eyes
21. But For Love
22. Imagine
23. The More I See You
24. Solitude
25. How Deep Is The Ocean
26. Speak Low
27. The Sweetest Sounds
28. A Summer Place
29. Tara's Theme
30. Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man
31. My Funny Valentine
32. People
33. Ben
34. The Music Lovers Theme

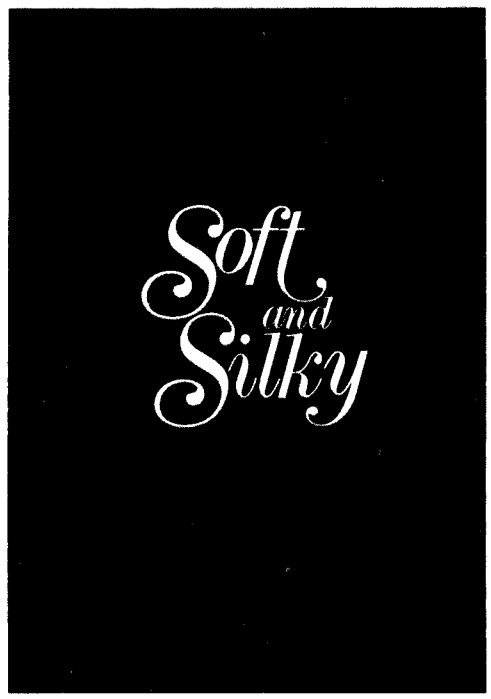
SOFT AND SILKY

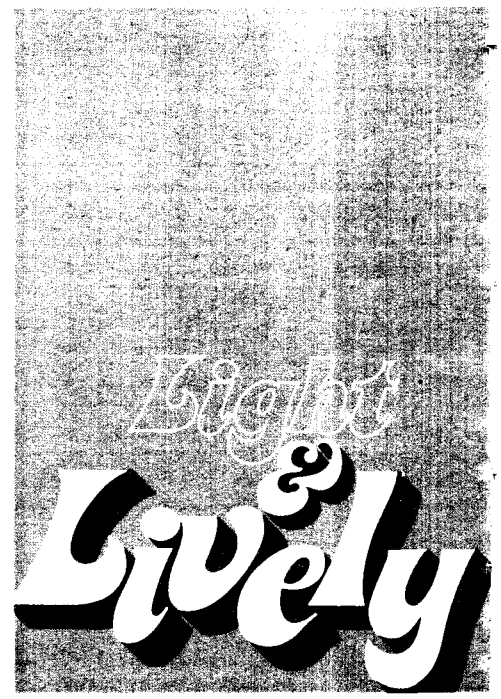
1. For All We Know
2. Jean
3. I Cover The Waterfront
4. I Have Dreamed
5. What's New
6. Till
7. My Kind Of Girl
8. Who's Afraid
9. Glad She's A Woman
10. I'll See You Again
11. I Love My Wife
12. S'Wonderful
13. A Smile Will Go A Long Long Way
14. Any Wednesday
15. The Girl I'll Never Know
16. Estrellita
17. Love Is Like A Violin
18. Sabrina's Theme (Film)
19. It Never Entered My Mind
20. Au Revoir
21. Music From Across The Way
22. And I Love Her
23. Autumn Leaves
24. In A Sentimental Mood
25. Love
26. Soon
27. There's A Small Hotel
28. Lo Much Que Te Quiero
29. Jennifer
30. When Winter Comes
31. Born Free
32. Don't Worry About Me
33. Weeping Analeah
34. Moonglow
35. The Night Has A Thousand Eyes
36. The Little Drummer Boy

LIGHT & LIVELY

1. Can't Take My Eyes Off You
2. Eternity
3. The Drum
4. It Only Takes A Moment
5. Mrs. Robinson
6. Wives & Lovers
7. I Believe In Music
8. Popcorn
9. An Apple For The Teacher
10. When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
11. Along With Me
12. You Are Woman, I Am Man
13. The Odd Couple
14. Vienna Blood
15. Aquarius
16. I'll Never Fall In Love Again
17. Blowin' In The Wind
18. Come Fly With Me
19. Sweet September
20. I Love You
21. Stop—I Don't Want To Hear It Anymore
22. Honey Come Back
23. I Could Have Danced All Night
24. It's Love
25. Spanish Flea
26. The Sound Of Music
27. Georgy Girl
28. Always Something There To Remind Me
29. I Talk To The Trees
30. The Look Of Love
31. Little Green Apples
32. Tango Of The Roses
33. Feelin' Groovy
34. Show Me
35. Song Of The Jet
36. Everything's Coming Up Roses
37. Dancing
38. The Band Played On
39. Before The Parade Passes By







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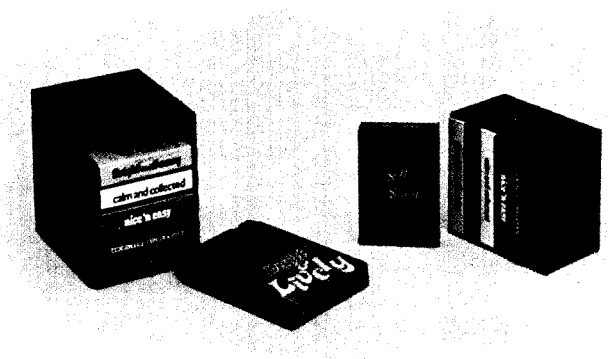

Introducing . . An Exciting New Way To Enjoy Music On Tape Or Records!

Now . . use music to meet *your* needs.

With your Match-A-Mood collection you can tailor your music to fit the occasion . . the time of day . . the people . . or the atmosphere you want to create.

Use your 6-album collection to start the day with a bright, cheerful note . . add an uplift to a dreary afternoon . . provide a comfortable, relaxed feeling for your dinner hour. Or, end the day with some intimate, lilting tunes meant for two.

Now you can use music the same way you'd use lighting or color . . to create or accent a feeling or a mood.

Use it to express yourself. Make it an integral part of your environment. Use it to give you a lift . . or let you down, easy.

Now You Listen To The Music You Want . . When You Want It!

The new Match-A-Mood way to enjoy music is *your* way. Each album was created to convey a single mood. And, everything from the tunes selected to the final programming . . is tailored to that mood.

Now you don't have to wade through 10-12 tunes in an album just to hear the one that fits your mood.

No longer are you at the "mercy" of a radio station music or program director, either. You're the music director. *You* pick the music to go with a warm crackly fire . . a good book . . some quiet conversation . . or a fun party!

And, you can program an entire day without ever repeating a tune.

VLP Albums Offer More Music With Fewer Interruptions . . At Less Cost!

Music to Match-A-Mood utilizes the new Very Long Play reproduction technique to give you three times more music on tape . . 50% more on records!

The result is an amazing $125.10 worth of music in your 6-album collection!

With more music on each tape or record . . you naturally have fewer interruptions . . less flipping and changing of cassettes or records. Both VLP tapes and records are 100% compatible with your present stereo equipment.

Here's What You Get In Your Match-A-Mood Collection

- 6 ninety-minute albums . . each with 34-39 selections
- 221 all-time favorites . . some of the most popular music ever written . . including hits from Irving Berlin to Burt Bacharach
- 250 outstanding musicians . . the richness of full orchestras . . the lightness and informality of smaller groups and combos . . the easy stylings of the big dance bands. Each album contains 7-8 different musical groups to give variety and interest to your musical mood.
- Your choice of stereo 8-track VLP cartridges VLP cassettes or VLP records in protective display cases . . priced at significant savings over conventional tapes and LP records.

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NICE 'N EASY

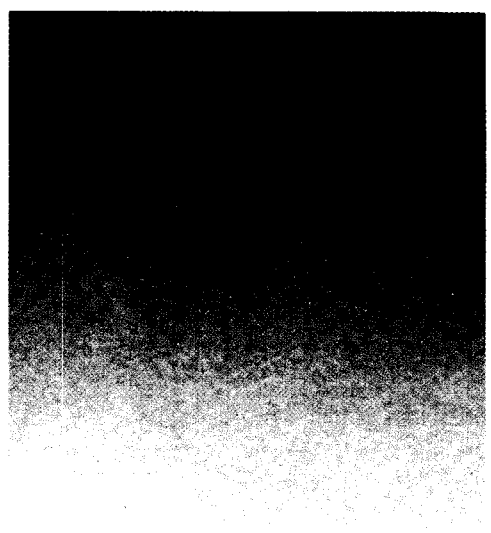
1. Hey Girl
2. Call Me Irresponsible
3. My Cherie Amour
4. Get Out Of Town
5. I Remember You
6. Dearly Beloved
7. But Beautiful
8. Dock Of The Bay
9. Just The Way You Look Tonight
10. Cherish
11. Imagination
12. Sentimental Journey
13. The Touch Of Your Lips
14. Bewitched
15. Love Letters In The Sand
16. Mr. Bojangles
17. My Baby Just Cares For Me
18. The Best Is Yet To Come
19. I'll Always Love You
20. Summertime
21. Hello Dolly
22. Windmills Of Your Mind
23. Oh Lady Be Good
24. Breezin' Along With The Breeze
25. What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life
26. Love Look Away
27. Little White Lies
28. Hey Jude
29. No Other Love
30. To Know You Is To Love You
31. It's Impossible
32. It's Easy To Remember
33. A Time For Love
34. Young And Foolish
35. Didn't We
36. Life Is Just A Bowl Of Cherries

BRIGHT AND SASSY

1. Gentle On My Mind
2. Old Fashioned Love Song
3. Strike Up The Band
4. I Love Paris
5. Day In, Day Out
6. Come Saturday Morning
7. It's A Cryin' Shame
8. What Now My Love
9. Fiddler On The Roof
10. Do-Re-Mi
11. Never Ending Song Of Love
12. Jingle, Jangle, Jingle
13. Oh Happy Day
14. Put On A Happy Face
15. Everybody's Talkin'
16. Guadalajara
17. Bring Me Sunshine
18. Song From M.A.S.H.
19. Have You Met Miss Jones
20. Snowbird
21. Cheek To Cheek
22. Col. Bogey (River Kwai)
23. Just In Time
24. Theme From 'Borsalino'
25. If I Were A Rich Man
26. The Fool On The Hill
27. Eleanor Rigby
28. Ballad Of 'Easy Rider'
29. Ain't No Mountain High Enough
30. Theme From 'Exodus'
31. Let It Be
32. When The Saints Go Marching In
33. Take Me Home, Country Road
34. Zip-A-Dee-Do-Dah
35. Slaughter On Tenth Ave
36. Washington Square
37. All By Myself
38. Chitty Chitty Bang Bang

CALM AND COLLECTED

1. Someone To Watch Over Me
2. Never My Love
3. The Summer Knows
4. Scarborough Fair
5. The Lamp Of Memory
6. If I Love Again
7. Yesterday When I Was Young
8. Dear Hearts & Gentle People
9. A Foggy Day
10. Fine And Dandy
11. Not Mine
12. The World That Only Lovers See
13. True Grit
14. Who Are You Now
15. Embraceable You
16. Bless The Beasts & Children
17. The Time For Love Is Anytime
18. Hurt So Bad
19. Walkin' Easy
20. *Illusion*
21. Galveston
22. If Ever I Would Leave You
23. It's A Blue World
24. I'll Be There
25. Roses Of Picardy
26. Winds Of Barcelona
27. With The Wind & The Rain In Your Hair
28. Hushaby Mountain
29. Elvira
30. Someday Soon
31. It Could Happen To You
32. Honey
33. At Long Last Love
34. For You
35. Wait Until Dark
36. What Did I Have That I Don't Have Now
37. No Strings
38. Maria



calm and collected

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NEW, 90-MINUTE ALBUMS LET YOU CREATE 6 DIFFERENT MOODS . . OR PROGRAM AN ENTIRE DAY WITH 9 HOURS OF BEAUTIFUL STEREO MUSIC!

Order Complete Set . . Or $24.95 Mini-Mood Set . . Both With 10-Day Free Trial!

Complete 6-album Match-A-Mood collection is only $34.95 for 6 tapes or 12 records with FREE storage-display case. Mini-mood set includes your choice of any 3 moods (3 tapes or 6 record albums). The Tailored Music Guild is not a club . . there's nothing further to buy or future "automatic" shipments.

10-DAY FREE TRIAL . . you must be satisfied or your money will be refunded. Send order to:

Trading Post P.O. Box 567B,
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Select: 1) ☐ 8-Track Cartridge ☐ Stereo Cassette
☐ Stereo Records

2) ☐ Complete 6-Album Set . . 6 VLP tapes or 12 VLP records. Introductory price $34.95 complete.

OR . . 3) ☐ Mini-Mood 3-Album Set . . 3 VLP tapes or 6 VLP records . . $24.95 complete.
Choose any three albums:
☐ Totally Relaxed ☐ Bright and Sassy ☐ Calm and Collected
☐ Soft and Silky ☐ Nice 'N Easy ☐ Light & Lively

Select: 4) The most convenient way to order
☐ By Check or Money Order ☐ Charge It . . Specify:
☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard ☐ American Express

Credit Card Number _____

4-Digit Interbank Number ____ ____ ____ ____ Expiration Date: _____

Signature _____

Please Print: Name _____

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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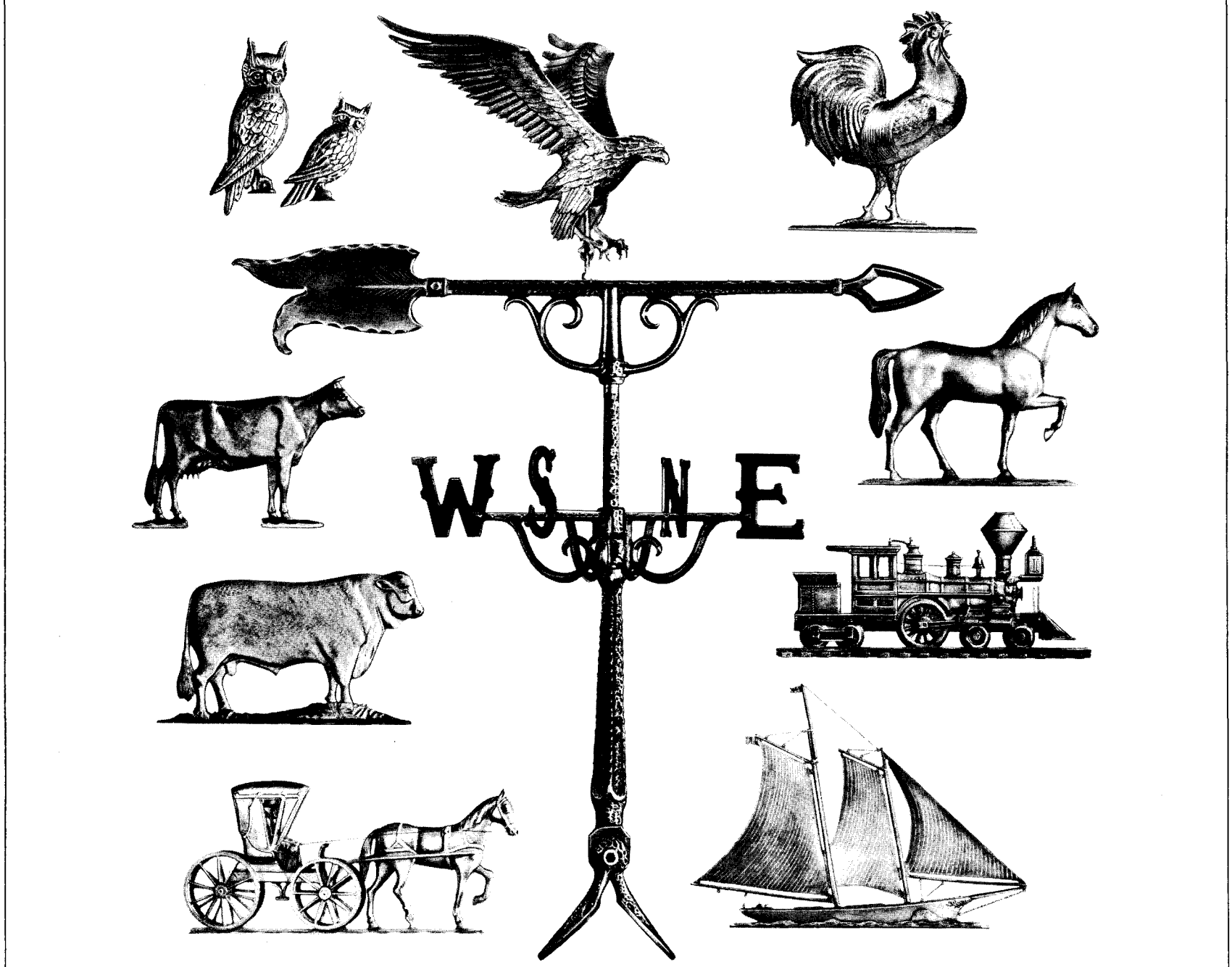
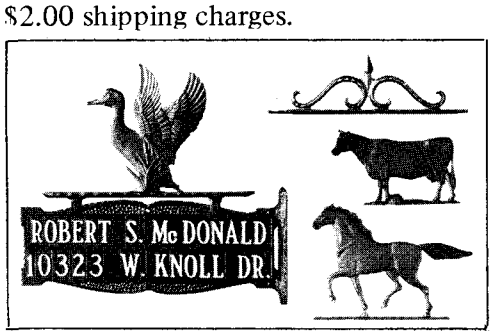


WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW ?

You'll always know with a Whitehall weather vane. President Eisenhower bought this model for his famous Gettysburg farm. You may select any of the ornaments shown above. The Yacht, Eagle, Rooster and Horse are also available in Gold Bronze finish at no extra charge. All ornaments available in Swedish Iron finish. The weather vane is approximately 42" high. $59.50 plus $2.00 shipping charges.



Perma Signs With Decorative Ornaments

In addition to numerous other lovely ornamental objects Whitehall also tastefully designs house signs (shown in panel at left) to be placed on mail boxes, lawns, round or square posts or walls. The available ornaments are as follows: Pheasant, Duck (shown), Eagle, Country Doctor, Horse, Scroll, Sailboat, Cow. $12.50, one-line address; $13.50, two-line. Without ornament, one-line, $7.50; two-line, $8.50. Please add $1.50 shipping charges.

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☐WV-510-FB-Eagle ☐WV-524-Bull ☐WV-511-FB-Locomotive
☐WV-576-FBL-Rooster ☐WV-574-FBL-Horse ☐WV-573-FB-Country Doctor
☐WV-523-Cow ☐WV-535-86-FB-Owls ☐WV-534-FB-Yacht America
☐MB Series Perma House Sign: ☐With Ornament ☐Without Ornament
Please indicate intended usage, so proper mounting will be acknowledged:
_____
☐One-line address ☐Two-line address
Please print name and address here: _____
_____
Check ornament desired: ☐No. 70 Pheasant ☐No. 71 Duck
☐No. 72 Eagle ☐No. 74 Horse ☐No. 77 Sailboat
☐No. 73 Country Doctor ☐No. 75 Scroll ☐No. 79 Cow
☐Enclosed find check or money order. Bill to: ☐BankAmericard ☐Master Charge
Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____
If Master Charge, also enter 4-digit Interbank No. appearing above your name: ..... ____ ____ ____ ____
Signature _____
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City _____ State _____ Zip _____
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continued from page 99

Madame Vial, nor Fantino. Stolidly, they waited to see this thing out.

Gentleman to the last, Regis Combier-Foucon d'Ines-Guillon allowed himself with perfect equanimity to be led off to the police station. But as he passed old Vial, sitting with his beret square on his head and his rifle square on his lap, he stopped. "And that friend of yours, that Fantino," he said to Vial. "Was he a plant all along?"

"No," said Vial gently. "He was a friend. He was only a simple cop who happened to notice things."

"Too bad," said the former Count Foucon d'Ines, and Vial noticed that his eyes glistened with emotion. "He was a *brave type,* that Fantino."

Secretary and brother-in-law Rimbaud, who grabbed up a German Walther pistol hidden behind a toilet and tried to shoot his way out, got pounced on and handcuffed and summarily hauled off. But the fake count, perhaps because of his breeding, was treated with consideration. When, arriving at the police station, he asked politely that his wife and children be allowed to stay with him through the questioning because he "might see very little of them in the next two or three years," there wasn't a dry eye in the house. "We were working for our future," he added. "We just went a little too fast." And when Madame Vial testified that whatever their names or their ways with a checkbook, her tenants had been "fine people," everyone nodded. Recalling the glittering loot the sham countess had been so proud of, Madame Vial , and said philosophically, "All the same, for a little while we had a vision of beautiful things."

It was, of course, Fantino who had the last word. Relating how it had all ended, his eyes misted. "And that little kid!" he said. The first night his father and mother were in jail, the little three-year-old Jean-Francois had been put up in the home of the chief of police and had spent the evening running around closing the doors and shutters.

"And do you know what he kept telling the chief?" Fantino asked. "He kept saying, 'How many times has mummy said we have to keep the doors and windows shut, in case the police come.' " Fantino looked as if he might cry. "Imagine it, that little kid," he said. "And it was his father I turned in!"

Fantino thought about that for a minute, and took another swig of *pastis.* "Well," he said, "there're things you got to do, whether you like it or not. Still, I liked that guy. He was a *brave type.*" ⚜

Life is an unanswered question, but let's still believe in the dignity and importance of the question.

—Tennessee Williams

Wedgwood Blue and White Jasper
Zodiac Plate—9¼"
The original designs were modelled in 1774
by the famous artist William Hackwood,
commissioned by the Wedgwood Collector's Society
in 1969, and made at
Josiah Wedgwood & Sons Ltd., Barlaston, England.

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WEDGWOOD

with this Zodiac Plate—for members only

This plate isn't for everybody. It was designed exclusively for The Wedgwood Collectors Society in a *special edition.* It says so, right on the back.

Wedgwood has produced special editions in the past. Today, you will find some of them in collections and museums throughout the world—many valued at several times their original price.

Now, The Collectors Society has commissioned a series of special editions, which are entirely exclusive of editions made for others: The collection includes contemporary designs, as well as replicas of rare, old Wedgwood pieces created from the original molds.

If you are already a Wedgwood collector, here is an opportunity to acquire original pieces not otherwise available. If you are just beginning, here is your chance to enjoy objects of lasting beauty which may well increase in value.

The Wedgwood Collectors Society is unique in the art world. The Collectors Society has received *exclusive permission* to make these unusual Wedgwood special editions available. The Society is supplied and permitted to use "Wedgwood" in its title by Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, Inc., U.S. subsidiary of the English company, Wedgwood Limited, registered owners of the trademark "Wedgwood."

Membership in the Society costs $7. As your credentials of Charter Membership, you will receive a specially designed blue and white Jasperware plaque with a portrait of Josiah Wedgwood I and the inscription "Charter Member."

In addition, each member will receive The Collectors Newsletter and announcements of each special selection available to members only. *There is no obligation to purchase anything.*

The Zodiac Plate is the Society's first offering. It is available to members for $29. For a limited time only, your Charter Membership fee of $7 will be waived if you choose to start your membership by purchasing the Zodiac Plate.

To take advantage of this special offer, please fill out and return the coupon on this page along with your remittance as soon as possible.

Wedgwood Society

THE WEDGWOOD COLLECTORS SOCIETY

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☐ Enclosed is my check for $29. Please send me the Zodiac plate and my membership plaque made by Wedgwood. Enroll me as a Charter Member of the Society, with membership fee waived.

☐ Enclosed is my check for $7. Enroll me as a Charter Member of the Society, and send me my membership plaque made by Wedgwood.

See page 129A for additional ordering information. Indiana residents add 4% sales tax—allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.

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LONGWORTH

continued from page 44

and even seems to delight in having an unlisted phone number.

Alice Roosevelt Longworth is "with it" at ninety because she is looking forward to the next decade. She always faces life. Perhaps she is unafraid of the future because she does not have any fears. Lack of fear was part of her heritage from her father. It was accepted, ingrained, forgotten. Even today Teddy Roosevelt's words ring out: "Nothing in this world is worth having or worth doing unless it means effort, pain, difficulty. . . ." Effort, pain, and difficulty are simply a part of life to be accepted, and never allowed to dominate.

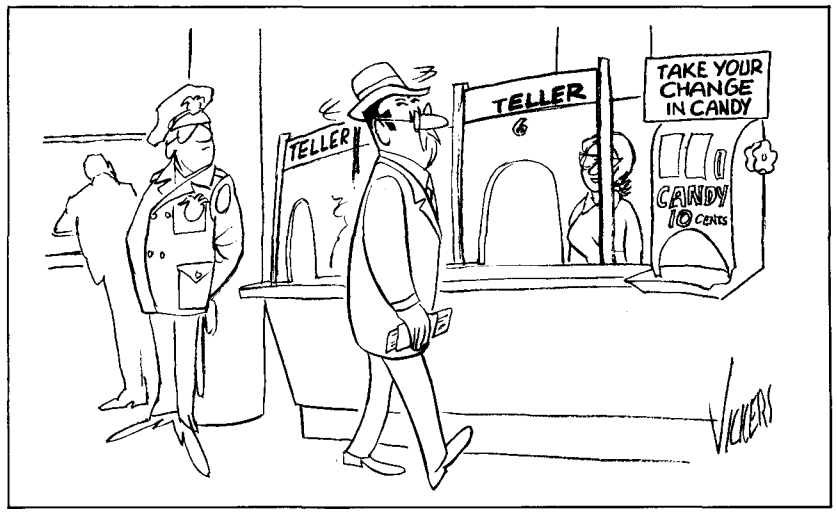
In many ways, Alice Longworth is a modern day Scarlett O'Hara: high-spirited, independent, unafraid of life. She seems uninterested in being burdened with a sense of history or grave responsibilities. To understand Princess Alice, one must realize simply that she loves life, and that she is determined to ferret out the fun in life. She once described herself as one of high spirits, high spirits to enjoy life. But perhaps the most vivid description of Alice Longworth is found in a favorite family poem from her stepmother's scrapbook:

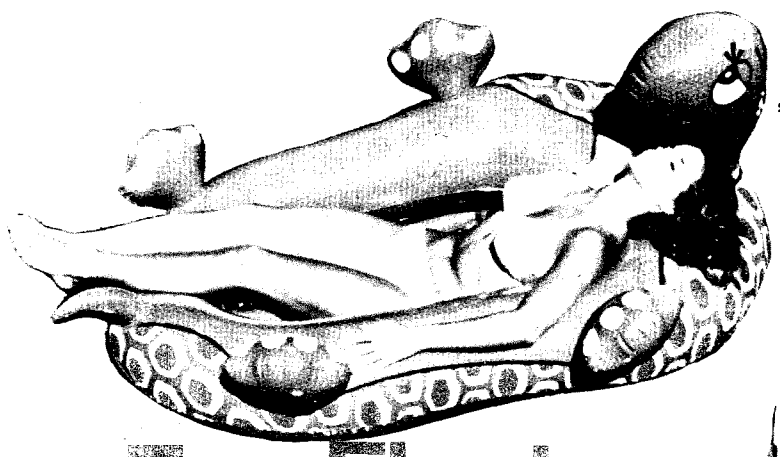
"The little green lizard on
Solomon's wall
Waited for the flies the
long day through,
When the craftsmen came at
the monarch's call
For the task that was given
them each to do;
And the temple rose with its
cunning wrought gold,
Cedar and silver and all
it could hold
Of treasure of tapestry, silk
and shawl–
And the little green lizard
saw it all.

The little green lizard on
Solomon's wall
Basked in the gold of the
shimmering noon,
Heard the insistent imperious
call
Of hautboy and tabor and
loud bassoon,
When Balkis passed by with her
alien grace
And the light of wonder upon
her face,
To sit by the king in his
lofty hall–
And the little green lizard
observed it all.

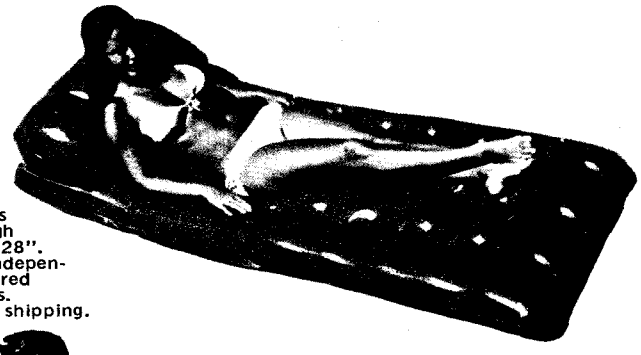
The little green lizard on
Solomon's wall
Heard what the king said
all alone,
Secrets that only the Djinns
could recall,
Graved in the magic ineffable
stone.
Yet when the little green lizard
was led to speak
Of the king when the king
was dead,
He had only kept track of the
flies on the wall,
For he was but a lizard
after all."

At the end of my mother's and my tea visit with Mrs. L. on the eve of her ninetieth birthday, she demonstrated her attitude toward life, the philosophy that says live zestily every minute in the here and now. Her parting words to us were about the Watergate tapes: "I still long for those tapes. I'd like to see what he called some of them on the tapes. I wouldn't doubt it's original profanity." ⚜





TB-22 TURTLE BOAT. Weight capacity is 260 lbs. 66"x27". $21 + $2 for shipping.



M-15. DELUXE HEADREST AQUA-FLOAT. Weight capacity is 250 lbs. Big enough for 6-footers, 75"x28". Headrest inflates independently to select desired height and firmness. $19.50 + $2 for shipping.

Fun Floats

These inflatables are made of rugged Vylux PVC with electronically welded, extra-wide seams. They are resistant to sun, salt water, oil, and chlorine. Having multiple air chambers with self-locking safety valves, they are virtually unsinkable. Each one includes a maintenance kit and one-year warranty.

M-35. DELUXE AQUA LOUNGE! Adjustable built-in backrest with 2 glass holder/accessory trays and nylon hand line. Weight capacity is 250 lbs. 3 air chambers. $26 + $3 for shipping.

KOP-29. TWO-MAN BOAT. Includes boat, oars, pump, seat cushions. $51 + $5 for shipping.

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Please send me the inflatables checked below:

☐Two-Man Boat ☐Turtle Boat ☐Deluxe Aqua Lounge
☐Deluxe Headrest Aqua-Float
☐Enclosed is check or money order. Bill to: ☐BankAmericard ☐Master Charge

Card No. _____ Expires _____
If Master Charge also enter 4-digit Interbank Number appearing above your name:..... ____ ____ ____ ____

Signature _____

Name (print) _____

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City _____ State_____ Zip_____

Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. See page 129A for further ordering information.
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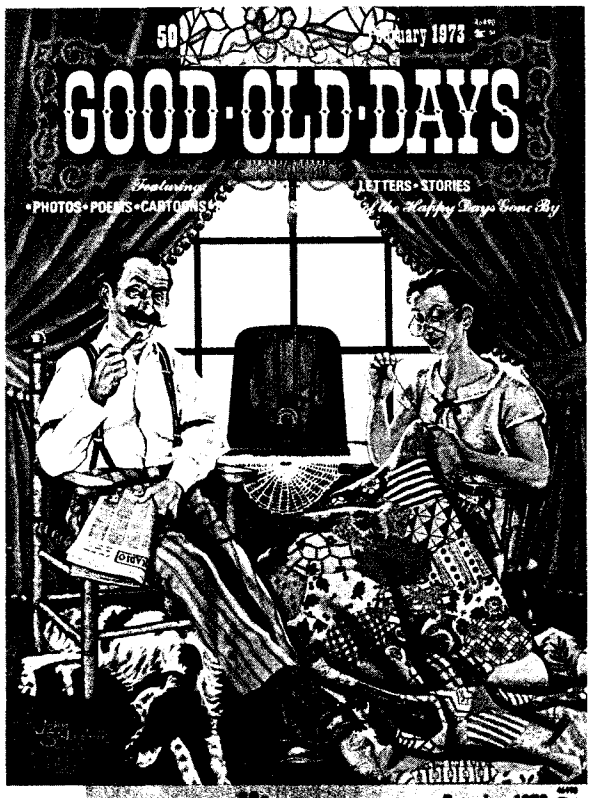

Each month . . . A look into the nostalgic past through authentic photos, drawings, cartoons, comics, memories, features, songs, poems, letters, ads, etc., from the turn of the century up to a decade or so ago.

You'll relive those days and events through the pages of this one and only magazine of its kind.

For about the cost of a good movie, you can receive this big entertainment value each month for the next 12 months! We guarantee . . . that you will be thrilled beyond words . . . or you can have your money back!

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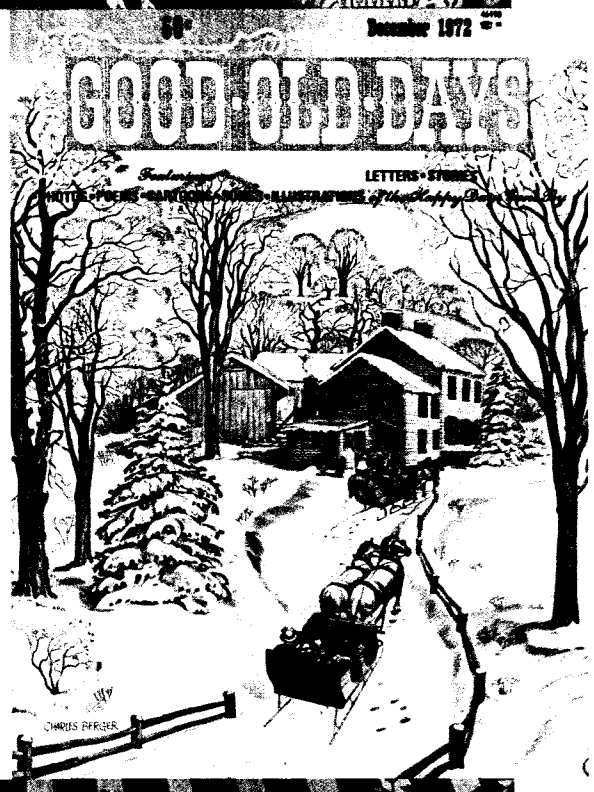
You'll find complete comic pages from the past featuring such characters as: • Barney Google • Happy Holligan • Boob McNutt • Tillie the Toiler • Little Annie Rooney • Little Nemo — plus many, many others.

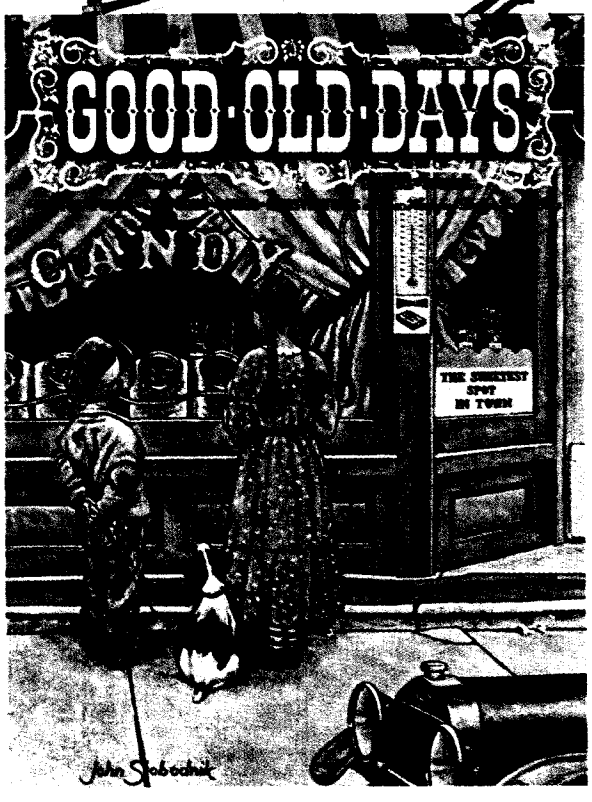
We're embarrassed by the kind words in letters such as these.
Dear Sir:
Frankly it's a good thing that "Good Old Days" is not harmful to our health because it certainly is habit-forming; also hard to find on news stands too. I'm breaking loose with the four dollars for a year's subscription. I believe anything as good as you've got deserves support. It's refreshing to see a magazine that can sell itself, without the use of sexy covers, lurid stories, and above all, a lack of violence.
Honestly, reading G.O.D. gives a feeling of peace no drug can match!
M.J.P. West New York, N.J.



JUST A FEW OF THE FEATURES PREFERRED DURING THE PAST FEW MONTHS.

- Thank heaven for Bisquits!
- Armistice Day of Long Ago!
- I remember Butchering Day
- Remember those Movie kids?
- Early 1900's Shoe Repair
- Looking Hollywood Way
- Growing Pains of a Country Boy
- My 5¢ nickel
- The Old Huckster Wagon
- Dry goods store — 1910 style
- Horse Hitching Posts
- Days of the Woodshed
- Bloomer girl
- Superstitions 60 years ago
- Straw ticks & feather beds
- They danced for 20 days
- Halloween Memories
- A little red schoolhouse
- Grandma what's a coalbin?
- Glorious Fourths, family style
- Oh women of yesterday!
- Shoe factory work in the 20's
- 1st women's lib — 1910 —
- Durable doll of yesterday
- Barn dance
- Grandma's house we went
- Christmas Memories

A subscription makes the best Christmas gift money can buy! Special — 3 or more 1 yr. gift subscriptions at $3.00 each!



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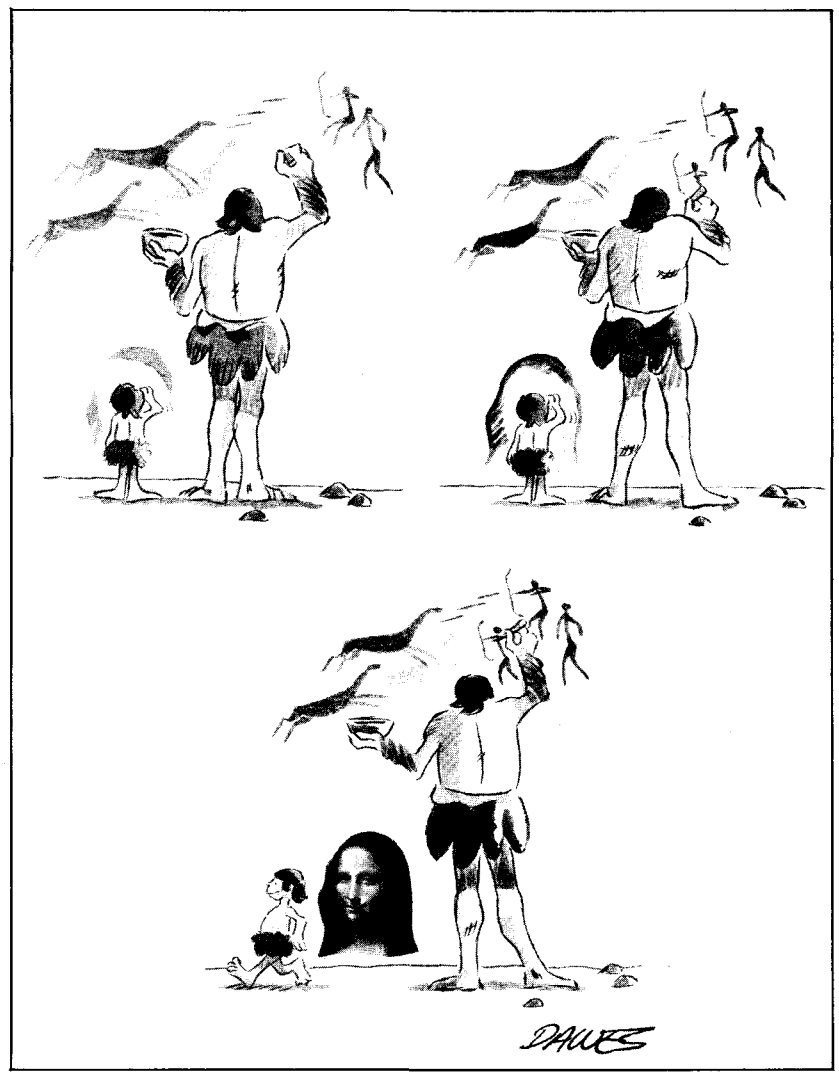

MAME

continued from page 37

production.) In his backstage language, perfection is professionalism. About Mame, he says: "From the beginning she was fiercely independent, never giving a damn about what people think, instilling a sense of well-being in everyone she contacted. There's one in every family . . . makes us feel better." About Lucille Ball, he says: "The complete professional."

Perfection, professionalism, whatever you call it, were the operative words in the creation of *Mame*. And authenticity. The film begins in 1928, a time when everyone was rich with paper profits and buying on margin was the culture opiate. The speakeasy was the temple of Saturn and the faithful Charlestoned in boisterous procession to the holy table laden with sacred bootleg gin. In 1929 the paper moon burst and the idolaters rushed from the temple screaming maledictions on the gods who had betrayed them, waving sad farewells as they dropped past windows in their despairing descent to reality. Frenzied times, colorful, and significant dramatically as well as historically.

Robert F. Boyle, the production designer, and Marvin March, the set decorator, accumulated about 500 hours of research to physically reproduce the 1929 setting. Mame's Beekman Place townhouse is a replica of the old Vanderbilt mansion, done to the chandeliers and ceilings with Art Deco. Mame's daring taste is revealed in the fabric wallpapers, the shamelessly mirrored dressing room, the free-form bathtub, the avant garde (for the times) painting and statuary. A hundred vintage cars gave credence to the reconstructed Beekman Place. The white pillared Georgia plantation stands proud and graceful on greened San Fernando Valley acres.

Theodora Van Runkle of *Bonnie and Clyde* and fashion fame created costumes interpreting four distinct and interesting periods, 700 for the company, 40 for Lucille Ball, who says, "The clothes are Mame, exactly the fashions someone who knows how to dine at the banquet of life would wear." They belong to a period, yet they make a contemporary fashion statement, elegant with velvets, taffetas, satins, *peau de soie* and chiffon lamés. *Mame*, star and production, is sumptuously dressed.

Perfection is another word for sweaty hard work. Dance rehearsals for Miss Ball and dancers began months before the starting date, a

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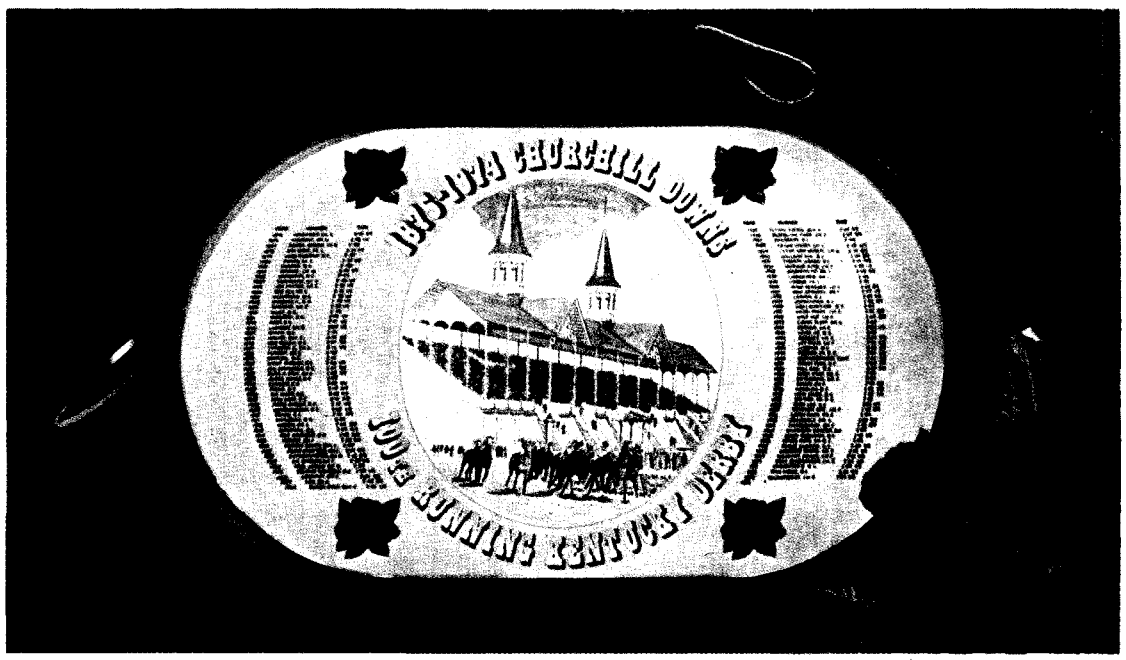

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daily grind under the direction of Onna White, the most successful lady choreographer in show business. Fred Werner coached the singers. Gene Saks meticulously rehearsed the dramatic scenes.

Perfection demands patience. Miss Ball insisted Bea Arthur of the original *Mame* cast be persuaded to repeat her Vera Charles role. Certainly no actress in all the world could be more perfect. But Miss Arthur had found new fame as Maude and was not immediately available. The shooting schedule was rearranged so Miss Arthur could join the company two and a half months after the starting date, thus giving her time to finish her scheduled "Maude" shows. The happy casting of Robert Preston as Beauregard Burnside inspired Jerry Herman to write a new song, "Loving You," for him and Miss Ball. The screenplay, brilliantly written by Paul Zindell, was ready and approved. Work, a frenzy of work, with the starting date closer and closer. And finally came the awesome moment of truth: filming began January 3, 1973, and ended eighteen "frantic, rough and happy weeks" later.

The story has been told often enough. It's all about the gay, irrepressible, hedonistic and very rich Mame whose life credo is to "dine properly at the banquet of life," and how she inherits a ten-year-old boy from a conservative, conventional background, and tries to "open the window of life" to him. Her concept of education is unorthodox—to say the least. His school is madly progressive, the children (and master) uninhibited by either discipline or restrictive clothing. His extracurricular studies are conducted in speakeasys, crowded parties and even dangling from a spike in the crown of the Statue of Liberty. All heady for a ten-year-old, superbly played by also ten-year-old Kirby Furlong with everything from awesome confusion to gleeful delight and tenderest affection, a heavy range of burden for even the mature actor. Vera Charles (Bea Arthur) is Mame's best friend, a musical comedy star with a boozy baritone, unquenchable thirst and deliciously amoral lustiness. She is sheer joy to watch, especially in her scenes with Mame. Working together, they light the sky with exploding stars. Their duet "Bosom Buddies" will become a comedic classic, the perfect example of professionalism at its magnificent best.

Anyhow, Mame loses both boy and fortune in the 1929 crash. For a bit we are back to TV's Lucy, delightfully zany, inept and somehow surviving a brief acting career during which she manages to hilariously disrupt the opening night of her best friend's new show. Mame, of course, is undaunted, finds another job as a shoe saleslady. Here Beauregard Burnside comes into her life, carries her off to Georgia where she rides the wildest, most incredible hunt in Georgia history, saves the fox and wins a new husband . . . who dies shortly thereafter in a Swiss avalanche. But we can never be cynical about Mame; she is a child of destiny born to be rich, the better to share her indomitable spirit. Some years go by; Patrick, to her dismay, has matured into a conventional, rather stuffy young man about to marry into a rich and bigoted family. There is a matter of buying adjoining property as a wedding present . . . and to keep out the riffraff. Mame buys the property to construct a home for unwed mothers and that, of course, sinks the marriage. However, she gets Patrick married to her pretty Irish maid, all this rather unfortunately rushed. But the film, delightful as it is, could not go on forever. Sadly, it had to end.

Jane Connel is Gooch, the prim and dowdy secretary, who after long rejection finally heeds Mame's song advice to "Open the Door to Life," thus acquiring the most gigantic (and rueful) pregnancy ever seen on any screen. Miss Connel is also an alumnus of the original cast and most certainly the greatest Gooch ever. Robert Preston makes the perfect southern gentleman, handsome, devoted and in excellent voice. And George Chiang plays Ito with touching devotion and unflappable good humor.

This, remember, is a musical, huge, colorful, fast paced, masterfully staged, eloquently costumed and choreographed, exquisitely photographed (by Phil Lathrop). I cannot say that *Mame* is great art, yet all the great arts are joined here to create great entertainment, rare and much needed at this point in time. And Lucille Ball towers over all of it, earning the right to be listed with the most distinguished actors in theater and films. Lucy—as much as we love her—has been replaced by Mame as a monument to the genius of Lucille Ball.

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HAYAKAWA

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dynamic force in the creation of new expectations, new demands—and therefore in changing society. Like it or not, it will continue to shake society to the roots—even as we dismiss it lightly as the "boob tube." The poor, having seen the commercials, having heard and believed the promises of material abundance, compelling beauty, and youth that does not end, are no longer content to wait for their rewards in heaven.

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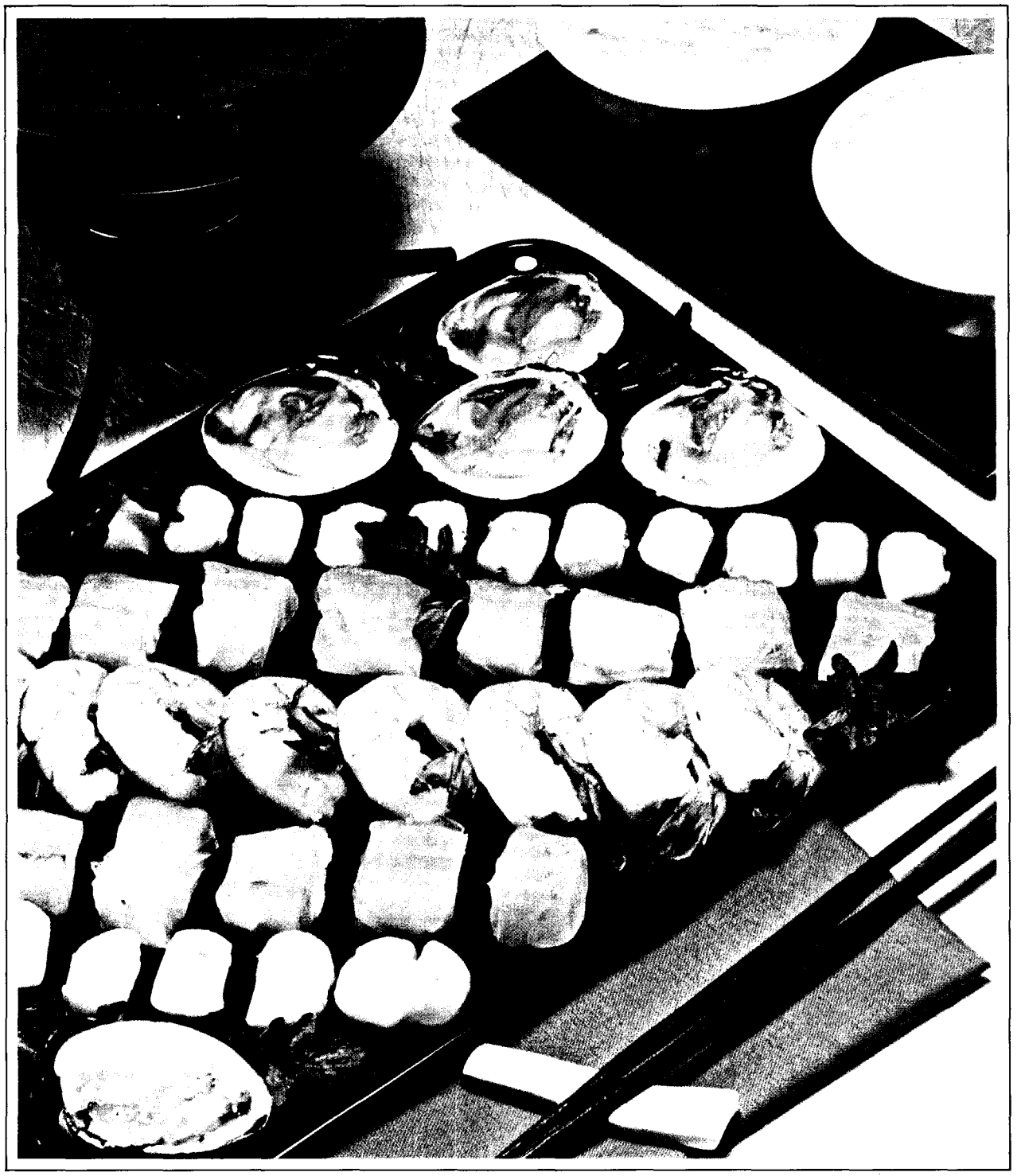
FONDUE ON THE MENU

Of all the ways of preparing food which is irresistibly delicious and sustaining, the fun of fondue has made it a favorite with young people, and the choice of the wise hostess who knows that entertainment starts at the table.

By Beverly Kees and Donnie Flora



Morsels of shrimp, oyster, firm-fleshed fish and scallop await dipping into the pot of bubbling peanut oil. Seafood is highly nutritious and delectable when dunked into accompanying hollandaise and Sazerac Louis sauces.

Fondue! What began as a simple Swiss peasant meal born of necessity progressed to become a trademark of Swiss cuisine; today, it occupies a prominent place in the entertaining plans of American hostesses.

What led to this phenomenal popularity? Why does the fondue pot now threaten to displace the chafing dish for at-home entertaining this side of the Atlantic?

Well—the fondue party is easy; it's convivial; it's different; and it allows the hostess to be a partygoer, too.

Clearly, none of these is a conclusive reason, but it hardly matters—what is clear is that fondue is here to stay. More interesting than any of the reasons, perhaps, is a bit of the background of fondue.

The word "fondue" derives from the French verb *fondre*—to melt. And legend has it that fondue was originated by a Swiss shepherd weary of his monotonous winter fare of hard bread, cheese and wine. Perhaps it was by accident that he lit a fire under his iron pot, tossed in the cheese, added some wine and dipped the bread into the bubbling cheese mixture. If so, it was a happy accident. The idea spread and was eventually seized upon by the hospitable Swiss innkeepers.

There it remained for some time—a national dish to be enjoyed in Switzerland or a dish prepared in this country by a professional chef at a restaurant featuring international cuisine.

How the current trend toward fondue cooking in America started no one knows for certain. What is certain is that almost overnight fondue pots began popping up in window displays, in housewares departments, in mail order catalogs. This proliferation offers convincing proof that fondue has become very much a part of the American scene.

Without a fondue pot, you can't have a fondue party. Therefore, a word about choosing one.

Your best and most versatile investment is a good quality metal pot—this is the only material which will withstand the heat required to cook meat fondues as well as produce excellent cheese and dessert fondues over low heat.

Let's begin the way the Swiss did—with cheese fondue, and its many variations. Many cheeses melt well and thus lend themselves to fondue. A good cheese chart will give a quick rundown on these. Use the chart, too, if one of these recipes calls for a cheese with which you are not familiar—or if you have to substitute because a particular cheese isn't available.

A few mild words of advice may be in order here—by way of either prevention or cure—if something should go awry with your cheese fondue. Do use a light dry wine (such as Rhine, Riesling, Chablis or Neuchâtel) in the fondue; if you must substitute a slightly sweeter wine, add one or two teaspoons of lemon juice. Keep the flame under the fondue low. If your fondue should turn lumpy, stringy or too thick, return it to the kitchen range and stir with a wire whisk while adding ½ teaspoon cornstarch blended with a little wine. Back to normal!

For dunking into the fondue? Cubes of sourdough French bread are the classic choice; but try raw vegetables and cubes of cooked meat or seafood for a change of pace.

You might include this fondue "tradition" as part of your party: If a man loses his bread cube in the cheese during dunking, he can choose a girl to kiss. If a girl loses her bread cube—she has to kiss *all* the men!

And don't forget that delectable crust that forms at the bottom of any cheese fondue pot. Loosen it

Continued on page 116

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Aries

Mar. 21-Apr. 19

Your ruler is Minerva, Goddess of wisdom, war and the liberal arts. Your planet is Mars, called "the red planet." Your color is red, your metal iron and your element is fire! You are energetic, impulsive, enthusiastic, and steadfast. Your mineral is realgar/orpiment.

Aquarius

Jan. 20-Feb. 18

Your ruler is Juno, queen of the heavens. Your planet is Uranus, a primary planet, bigger than the earth. Your color is purple, your metal rare uranium and your element air! You are honest, curious, broadminded and humane. Your mineral is amethyst quartz crystal.

Gemini

May 21-Jun. 21

Your ruler Apollo, is god of light and heat. Historically he represents the highest form of masculine beauty. Mercury rules your metal quick-silver. Your color is blue-grey and your element is air! You are restless, versatile, clever and expressive. Your mineral, one half of a pair, is the geode.

Cancer

Jun. 22-Jul. 22

Your ruler is Mercury. Your planet is the moon—fitting for the sign of a water creature. Your colors: iridescents and the heraldic "tincture of purple." Your metal is silver and your element water. You are tenacious, patient, sympathetic and influential. Your mineral is chalcopyrite.

Virgo

Aug. 23-Sep. 22

Your ruler is Ceres, goddess of growing things. Your planet is Mercury, smallest star and nearest to the sun. Your color: grey-blues, your metal quick-silver and your element earth! You are good-humored, industrious, intelligent and tender. Your mineral is flourite.

Taurus

Apr. 20-May 20

Your ruler is Venus, goddess of beauty and love. Your planet is Venus—the most brilliant star. Venus rules your metal copper. Your color, from heraldry, is the "green tincture" verd. Your element is earth. You are adamant, persevering, kindhearted and musical. Your mineral is malachite.

Think natural.

An outstanding gift for a friend, a relative . . . or yourself.

Libra

Sep. 23-Oct. 22

Your ruler is Vulcan, god of fire. Your planet is Venus, "the morning and evening star." Your color is light gold, your metal is copper and your element air. You are just, artistic, painstaking and affectionate. Your mineral pyrite is commonly called "fool's gold."

Scorpio

Oct. 23-Nov. 21

Your ruler is Mars, god of war. Your color, from heraldry, is deep red as in the coats of sovereign princes. Your metal is steel and your element water. You are energetic, independent, genial, with strong likes and dislikes. Your mineral is vanadinite.

Capricorn

Dec. 22-Jan. 19

Your ruler is Vesta, goddess of the hearth. Your planet is Saturn. Your colors, from heraldry, are black and brown. Your element is earth. You are ambitious but cautious, diplomatic and have great understanding. Your mineral is dog-tooth calcite.

Sagittarius

Nov. 22-Dec. 21

Your ruler is Diana, goddess of the chase. Your planet is Jupiter, with a disc that's blue. Your color is bright blue, your metal tin, and your element fire! You are impulsive, candid, generous and sport and nature loving. Your mineral is chrysocolla.

Pisces

Feb. 19-Mar. 20

Your ruler is Neptune, god of the sea. Your colors: ocean blue or sea green, your metal tin and your element—water! You are sensitive, kind, ebullient, and idealistic. Your mineral, clear as water itself, is rock quartz crystal.

Leo

Jul. 23-Aug. 22

Your ruler is Jupiter whose domain is the sky. Your planet is "giver of life and energy and center of all celestial bodies"—the sun. Your color is yellow (as the sun), your metal gold, and your element fire! You are generous, energetic, proud and assertive. Your mineral is sulphur.

From the dawn of history, mankind's development has been guided by the elements. Astrology is based on the principle that the position of the planets and the signs of the zodiac have much to do with what is happening here on earth. Ancient astrologers tell us that to certain people, born at a certain time, a particular stone will bring fortune, happinesss and good luck. Now you can have your personal sign of the zodiac and its corresponding mineral for good fortune.
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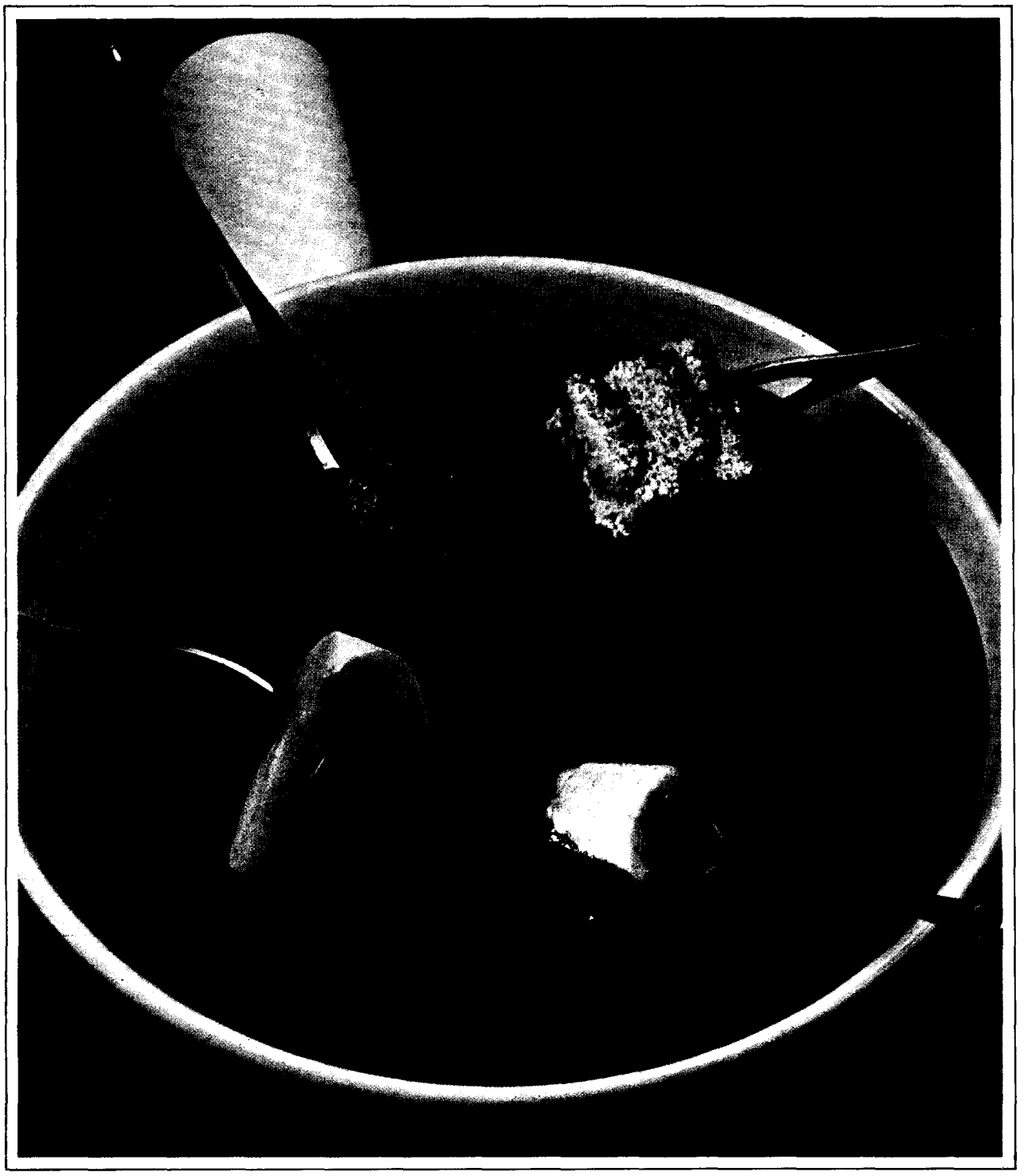
continued from page 114

with a knife and divide it evenly among the guests. It's a real delicacy!

Classic Swiss Fondue Menu
Classic Swiss Fondue
Parsleyed Potatoes
Belgian Endive Salad with French Dressing
Mocha Ricotta



Dessert fondue is a novel way to end any meal, and this classic rich chocolate fondue is a favorite of discriminating hostesses. What are good dippers? Try cubes of toasted angel food cake, tiny cream puffs and fresh bits of tangy fruit.

Dry Swiss Neuchâtel
4 to 6 servings

CLASSIC SWISS FONDUE
1 clove garlic, halved
2 cups very dry white wine
1 lb. coarsely grated Gruyère or Emmenthaler cheese or ½ lb. each
3 tbsp. flour
¼ cup kirsch
Nutmeg (optional)
Cubes of sourdough French bread

Rub inside of the fondue pot with garlic; discard garlic. Heat the wine in the pot until almost boiling. Add the cheese, dredged in flour, by handfuls, making sure each addition has melted and blended before adding more. When all the cheese has been added and the mixture is smooth and thick, stir in the kirsch; add nutmeg, salt and pepper. Serve with the bread cubes for dunking.

Note: For the mildest fondue, use all Emmenthaler (Swiss) cheese. The strongest fondue is made from well-aged Gruyère. Try half and half for a medium flavor variation.

PARSLEYED POTATOES
1½ lbs. (12 to 16) small, peeled potatoes
4 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. minced parsley

Boil potatoes. When done, drain and toss lightly with butter and parsley.

BELGIAN ENDIVE SALAD WITH FRENCH DRESSING
6 heads Belgian endive
French dressing
Chopped fresh parsley

Cut endive in half lengthwise. Wash in cold water and separate all of the leaves. Dry thoroughly on paper towels. Toss endive with French dressing in a salad bowl until well coated. Sprinkle with parsley.

MOCHA RICOTTA
1 lb. creamed ricotta cheese
½ cup grated semi-sweet chocolate
Sugar to taste (optional)
2 tbsp. crème de café
3 to 4 tbsp. heavy cream
Chopped salted peanuts (optional)

Cream together the cheese and chocolate. Taste; beat in sugar, then the liqueur. Add enough of the cream to make a smooth consistency; add a little more sugar if desired. Pour into sherbet or parfait glasses and chill well. Serve garnished with chopped peanuts, if desired.

Shrimp-Swiss Cheese Fondue Menu
Shrimp-Swiss Cheese Fondue
Garden Salad
Green Grapes with Sour Cream and Brown Sugar
Medium-Dry Sauterne
4 to 6 servings

SHRIMP-SWISS CHEESE FONDUE
2 tbsp. butter
3 tbsp. flour
1 cup Chablis
2 tbsp. lemon juice
1 can frozen cream of shrimp soup, thawed
1½ cups grated Swiss cheese
1 (4½ oz.) can cooked shrimp, drained and rinsed or 12 small cooked shrimp
2 tbsp. sherry
Salt (optional)
Cubes of sourdough French bread

Melt the butter in the fondue pot. Add one tablespoon of the flour and cook the mixture for two minutes, stirring constantly. Do not brown. Add Chablis, lemon juice and soup; heat well. Add the cheese, which has been dredged in remaining two tablespoons of flour, by handfuls, blending each well. Add shrimp and sherry; stir in. Season with salt if desired. Serve with the bread cubes for dunking.

GARDEN SALAD
2 cups diced and drained tomatoes.
½ cup celery, diced
½ cup green pepper, diced
½ cup cucumber, diced
¼ cup green onion, chopped
2 tbsp. lemon juice

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1 tsp. salt
2 tsp. sugar
Pepper to taste

Combine vegetables. Mix lemon juice, salt, sugar and pepper and toss with vegetables. Chill.

More Fondues

CHOCOLATE FONDUE

1 (6 oz.) pkg. semi-sweet chocolate chips
½ cup light corn syrup
1 tsp. vanilla or 1½ tsp. instant coffee powder
2 tbsp. brandy or rum (optional)
Dash cinnamon
Dippers of your choice

Combine chocolate chips and corn syrup over hot (not boiling) water; stir until chocolate melts and is smooth. Add remaining ingredients; stir until well blended. Keep warm.
Note: You can substitute two tablespoons orange juice for the brandy and omit cinnamon, if you prefer.

CAERPHILLY FONDUE

1½ cups light dry ale or beer
1 minced shallot or ½ tsp. each minced onion and garlic
2 cups chopped Caerphilly cheese
3 tbsp. flour
Cayenne pepper and salt to taste
Cubes of sourdough French bread

Heat the ale and shallot almost to boiling. Strain into fondue pot, discarding shallot. Dredge cheese in flour; add by handfuls, blending each addition well. Season with cayenne and salt. Serve with the bread cubes for dunking.
Note: This one is for Caerphilly lovers only; if you prefer a more standard fondue, substitute Cheddar.

CHEDDAR-BEER FONDUE

1 clove garlic
1 lb. well-aged sharp Cheddar cheese
3 tbsp. flour
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
½ tsp. dry mustard
2 cups dry beer (good quality)
2 tbsp. chopped chives
Cubes of sourdough French bread

Rub inside of the fondue pot with garlic; discard garlic. Heat the beer in the pot until almost boiling. Add the cheese, dredged in flour, by handfuls, making sure each addition has melted and blended before adding more. When all the cheese has been added and the mixture is smooth and thick, stir in the Worcestershire sauce; add dry mustard. Garnish with chives. Serve with the bread cubes for dunking.
Note: For change-of-pace dunking, use pieces of cooked sausage or hot dogs, meatballs, pieces of waffle, canapé-size sandwiches or apple slices.

Fondue Bourguignonne Menu

Iced Dry Vermouth
Mushrooms à la Grecque
Cheese Sticks
Classic Beef Fondue
Choron, Apple Horseradish, El Diablo, Mornay Sauces
Garlic Bread
Salad with Lemon Mayonnaise
Coffee Gelatin
Red Burgundy or Red Rhône
4 to 6 servings

EL DIABLO SAUCE

1 cup (8 oz.) tomato puree
1 small hot green chili pepper, chopped, seeded and membranes removed
1½ tsp. olive oil
1½ tsp. red wine vinegar
¼ tsp. oregano
½ tsp. cumin powder
Pinch each ground cloves and garlic salt

Place all ingredients in blender for a few seconds. If you do not have a blender, chop the pepper very fine, then combine with other ingredients and beat by hand or with electric mixer. If too hot (it should be quite hot), cut with a little salt.

CLASSIC BEEF FONDUE

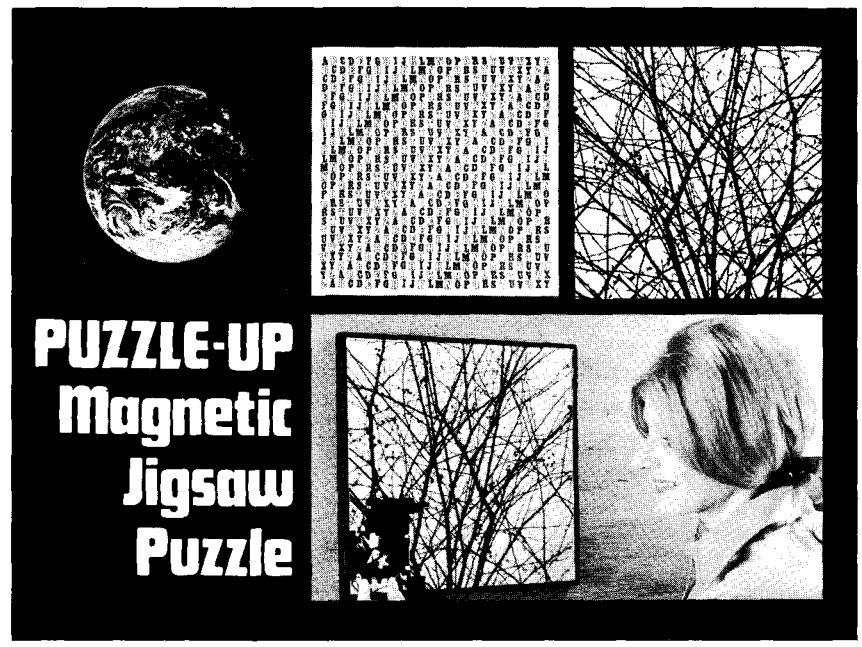
2 to 3 lbs. lean tender beef
Parsley or watercress
Peanut oil

Cut the meat into ¾- to 1-inch cubes or in thin strips (allow about a half pound for each serving); arrange on platters on beds of parsley or watercress.

Heat the oil on the kitchen range to 375°; transfer it to a metal fondue pot. Fill the pot no more than half full to avoid bubbling over when the meat is cooked.

Each person spears and cooks his own pieces of meat in the bubbling oil. (Be sure to provide each guest with a long-handled fondue fork for cooking; meat is transferred to dinner fork before it is eaten.) Serve with an assortment of sauces (see following menus for suggestions).
4 to 6 servings.

Continued on page 118



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MORNAY SAUCE

2 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. flour
1 cup scalded milk
3 shallots, minced
1 egg yolk
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
2 tbsp. dry white wine
Salt (optional)

Make a roux of the butter and flour. Cook five minutes over low heat (use asbestos pad to prevent browning). Add milk quickly, stirring constantly. Add shallots. Cook over low heat for 20 minutes, stirring often. Strain and return to saucepan. Quickly whisk in egg yolk. Over low heat add cheese and wine and cook until smooth. Add salt if necessary. Serve at once.

GARLIC BREAD

Preheat oven to 375°. Split a loaf of French bread lengthwise. Toast cut sides under broiler until golden. Rub each toasted side with ½ clove garlic. Spread softened butter over bread and heat until bubbly.

SALAD WITH LEMON MAYONNAISE

Tomato slices
Minced mushrooms
Mayonnaise
Lemon juice
Lemon slices
Chopped parsley

Combine tomato slices and minced mushrooms; mix with mayonnaise flavored with lemon juice. Top with tissue-thin slices of lemon and chopped parsley.

SEAFOOD FONDUE

2 to 3 lbs. seafood (shrimp, oysters, chunks of firm-fleshed fish, scallops)
Parsley or watercress
Peanut oil

Allow about a half pound of seafood for each serving; arrange on platters on beds of parsley or watercress.

Heat the oil on the kitchen range to 375°; transfer it to a metal fondue pot. Fill the pot no more than half full to avoid bubbling over when the seafood is cooked.

Each person spears and cooks his own pieces of fish in the bubbling oil. (Be sure to provide each guest with a long-handled fondue fork for cooking; fish is transferred to a dinner fork before it is eaten.) Serve with sauces given in menu.

SAZERAC LOUIS SAUCE

1 cup mayonnaise
¼ cup chili sauce (unsmoked)
1 tbsp. lemon juice
2 drops Angostura bitters
2 drops Peychaud bitters
1/3 cup heavy cream, whipped
Dash Worcestershire sauce

Mix mayonnaise, chili sauce, lemon juice and bitters. Stir in cream and Worcestershire. Chill several hours.

BROWN SAUCE

1½ tbsp. butter
1½ tbsp. flour
2 cups canned beef consommé
1 bouillon cube

Melt butter; add flour and cook, stirring constantly, over low heat until browned. Combine consommé with bouillon cube; stir into roux. Bring sauce to a boil and simmer for 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Skim off fat as it accumulates (if any does); sieve sauce through strainer lined with a triple layer of cheesecloth.

Note: If you want to save time, prepare a packaged brown sauce instead of using this recipe.

FOOLPROOF HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

3 egg yolks
1 tbsp. water
1 cup butter (2 sticks) at room temperature
Lemon juice
Salt
Cayenne or white pepper

Ahead of time: in the top of a double boiler beat the egg yolks and the water over barely simmering water until light and fluffy. Cut each stick of butter into three pieces. Add four pieces of butter, one at a time, beating hard after each addition, until the eggs incorporate the butter and the sauce is thick. Turn off heat. At serving time, reheat sauce and add the remaining butter a piece at a time, again beating hard. Season with about one teaspoon lemon juice, a little salt and pepper.

PIQUANT SAUCE

6 tbsp. dry white wine
1 generous tsp. minced shallot
1 cup Brown Sauce (recipe above)
1½ tbsp. finely minced sour gherkins
1 tbsp. each chives and parsley
Pinch finely chopped tarragon

Cook the wine and shallot until liquid is reduced one third. Add the Brown Sauce; bring to a boil. Turn off for five minutes. Boil again; stir in seasonings and remove from heat.

GREEN GODDESS SAUCE

1 very ripe avocado
1 cup mayonnaise
½ cup sour cream
¼ cup minced parsley
1 tbsp. white vinegar
1 tbsp. tarragon vinegar
1 (2 oz.) can flat anchovies, minced
3 tbsp. minced green onions

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1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 small clove garlic, crushed
Salt and pepper to taste
Mix all ingredients and chill 24 hours. Remove garlic before serving.

RÉMOULADE SAUCE
1 cup mayonnaise
1 tbsp. chopped parsley
1 tbsp. drained, chopped capers
1 small clove garlic, minced
1 tbsp. chopped cucumber pickles
Pinch dried tarragon
1 tsp. prepared hot mustard or ½ tsp. anchovy paste (optional)
Mix all ingredients well. Chill thoroughly.

TWO PARTY SYSTEM

continued from page 35

It is also not consistent with the history of our political development in this country. The most outstanding Republican presidents have, in fact, been liberal presidents, such as Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. Some of our Democratic presidents have been, in fact, basically conservative individuals, and that is the way it should be, with a pragmatic posture for what is best for the country regardless of whether it places the party or its leadership in a conservative or liberal position at any particular time or on any particular issue.

Each time I am elected to office I take office as if I had just been elected for the first time. In this way I approach my job in the realism of what has already occurred. Perhaps sometimes this was with my adverse vote on an issue in the past.

As an example, I mention the fact that when President Truman asked for the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to be established, I voted against it because I felt that education was not a field given under the Constitution to the Federal Government, but reserved for localities under our federal system. When President Eisenhower revived the Truman request, which had been defeated, he was successful and the Department was established. Many members of his own party changed from their adverse votes when Truman requested it to affirmative votes when the Republican President requested it.

Now, that is something that has already occurred and the Federal Government is now established in a program of spending many billions of dollars a year in education.

But I maintain that the main thing that the Federal Government should logically be expected to do in the field of education has not been done; and that is to equalize educational opportunities throughout all of the United States. This is something that the States cannot do themselves because of their varying capabilities and incapabilities. I, therefore, have introduced a constitutional amendment which would give this power to the Federal Government and I favor it. Some people say this is inconsistent with my former position. Perhaps it is but I think that what I have proposed makes sense as things now are.

Consistency is certainly not one of the highest virtues. Ralph Waldo Emerson said of it: "With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall."

And at another place Emerson said: "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."

For the Democratic Party to lock itself in cement, always to be on the liberal side of every issue, might appear to make it more consistent, but it would certainly not be in the best interests of good government.

Perhaps the greatest issue facing this country today is fiscal responsibility or budgetary control; and the only leadership that is needed in this is one in the direction of conservatism. The Democratic Party should furnish it, and I believe it will. I and many other Members of Congress have legislation pending to accomplish this, and I believe it can and must be done.

Another area in which the Democratic Party has been criticized as well as the Republican Party is the area of congressional reform. Progress has been made, but it has been very slow, and it had not been significant or as significant as it should be.

The people of the country believe, and properly so, that the present system is not likely to provide the American people with the fresh and new leadership needed to produce constructive changes in changing times. They also realize that the present system of forever putting the chairmanship in the hands of the most senior member on a committee discourages many able persons from staying in Congress, or from coming here in the first place. They wonder why we cannot find a better system.

Election of chairmen has been suggested as a reasonable alternative to strict seniority, but this has been available for several years and even with the recent reforms on that system it still offers no substantial results for various reasons. The first reason is that to deprive a chairman of his chair would almost be tantamount to impeachment in the minds of the public and in Congress, and it would be a heavy implication of wrong-doing or incompetence. So Congressmen can be expected to go on reelecting the most senior members without exception. Under these circumstances, reform simply by election of chairmen offers no real reform at all.

Even if real elections did become

Continued on page 120

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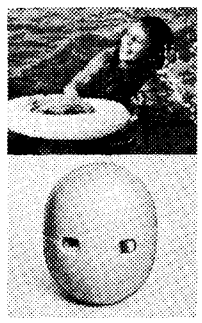

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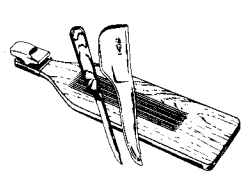

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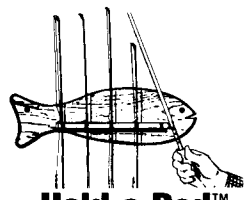

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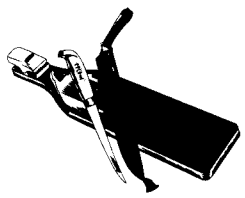

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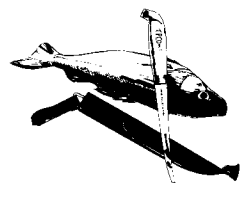

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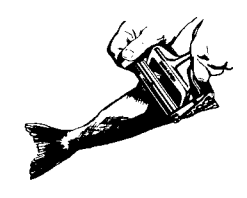

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feasible in fact it might well be that palace guard politics and log rolling might bring about worse results than anything we now experience. Lobbying interests might see an opening here that they had not had before, and the defects of such a system might far exceed anything now thought of, or presently experienced.

A real reform is possible in limiting the term of the chairman to six years, as this would give each chairman a reasonable time and a concrete challenge to use these six years for constructive leadership. Then the outgoing chairman could become chairman emeritus. It would give others, just less senior, adequate time to prepare for such leadership in the future. And it would tend to retain able men in Congress by giving them a reasonable chance for future effective leadership opportunities. It is reform such as this that the American people are looking for and they have a right to expect that Congress will bring it about.

Yes, there is an infinite variety of opportunities for the party in power, and for the party of loyal opposition or constructive criticism. If the Democratic Party will approach its responsibilities from the standpoint of progress in the context of realism, its future is great. I am sure that the party will do this; and that its future is great. Of course, the same opportunity and responsibility lie with the Republican Party.

Parties, after all, are but means of working for good government. Regardless of how the power is distributed between the parties in America we are Americans first and partisans later and we should all work together for what is in the best interests of our country.

Franklin D. Roosevelt once well expressed the genius of America in this when he said:

"The dictators cannot seem to realize that here in America our people can maintain two parties and at the same time maintain an inviolate and indivisible Nation. The totalitarian mentality is too narrow to comprehend the greatness of a people who can be divided in party allegiance at election time but remain united in devotion to their country and to the ideals of democracy at all times."

The Democratic Party has a great future and a great present if it will, without abandoning its idealism, perform the needed function in government of constructive criticism wherever needed, regardless of whether this places the party in a liberal or conservative position on a particular issue. It should not fail to undertake the responsibility of constructive criticism even if on a particular issue it may be required to take the conservative side of an issue. For instance, consider the fields of national defense, budgetary controls, rearrangement of priorities and the defeat of wasteful and extreme welfare proposals. I feel sure the party will measure up to these needs of this day.

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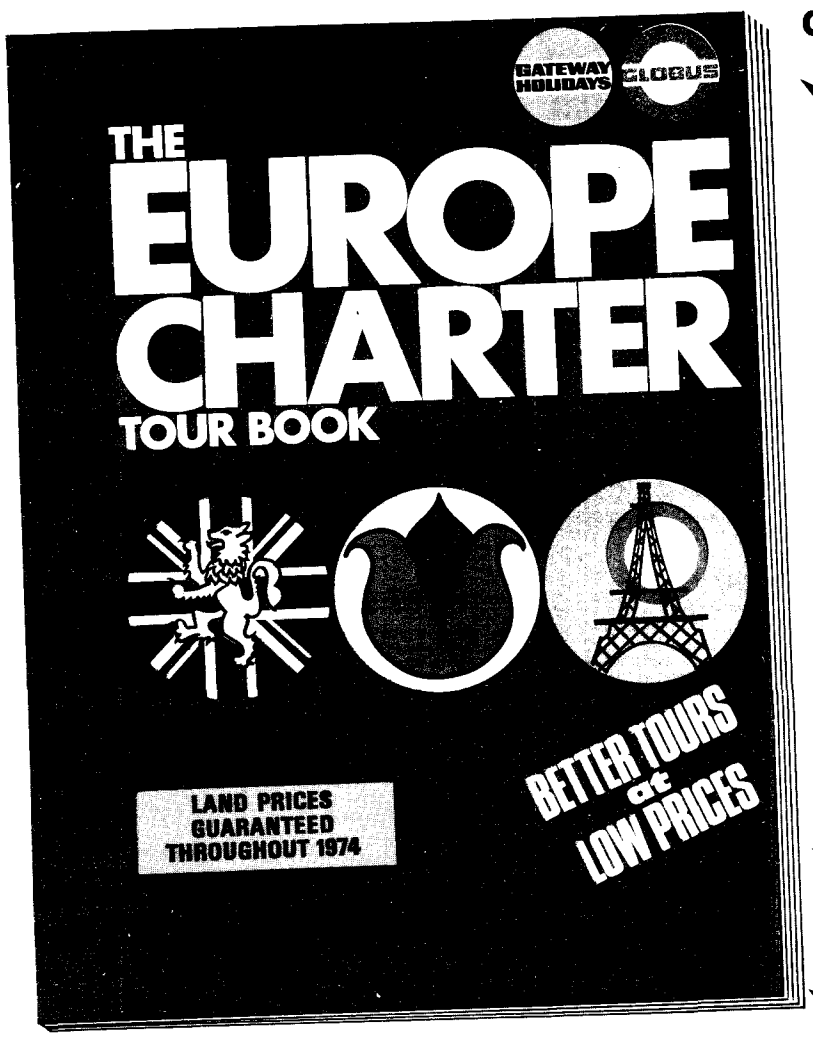

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MY TWO-YEAR FLIRTATION WITH JAPAN

How to become Hambun Nihonjin (*meaning half Japanese*) *in 36 uneasy lessons*

By Sandra SerVaas

Armed with *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword* (title of Ruth Benedict's 1946 classic on Japan and its society) and the literary advice of Orientalist and former Ambassador to Japan, Edwin Reischauer, I set off for Nippon to be converted by the natives. Coming from a relative cultural wasteland as yet uninfiltrated by Berlitz (and the Japanese language lessons thereof), I moved in on the unsuspecting Hagiwaras of Tsurumi (a Tokyo suburb) as practically a deaf and dumb (but very American, which was the point) member of the family. For nearly two years the labels were turned and I was to wear my "Made in U.S.A." right across my mouth!

How did I manage to become enrolled in—ostensibly—a two-year paid vacation in the Orient with "peripheral" duties as nanny (the kids turned out to be nineteen, seventeen, fifteen, thirteen and very capable), live-in propagandist for The American Way, family English tutor, factory teacher of English, and Assistant Professor of English at a Tokyo women's college? Simple. A friend of a friend of a friend had told my father who told me long distance in Alaska about a wealthy Japanese record-maker who enjoyed his American factory tour so much that he was looking for a nice, young American to live. . . .

After an interminable six-month wait—with no telling how many bows and scrapes with the authorities from the other end—I received the appropriate visa and arrived several days later, trembling like a mail-order bride, on the Hagiwara doorstep. It seemed that my angel, the honorable industrialist, had failed to enlighten several members of the immediate family about The Coming. Those who had been told had spent a terrified two weeks (during which, I later discovered, the family maid of ten years had packed her bags and resigned, screaming "The *Gaijin* [foreigners] are coming!") dreading The Day. So for the occasion, Mrs. Hagiwara had recruited a company engineer who had studied two years at Columbia a mere forty years ago, and Kayoko, one of her six younger sisters and the heroine of this story—who had recently completed a grueling three-year eight-hour-a-day English conversation course. They were to hold both me and my English at bay until the family could muster some reinforcements—like an army of dictionaries.

Living with the affectionate Hagiwara family, the American visitor, expected to lead them into our ways, soon became half Japanese.

It was in the midst of this very polite and cordial chaos that I determined to follow in the footsteps of Samuel Pepys and John-Boy Walton and to record *my* Japanization (or alternatively *their* Americanization) for all time. The following entries are portions of the resultant opus, a mixed record of both culture and future shock.

Jan. 20. I was introduced to a Japanese-style room (with a super sleeping bag called a *futon* on the floor) which I may lose later to thirteen-year-old Takashi. I noted that all the screens in the house are only paper, so was not surprised by evidence of frost inside. Tomoko, age fifteen, seldom speaks English, but all reports are that she can; outgoing Emi (seventeen) managed to say that she was in the midst of a three-day truancy from high school. Katsuharu, the oldest, was away playing all-night Mah-Jongg at Keio University.

One of these fashionable Tokyo ladies is the American author, the other is a true Japanese. Answer to riddle: Sandra SerVaas, at left.

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Jan. 22. My first meal (breakfast) could have been a traumatic experience except that a Chinese college friend had instructed me in Advanced Chopsticks—so I had no trouble picking up macaroni, beansprouts, Japanese sausage, cheese, and even a chicken leg with my two *o-hashi*. I spent the afternoon downtown with Mrs. Hagiwara where my preconceptions of the Orient vanished into the basket of fried chicken in front of me and the conversation about how the Tokyo branch of Manpower pays over $2.00 an hour for temporary workers. Caught in an endless crossfire of Japanese without even one stereotyped "Ah, so," I rushed off to buy the last copy of *Japanese in a Hurry*.

Jan. 23. The Hagiwara house is a modular, modern, concrete cube surrounded by a high concrete wall. Mr. and Mrs. Hagiwara have a *tatami* (rice mat) apartment downstairs with a Buddhist family shrine in one corner. The kids scorn daily ancestor worship and prefer their Western beds upstairs. There is a large, warm, and very lived-in living room with comfortable couches and a Swedish free-standing fireplace—all presided over by the honorable TV set. Off the outside hall are two Japanese guest rooms which I had recently occupied and then a tiny, curious, and chilly reception room for guests who are not generally invited beyond into the inner sanctum. Still, the sterile guest room is the most popular spot in town due to the fact that the stereo set and hundreds of records (freebies from Dad's company) are kept there. Typically, Katsuharu would begin his day there with a high-decibeled two-hour concert of American rock. As far as I could tell, there are only a couple of Japanese rock records which meet his approval. I am the only one in the household who prefers traditional Japanese samisen and *Gagaku* music.

Today, one of the Hagiwaras remarked that "Americans are just totally different from Japanese—and the differences are too great." After I made my rebuttal about basic humanness that transcends culture, they were saying "*You* must be different. You think like—not *exactly* like—but *about* like Japanese! You are *hambun nihonjin* (You're half Japanese!)

Jan. 30. During an outing in which Tomoko bought peanut butter, cake mix, and a frozen pizza—all things she claimed she liked, but all just as obviously for me—we were nearly run down three times by various cars, taxis, buses, trains. It's nearly impossible for me to figure out transportation because all fares, maps, station names, etc., are in Japanese, and seemingly no one, but no one, *really* comprehends English. So I have to memorize my way around (take the blue and gray bus and then the blue train with the white stripe). Before venturing into the great Tokyo unknown, I generally count the number of train stops to my destination on the map on my wall. I have about decided that memorizing "one thousand common expressions" from *Japanese in a Hurry* will require a mere millennium.

We arrived home from shopping (and eating, naturally—the kids are never without food) to find Mr. Hagiwara there—the first time I'd seen him since my arrival. He was practicing golf strokes in the living room. Then dinner: *sushi* (raw fish) and similar horrors. Special food for a special "celebration," I was told. The occasion? "My secretary get married," Mr. Hagi informed me. Everyone ignored his own plate and tensed to watch my confrontation with the slimy stuff and its "dip" of soy sauce, mustard, and horseradish. They were almost disappointed that I rather liked it and passed up the hastily prepared plate of ham and eggs. I got to bed late as I had missed my turn at the bath (a mosaic hothouse with a miniature swimming pool and water at neck level).

The Japanese kaki (persimmon) tree, a small autumn miracle in the intimate landscape of Nara.

Jan. 31. I was escorted to Mr. Hagiwara's executive offices. Everybody—from secretaries and tea girls up to middle management—wears Chairman Mao-type gray jackets with the company insignia. We sat down in the boss's expensive office in his absence, a minion brought in *cocha* (brown tea), and we turned on the omnipresent TV momentarily to the afternoon sumo matches. As soon as everybody felt that proper respect had been paid to all, we bowed out and took a taxi to the new factory where records are pressed for a few cents, sold to RCA for a few more cents, and then resold to the Japanese public for seven to eight dollars an album. I met the manager and we went through exactly the same courtesy routine. After working hours, this company—like all self-respecting and paternalistic companies—offers free classes in sewing, tea ceremony, *ikebana* (flower arranging) and English. I have been elected English teacher.

Back home again, Takashi and Tomoko were studying diligently on the dining room table (many Japanese own such Western furniture because the younger generation doesn't like to sit on the floor), and I wondered aloud when the college freshman, Katsuharu, studied his economics. "Rich men's sons never study," said Mr. Hagi flatly in the best English I'd heard from him. It sounded like something he'd repeated often.

Feb. 1. I'm beginning to lose my paranoia in Jap-

Portraits in bamboo: Takako (left) and Kayoko, two of the six Hagiwara sisters and indefatigable guides to the real, human Japan, meditate in a bamboo grove.

Kenroku Koen, a park in Kanazawa City in northwest Japan, considered one of the top five landscaping gems in the entire garden-conscious country.

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anese crowds and am learning to stare them down or to react passively to those individuals who ricochet off me in crowded corridors. It's even possible to ignore the Halloween-like surgical masks that so many people wear for *kaze* (a cold) and to keep from breathing polluted air. I've seen so many bruises, bandages, and casts that at first I thought that the entire city of Tokyo had been mugged. But when you consider that in a sardine city like this you may run in to (literally) some five or six thousand pedestrians a day, you *expect* to see a few battle scars.

At any rate, Mrs. Hagiwara and I beat our way *against* traffic to Mitsukoshi Department Store, a monster with everything from Macy's and then some. The crowds were so thick that I could have sworn it was the day before Christmas, but this was just the normal flow. We got in on the tail end of an exhibition of war photos from Vietnam and next door a tea ceremony exhibition, and then proceeded to the "cafeteria." Several hundred warlike ladies in kimonos or dark dresses were pushing and shoving around the display of plastic re-creations of every dish on the menu. The object is to pick a number, pay for it, grab your ticket, rush for an empty seat at the picnic tables, grab a waitress and make her take your ticket, find a clean cup from the center of the table and pour yourself some weak tea before it gets lukewarm. Good restaurants at this point will reward your efforts with a hot towel to sponge off with, but not this one. After lunch, I made an excursion into consumerdom to buy a few sweaters to protect me against the sixty-degree cool of the house. But I found that even a man's medium was too small—and very few styles come in large (except in a store in Asakusa where the sumo wrestlers buy their clothes).

I considered today how hard it is to describe personalities accurately when you don't understand what they say. I'm discovering that I judge people (for lack of anything else) by the way they speak—how it sounds, their facial expressions, and how often they laugh. This technique of analysis, I now realize, will get me into trouble because of the sex differences in speech. Women and girls speak melodically, softly, and laugh spontaneously (or in embarrassment). The accepted masculine manner of speech, though, is terribly brusque, clipped, and sharp. Words are short, abbreviated, often grunted or spit out. I could easily become a female chauvinist pig just by classifying people by ear!

Feb. 2. The whole family went to Yokohama Chinatown to celebrate Mr. and Mrs. Hagi's twentieth wedding anniversary (for my benefit). I was glad to be proficient with chopsticks because it was necessary to serve oneself with them from a Chinese lazy susan in the middle of the table. Incompetence would have been obvious. Sake at the end of the meal rendered everyone but me flushed and glassy-eyed. The Japanese are notoriously poor drinkers, but the Hagiwaras denied that and insisted that I had "many powers." We all piled into Mr. Hagi's deluxe chauffeur-driven Lincoln Continental decked out with curtains and lace "animacasters" everywhere inside. On the way home, Mr. Hagiwara carefully pointed out "there where dead bodies of Americans living." I was blank until his chauffeur said "Yes, that's the American cemetery."

Feb. 3. I visited Tokyo Kasei Gakuin (Tokyo Women's College) for the first time today and was immediately inducted into the president's office for one of those twiddle-your-thumbs teas. There I met the English professor, Mr. Sakai, who speaks impeccable British English—amazing, since he's never been out of Japan. Before we visited a class, he warned me that his girls were extremely bashful, self-conscious, and barely able to understand English. No wonder. They were bulldozing through an antiquated version of *The Courtship of Miss Susan Belle* by Anthony Trollope—which would have been unintelligible to American high schoolers. Mr. Sakai also mentioned that they would study that "great American literary figure," Lafcadio Hearn (Lafcadio who? A one-eyed Greek descended magazine writer who has become almost a Shakespearean figure because he was practically the only foreigner living in Japan in the early 1900's).

Feb. 4. Another day at TWC (short for Tokyo Women's College). I spent the morning in my very own office perusing suggested texts of the "Cheerio, chap!" ilk. After "elevens," as Mr. Sakai calls his eleven o'clock tea time, he took me on the usual introductory rounds of the staff. The only one I can still recall was a chemistry teacher whose first name was Taro (it means "handsome"), the same name as the Hagiwaras' dog.

Tokiko, sister #3, with her clear-eyed, pink-cheeked daughter. Japanese babies watch the world from mother's back.

Feb. 4. The first meeting of E.S.S.–TWC's English Speaking Society. Again I was up against that familiar reticence and desire to listen to my monologue. I did manage to stimulate some pidgin English about their college—which, it seems, offers only one major—home economics. This several of them find repugnant, but they said they had no choice since they had done poorly on entrance exams to other colleges. The school offers traditional education in some of the more outdated customs: emphasis on obedience to the husband, and the importance of family management and budgeting. There is less time on academics. Japanese wives are expected to manage the household efficiently, not be especially stimulating intellectually.

Feb. 6. My first trip to the country (is there really such a thing left?). A ski trip with one of Mrs. Hagiwara's sisters and her friends. I bought some men's underwear (the kind they wear under kimonos) and dyed it red, borrowed Katsuharu's ski equipment, and plunged into the morning rush hour—hacking a path with my skis. Everyone met at Tokyo's northern station and I had to laugh at Suzuki-san who appeared in a fringed buckskin jacket and Davy Crockett coonskin cap. He said he thought it was the rage in America.

The skiing in the Japanese Alps is about the same as everywhere else except it's about twenty times more crowded. And at the bottom of the slope loomed several restaurants serving the favorite Japanese hot toddy—a hot, thick, sweet bean soup with a sticky ball of glutinous rice stuck to the bottom of the bowl. This is the same

A couple of "contemplative" visitors (author, left; Takako, right) to a formal garden in the castle town of Hagi—known for its pottery, oranges and perfectly preserved ancient mud-and-tile walls.

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The classic sweep of the main building of Byodoin, a temple complex amidst the tea fields at Uji, near Kyoto. The temple is preserved as a National Treasure.

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special New Year's soup which must be at least the fifth most frequent cause of deaths (after suicide on train tracks, hit-and-run-accidents, stomach cancer, and pollution poisoning) in Japan. Hundreds of people choke to death on the rice ball every single year.

The first evening at the lodge I was faced with a truly momentous occasion: my first bona fide entry into the much-defamed community (but not co-ed) bath. Emi Hagiwara had told me she hated them and always wore a bathing suit! Inside! I followed my friend Yoshiko to the "shower room" since I couldn't read the signs that apparently pointed out its location. In an outer room were racks with baskets for clothes. You must put all your clothes in one and clip clop to the door of the public bath in slippers—which you shed there. The exceedingly modest can count the slippers and know how many eyes they'll have to face inside. I had read that one must wash first and then get into the bath—which occupies generally about a third of the total floor space. That, apparently, is an old foreigner's tale. Here is the legitimate routine: You get a plastic bowl from the stack in the corner, fill it with water from the bath, and dump that over you several times. Then you climb into the "tub" with everyone else (maximum capacity is usually six, but three is more comfortable). After a judicious amount of time, you clamber out, retrieve your bowl which also contains your washcloth (an item I frequently forgot to pack, and one that is indispensable. Toothbrushes you don't need, since most hotels and inns supply throwaways). You sit on your haunches near one of the sets of taps and fill your bowl from it. Using soap provided, you must lather up repeatedly and rinse off with water from the bowl. If you are uncoordinated or have a broken leg from skiing and can't maintain the necessary squat, you are allowed to cheat by using the plastic stools stacked in another corner. The washing and lathering can go on for hours as desired. Unfortunately, Yoshiko took an hour and so did I since I was copying her technique. At any rate, after that, you get back into the community pool and stew for a while until the juices are at full throb. Then out—and you again fill your bowl three or four times and rinse off. The climax is to wring the daylights out of your washcloth and wipe off with it—*that* is your only towel. Then you go out and dress with feigned nonchalance, hoping not to collapse from the heat and all that exertion. At this point I learned one other small lesson: that Japanese do not use deodorant (and you'd never know!). I was the only one dragging my trusty bottle of Ban to the bath. At that moment I simply knew I was the only American in these mountains.

March 1. I will take to heart advice from the latest book on Japan which I am reading. To wit: "If you think you are going to teach the Japanese anything while

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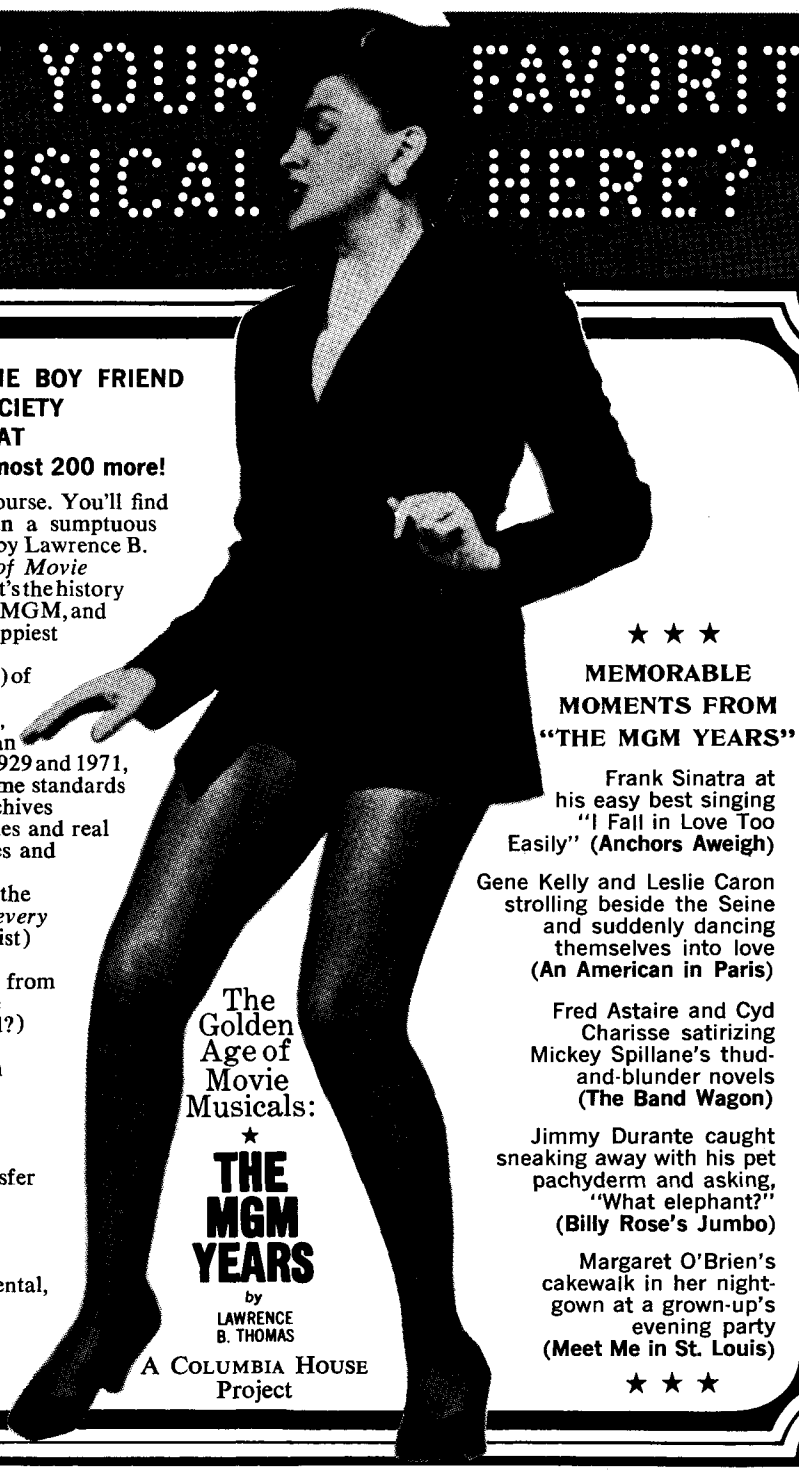

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you are here, forget it. You will soon learn that you don't teach, you learn. The Japanese aren't foreigners, *you* are." Not exactly in the American evangelical tradition.

March 2. The movie *Okinawa* (four hours long with no English subtitles) was a unique experience. I did not need words to understand that the Americans were the bad guys. The story explained the imperialist takeover of the island, how the farmland was "leased" for bombing ranges and runways. And how villagers working on the periphery of such areas were occasionally bombed and their corpses dragged over the "No Trespassing" lines to make them seem culpable. Every American military bigwig who appeared wore dark glasses, chewed gum, and reclined on his cot sipping bourbon and water when he was supposed to be on duty. I expected to be shot as I left the theater, but *au contraire*, the crowd was quiet, unmoved. The only threat to body and soul came from a couple of businessmen who had stopped off at Madame Butterfly's Bar and Grill on their way home and were reeling from train to train.

March 3. I awoke to a rare three inches of snow on the ground. The Hagiwaras and I built a snowman: a two-faced, fat Buddhist priest. Later, I meditated at the bus stop as maybe ten Japanese waited demurely in neat little lines. When the bus (or read train, rickshaw or whatever) came—poof!—the order disintegrated and it was every man for himself. There is a vague hierarchy for seats when plenty are available: children, middle-aged men, old men, young men, women with babies on their backs, old women, other women, then *me*! In close quarters, though, there is no status symbol in the scramble. The pushiest (usually little ladies in kimonos) win out. You can imagine what goes on in an elevator which—over capacity from the basement—collects more bodies on floors one through twenty!

March 4. My first Japanese lessons provided by UNESCO. And my first judo lessons at Kodokan, the cradle of judo. I bought my little T-shirt and judogi with red beginner's patch on the sleeve and my name written (in blood?) on the tail. It took me twenty minutes to learn to sign my first name thus: ナンテ"—(pronounced roughly saan-day). My class of twenty (three foreigners, seventeen Japanese) spent the better part of valor and two hours learning to fall "softly" from a standing position. Then came a thirty-minute lecture from the head honcho (I called her Venerable Bede, and she was a bow-legged lady with a sixth-degree black belt—highest ranked woman in the world) on judo etiquette. How, for example, one must place one's hands on the tatami mats when bowing from a kneeling position toward a picture of Mr. Kano, the founder of judo, hung on the far wall.

March 5. I walked into my first English class at Mr. Hagiwara's office—expecting to meet young office boys and girls who could be forcefully cajoled into practicing and studying their English. But in walked the president of a subsidiary company, the vice-president, the managing director, the chief engineer, and the sales director. Shall I rap their knuckles with a ruler if they don't do their homework?

March 6. A dissertation on the complex water closet problem. In Japan, it's frequently one for all and all for one—which means that it doesn't matter if you can't distinguish characters "men" and "women." All it says on the door is "toilet," and all you have to know is how to knock. Inside are usually one enclosed toilet and urinals along the wall. One happy family. This has led, of course, to interesting incidents concerning foreigners who have no idea they're supposed to knock. And many a foreign woman has been forced to take up residence in the walled area as a steady stream of men suddenly appeared after she got there.

March 7. My second appearance at Kodokan for judo practice, and the room was so cold I could see my breath. At first I was afraid I'd insult

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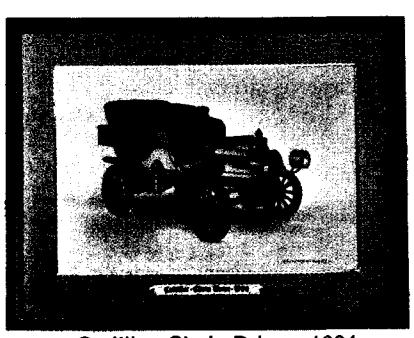
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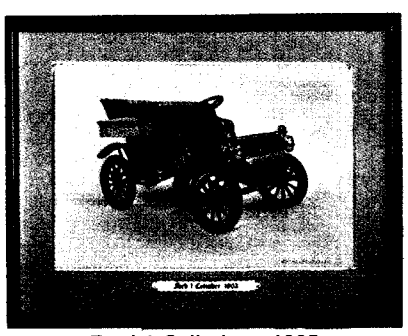
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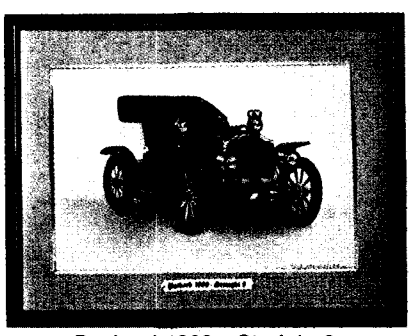
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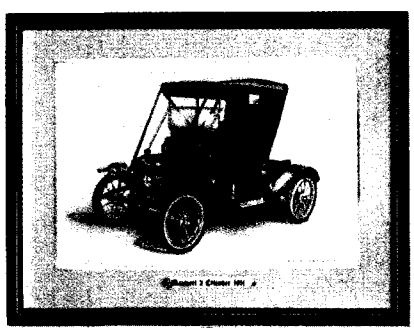
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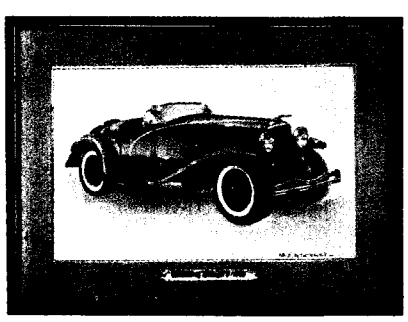
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somebody with a slip in etiquette, but now I'm slapping the mats with great gusto and learning to roll with the punches, so to speak: Venerable Bede lectured on and on again until a British girl beside me whispered, "Don't you get the feeling they're discussing mutual acquaintances?" I know enough Japanese to know they aren't, but not enough to benefit from the nuances. So I actually approached this *Sensei* (teacher) and said in broken Japanese that "We foreigners don't understand a word you're saying. Please *show* us." The thought of that kind of close contact shut her up for the night and she immediately ordered three other instructors to our corner to keep us quiet.

I am also rereading the classic *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*—mandatory reading for anyone planning to visit Japan—and it has significantly altered my homemade cause-and-effect theories about the Orient. I do wish, however, that it were more current. I would guess that what is said applies totally to the old people, perhaps half to the middle-aged, and is nearly obsolete with respect to the boppy, automobile-oriented, and "affluent" younger generation.

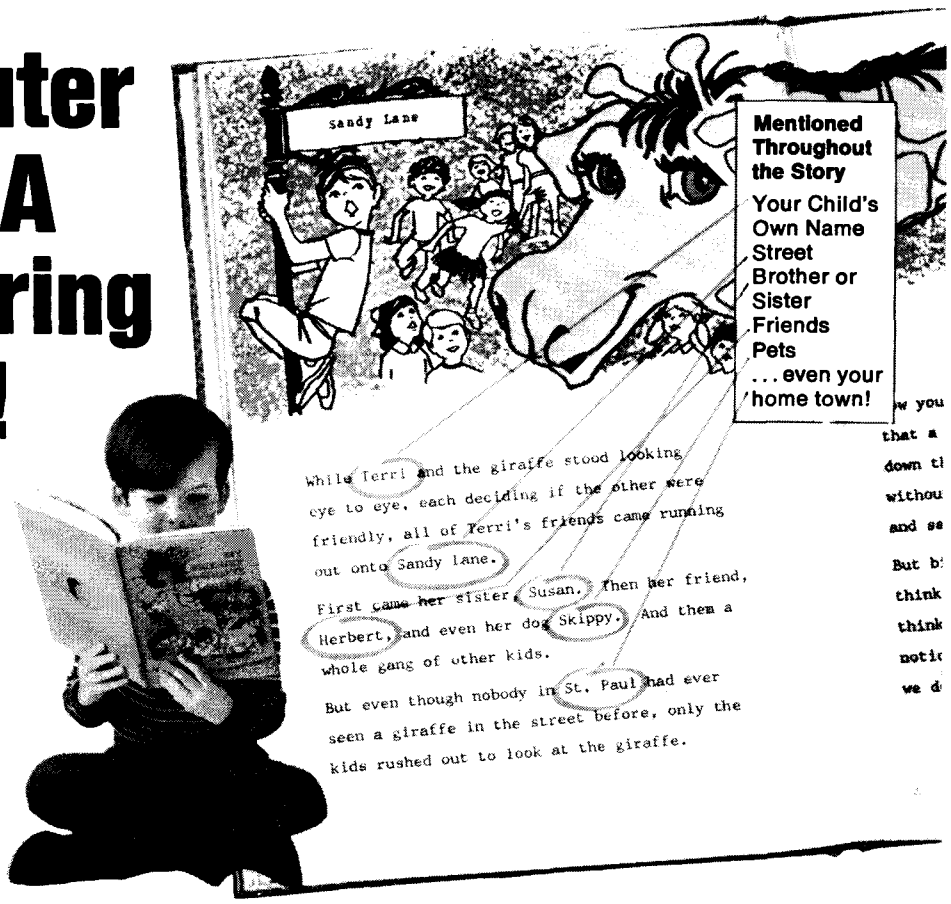
March 8. Mrs. Hagiwara's mother, petite in her dark kimono, came to visit yesterday. Somehow, we had a long conversation—she speaking Japanese, I, English. Neither understood a word the other had said, yet we understood each other perfectly. Later that evening, when she suggested that I take a bath, I headed unquestionably in that direction with an unconscious little formal bow. The Hagiwara kids noticed and were engulfed with spasms of laughter. They wouldn't think of bowing to their grandmother.

March 9. More about Japanese TV. Typical programming includes kiddy sing-out competitions where a devoted teacher brings her little precocious star on stage to sing its little lungs out to an audience of six- to ten-year-olds who scream and flail about as if they were listening to the latter-day Beatles. At the climactic, tension-wracked end, the child star waits as "professional" judges score the performance and flash it before the camera. Then the teacher rushes smilingly or glumly (as the case may be) to his charge's side and accepts or claims credit for the singing (as the case may be). I'm sure some of them commit hara-kiri offstage following the show because their little darlings missed a note.

There is another equally intriguing program, the sports serial, where the hero (judo) or heroine (volleyball) trains diligently, for some reason is kicked off the team, and later returns to glory. In last night's shocker, a high school judo team had a match coming up, and its members took it so seriously that they decided it was necessary to kill a member of the opposing team so that the newly deceased's match would be forfeited.

Continued on page 134

Our Computer Will Write A Story Starring Your Child!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Mentioned Throughout the Story
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Brother or Sister
Friends
Pets
... even your home town!
While Terri and the giraffe stood looking eye to eye, each deciding if the other were friendly, all of Terri's friends came running out onto Sandy Lane.
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CHILD'S ADDRESS _____ APT. ____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

CHILD'S BIRTH DATE: ___ / ___ / ___ (Month / Day / Year)

BELOW, LIST UP TO 3 FRIENDS, BROTHERS OR SISTERS:

_____ ☐ BOY ☐ GIRL _____ ☐ BOY ☐ GIRL _____ ☐ BOY ☐ GIRL

DOG'S NAME _____ CAT'S NAME _____

GROWN-UP'S NAME TO APPEAR ON PERSONALIZED BOOK PLATE:

("Aunt Jane, Grandma, Mom & Dad," etc.) _____

GROWN-UP'S NAME (Person Buying Book)

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"There are no such things as incurable, there are only things for which man has not found a cure." Simon Baruch

Last week I read in the evening paper that a Sunday afternoon golfer suffered a heart attack on the course and was successfully revived by a fellow golfer even though he had stopped breathing and no one could feel a pulse. Throughout the article, CPR was mentioned. What is CPR and is this something I should learn or can learn even though I have had no formal medical training?

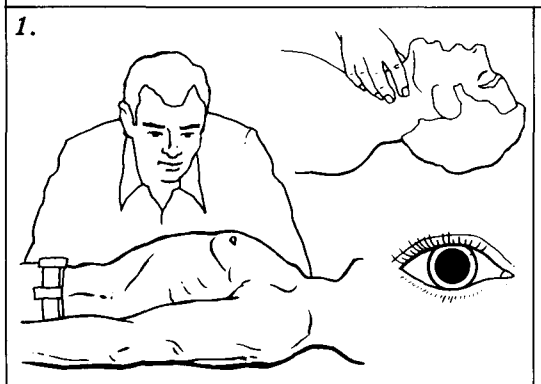
CPR stands for cardiopulmonary resuscitation and is a life-support technique. What this means is that someone who has been stricken with a heart attack or any other seizure leading to stoppage of the heart and breathing can be artificially maintained by the use of mouth-to-mouth breathing and cardiac massage. When one considers that 500,000 persons die in the United States each year from heart attacks, 60 percent before they reach hospitals because their hearts have stopped, certainly CPR could save thousands of lives.

Death does not usually occur as a sudden and irreversible event. Rather, there is a timed sequence of events from the moment the individual stops breathing or his heart stops, until he is dead. Physicians refer to this as clinical death and biological death. Clinical death means that respiration has ceased and the heart has stopped beating and no pulse can be found. From the onset of clinical death there are four to six minutes before actual biological death when cells of the brain cease to function and die because of lack of circulation of blood and therefore lack of adequate oxygen.

CPR can artificially oxygenate and circulate the patient's blood and successfully ward off biological death. This is possible because the heart can be made to pump by mechanical manipulation and the lungs made to inflate artificially by blowing air into them. Thousands of people are alive today who have suffered clinical death but not biological death because of the swift initiation of CPR.

CPR: Life Support Technique

1.



The signs of cardiac arrest:

a. No breathing. (Look at chest for movement.)

b. No pulse. (Feel carotid artery for pulse.)

c. Dilated pupils.

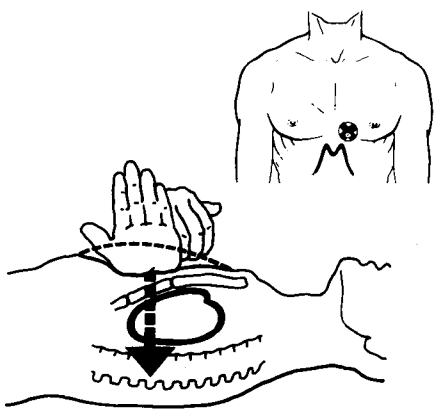
2.

a. Tilt head back.

b. Check mouth for obstructions.

c. Seal patient's mouth with yours. Force breath into patient's lungs through mouth while pinching the nostrils shut. Continue breathing for patient (see text).

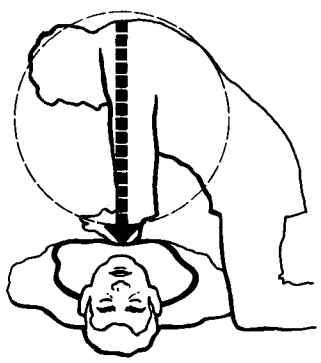
3.



Locate pressure point ✖ as shown in figure above.

Place the heel of one hand over the pressure point and the heel of other hand over the back of the first.

4.



Position yourself over the patient close enough so you can apply pressure downward vertically, using entire weight of upper body.

Compress sternum about 1-1/2 to 2 inches. Hold sternum down about 1/2 second, then release quickly. Repeat 60 to 80 times per minute.

When should CPR be used? How can you tell whether an individual is suffering from a heart seizure or some attack in which CPR would be effective? Anyone who loses consciousness, is not breathing, and on whom pulses cannot be felt in the neck or in the groin, may be given CPR. If the individual is unconscious and is not breathing and pulses can still be felt, mouth-to-mouth breathing should be initiated. Using the proper technique, mouth-to-mouth breathing is a very simple maneuver. The patient should be placed flat on his back (usually on the floor or the ground—a hard surface as opposed to a bed or couch) and a visual inspection of his mouth and the back of his throat undertaken to make sure nothing is blocking his air passages. If the patient has false teeth they should be removed so they will not fall back and obstruct the air passages. Next, placing one hand under the back of the patient's neck and the other on the patient's forehead, tilt his head so that his chin points upward; place your mouth over the patient's mouth and, using the thumb and forefinger of the hand on the forehead, pinch the nostrils and blow forcefully into the patient's mouth. If the patient's airway is open and you are using enough force you should see the patient's chest rise and then fall as the air comes back out. If the individual has no pulse or if after placing your ear to the patient's chest over his heart you can hear no heartbeat, cardiac compression should be initiated. The heart lies between the breastbone or sternum in front and the spinal column or spine in the back. If sufficient pressure is applied to the breastbone it can be depressed. This will squeeze the heart between the breastbone and the spinal column. Blood will be forced out of the heart and into circulation. As pressure is released from the breastbone, the heart will again fill on its own and be ready for another compression. Placement of the hands and timing are the most important features. Position yourself kneeling at the patient's side and place the heel of one hand over the patient's lower breastbone but not on its very tip. (You can check your position by imagining a line connecting the nipples on a male patient and noting the position of the heel of the hand which should be approximately on this line.) Place the heel of the other hand on the back of the first hand; push forcefully on the patient's breastbone so that it is compressed approximately one and one-half to two inches. This compression should be carried out with the elbows stiff and using the upper portion of the body to apply downward pressure rather than using the elbows. (On infants, use tips of fingers only, and light pressure. On children, use heel of one hand only.)

CPR may be practiced at home by placing two fairly firm sofa cushions on the floor and applying increasingly forceful compressions until you feel the heel of the hand touch the floor through the cushions. Rate of compression should be sixty to eighty compressions per minute; on a patient, alternate two

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or three rapid mouth-to-mouth breathing cycles with fifteen chest compressions. If only one individual is present to carry out CPR he should establish the above cycle. If two people are present, this cycle should be established: after the first person performs five compressions on the chest, the second person breathes into the patient's mouth two or three times. If CPR is being done effectively, the patient's color should markedly improve and he may also start breathing on his own. From time to time throughout the procedure, a check should be made for spontaneous heartbeats and pulses before continuing resuscitative efforts. If life signs are obvious, CPR should be continued. CPR, correctly done, is a physically taxing procedure. However, once it has begun, it should be carried out until a physician either pronounces the patient dead or a trained medical team takes over. Cardiopulmonary resuscitation can probably be best learned by formally enrolling in a first aid course offered in your community. Proper techniques are more easily learned with the use of life-sized mannequins that are employed as teaching aids in most of these courses. For further information call your local Red Cross, YMCA, or American Heart Association chapter.

I am always confused when newspapers refer to first-, second- or third-degree burns. Could you explain this classification?

A first-degree burn damages only the very outside layer of the skin, or epidermis, and results in reddening of the skin much as a minor sunburn. A second-degree burn damages not only the epidermis, but some of the deeper structures as well. It will appear red like the first-degree burn; however, it will contain blisters. Again, this may be likened to a more severe sunburn. The skin in a third-degree burn usually appears very dry and pale in color. However, if the heat exposure is severe, the skin may even be blackened and charred. A third-degree burn burns all the skin layers and usually is not as painful because of destruction of the sensory nerves in the skin.

MEDICAL NEWS

Pig in the Poke

Dr. Russell V. Brown of the University of Missouri's Sinclair Comparative Medical Research Farm has been studying the effect of alcohol on pigs for the last two and a half years. A bowl of vodka was placed in the pens with the water. The pigs voluntarily slurped up the vodka, ignoring their water. After a few months they began to depend on it, "and you could tell they wanted it every morning," says Dr. Brown. "They react like humans. When very drunk they can't stand or walk. Some become placid and others get belligerent. But they're there waiting every morning."

Dr. Brown usually rations each pig's intake to a quart a day, but he found the pigs will consume up to two quarts if offered unlimited amounts. When, after a year and a half of boozing, the pigs were forced on the wagon, they had "typical withdrawal symptoms. They were nervous, got the shakes, had spontaneous spasms, seemed to have hallucinations–they'd suddenly run and squeal in fright." One pig died in withdrawal and two died later after going into spontaneous withdrawal.

Oddly, autopsies of the dead pigs showed little liver damage. "It wasn't what we expected," Dr. Brown says. "Perhaps a year and a half isn't enough time to develop extensive liver damage. More likely, there was little damage because we made sure the pigs got plenty of vitamins. Damage in alcoholics may well be due to nutritional deficiencies."

Dr. Brown thinks, from his studies and earlier studies of mice, that alcoholism may be hereditary in humans. "Pigs can become alcoholic; mice can't. But some strains of mice will drink a lot more than others. There may be an enzymatic difference. As alcohol is metabolized, it might form a compound that causes dependency. Some humans may have this body chemistry, and others not. Thus, some may be potential alcoholics while others could never be alcoholics."

Beneficial Effects of Alcohol

Moderate amounts of alcoholic beverages have been recognized for years as useful therapeutic agents in geriatric patients. Recent controlled studies using beer and wine among institutionalized patients have confirmed the beneficial effects of alcohol on sleep, appetite and general behavior.

Robert E. Kastenbaum and P. E. Slater, in *New Thoughts On Old Age* (Springer Publishing Company, New York, 1964, pages 191-204), make the point that among institutionalized geriatric patients there is a dearth of peer interaction and often social impoverishment. Two groups of twenty patients each were studied for a month. One group was given one or two glasses of wine daily, the other grape juice. The interviewers and observers did not know which beverage their group was receiving. After three weeks the groups were switched for a similar period that was followed by an extended free choice period. Appropriate psychological tests were made on each patient before and after treatment periods. In both groups there was marked increase in social interaction; these changes were more evident in the wine groups.

In another study, reported in *The American Journal of Nursing* (1967, Vol. 67, pages 100-103), Kastenbaum and A. Volpe gave a bottle of beer daily and what they called TLC (tender loving care) to a ward of thirty-four senile men. After two months the whole atmosphere of the ward was changed compared to the preceding one month's observation period. The number of men with urinary retention problems dropped from twenty-six to nine; jacket restraint (required in twenty-six before the new regimen) dropped to four, and the number of ambulatory patients rose from seven to twenty-five.

In a similar study conducted by A. L. Black, "Altering Behavior in Geriatric Patients with Beer," *Northwest Medicine* (1969, Vol. 68, pages 453-458), thirty-four patients were evaluated on the basis of seventy-five descriptions of behavior. They were divided into two groups, one given beer, the other fruit juices. The groups were switched at the end of four weeks. The beer groups became more alert, friendly and communicative, with deterioration in these characteristics when the daily ration of beer was stopped.

C. P. Chien, in "Psychiatric Treatment for Geriatric Patients: Pub or Drug?" *American Journal of Psychiatry* (1971, Vol. 127, pages 1070-1075), reports on two studies carried out among institutionalized patients in which beer or wine was offered in a pub atmosphere. In the first study with geriatric patients, four groups of ten patients each received beer, fruit punch, fruit punch plus thioridazine (a psychiatric drug), and thioridazine alone; all but the last group had access to a pub setting. The beer group showed the greatest improvement, the two thioridazine groups next, suggesting that the pub atmosphere alone was not the critical factor. Chien, in another study, "Beer and Wine as Incentives in a Work Therapy Program," *Hospital Community Psychiatry* (1973, Vol. 24, pages 99-101), gave beer or wine in a pub setting to a work group of marginally psychotic patients; a control group of equal size received no beer and met in a businesslike setting. The beverage group tended to perform consistently better, but the differences were not great.

These studies suggest that in many geriatric and marginally psychotic patients, favorable effects, both physical and psychological, accompany the therapeutic use of mild alcoholic beverages, especially in a situation where group interaction is fostered.

"Wherever one goes, the other goes."

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MIKE DOUGLAS

continued from page 61

though he is only in third grade, but he has the loneliness bright children often suffer.

In Mike he seems, like everyone else, to have found a friend. Mike holds businessmen from New York who've come for lunch—important people, sponsors—to finish a game he had started with Mason before the show. Mike is sincerely interested. There are no cameras around, and when he leaves the set, a terrible sort of dullness falls. Mason looks around bewildered. The musicians put their instruments down. It is not just the departure of the star. Mike has touched everyone. The audience—between takes—has been putty in his hand. "I've lost fifteen pounds," he explains to them with the warmth of a man who understands his audience is overweight too. Then he leans a little closer, "I've been terrified my pants were going to fall down." The grandmothers howl. It has been a ninety-minute program. But people look around as if to say, "Can't we have some more?"

Tomorrow they can have some more. Claire Abate, an ageless blonde, will be at the front desk with a ticker, counting bodies. "She ought to be a judge," says one of the doormen, "she can make hanging sound so pleasant." What he means is that of all the hundreds who fight for tickets to the show, somebody is bound to be disappointed and Claire will soothe the wound. She will marshall the guests to their seats, smiling with human teeth while the celebrities will be giving out with their aggressively nice choppers. And Claire will perch herself on a barstool behind the orchestra to watch the show, her mouth slightly open as if she had never seen M.D. and all the stars that round him burn. She has been watching from that perch for years now, and somebody says once she was so gravely ill physicians despaired of her life. "It's all just sort of wonderful for her now, as if she were home free," says a friend.

Mike has come a long way from Don McNeill's "Breakfast Club" and Kay Kyser's "Kollege of Musical Knowledge," where he had his beginnings. "I learned a lot from them, but I don't think I've imitated them. I don't think I've plagiarized from anybody," he says, considering, examining himself as he would before entering the confessional, careful not to suggest to anyone that he is "an original." He was once the voice of Prince Charming in the Disney film, and the producer said of Mike, "He can sing, but he can't talk." Someone has suggested that as long as Mike remembers that he'll have the best talk show on television. Mike talks beautifully, of course. But that is something smart conversationalists keep to themselves.

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JAPAN

continued from page 128

The plot thickens and curdles as the captain of Team A is jogging along a road, and Team B's members, armed with bamboo swords and a net, waylay the guy and attack. Just as they are about to dash his brains out on the curb, a member of Team B who is not in on the assassination attempt comes to the rescue—flipping the villains through the air in all directions. In the process, he discovers that these are his own teammates and that he has allowed Team A's captain to escape with only a wounded arm. Next scene: the *dojo* (judo practice hall). Our hero is ostracized for aiding, abetting (and probably betting on) the enemy, and his "friends" kick him to the ground. Whereupon someone from Team A runs by and slashes the arm of Captain B with a knife. Ah, so, the score is even. Team B and its coach bid a respectful adieu to the slasher and accept the inevitability and "rightness" of his act. Last scene: Captains A and B, their arms in slings, refuse to default, and face each other in mortal combat. To be continued next week.

March 10. Today is Hiroko's wedding. She is twenty-five and Mrs. Hagiwara's youngest sister. We arrived at the famous Meiji Shrine and were led into a smallish room lined with chairs. The two families sat down on either side, facing each other coldly like feuding Hatfields and McCoys, and sipping their ceremonial saltwater with cherry blossoms floating in it. When someone of rank entered, everyone jumped up and bowed like those mechanical birds which dip their beaks into glasses of water. All the married women wore decorated black kimonos; the unmarried (if they were not in Western dress) wore bright kimonos in pinks and blues; the bride was in a Western gown; the men in black suits or tails. After much to-do over me, a foreigner, we all paraded into the marriage hall for a Shinto ceremony and dancing. We filed out ten minutes later to pose for a wedding portrait, and then into the banquet room—where there was a long delay at the door as each family urged the other to enter first. I watched the jockeying for seniority with amused detachment—I, as the newest family member, would be the last in. Once seated at long tables, we listened with drooping eyelids to long-winded congratulations by friends and the middleman who arranged the wedding. On and on they droned, their words accompanied by a new dish of food, another drink of some sort—all moving by as if on a conveyor belt. Meanwhile, the bride and groom listened to all this with glazed eyes and finally Hiroko went out and returned Miss America style in a ceremonial kimono and formal wig. More eating and talking—then suddenly it

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was all over, as if the waitresses had pulled the tablecloth out from under us. I sat in the waiting room as all the relatives ran furiously about with no intent, waiting for the bride and groom to change and leave to go bowling (how romantic) before their honeymoon to Kyushu. It was entertaining to watch all the *wasa-wasa* (confusion) of too many people packed into this marriage factory that is Meiji Shrine. There were thirty marriages going on at the same time, according to the bride's father, and he said it was a good idea to stick close to your group so as not to end up at the wrong wedding (or maybe even marrying the wrong person?).

March 11. Mrs. Hagiwara and I spent the morning sitting on the couch eating dried persimmons and talking about the Japanese onomatopoeia. She told me about several expressions that sound like what they describe: *gusha-gusha*, walking through mud; *peco-peco*, upset stomach; *gabo-gabo*, drinking too much water; *hiri-hiri*, a burning sensation; *bura-bura*, fooling around; *petcha-petcha*, chattering.

March 15. The only thing worth mentioning today is Bunraku, the puppet play I attended at the National Theater, a new cultural colossus that looks like a floating pagoda. I was prepared for a couple hours of theater, but not the *eight* scheduled in the program. The whole stage was new to me; a side platform which seats samisen players and the reciters who chant the dialogue. On stage, each two-and-a-half-foot puppet is manipulated by three men dressed in black kimono and hoods. It was hard for me to get used to so many people on stage at once, but by the end of the performance, I wasn't aware of anything but the puppets themselves. I was bored during long scenes of incomprehensible babblings and no action—as, apparently, was the Japanese audience which generally snored loudly or ate rice and pickles during slow sequences (the language in Bunraku is so antiquated that it is mostly incomprehensible to Japanese as well). Still, a very strange and moving dramatic experience.

March 17. The first in a long line of "kamikaze" colds—and practically incurable. I am in good company, though: practically half of all commuters sniffle off to Tokyo throughout the winter season. And just as college infirmaries cater to mononucleosis, so a Japanese doctor caters to colds. One can't complain too much—the price of treatment and medicine is about four dollars. At my particular doctor's, no appointment required (I don't think there was even a phone). The office was bare and worn by thousands of feet in slippers. Typically, the place is freezing, so if you don't have a *kaze* (cold) coming in, you will going out. The doctor has yellow teeth and lots of gold caps, a white coat, slippers (which made me think he got out of bed to see me, though I know differently), *and* a trusty mirror strapped to his head (I hadn't seen one of those

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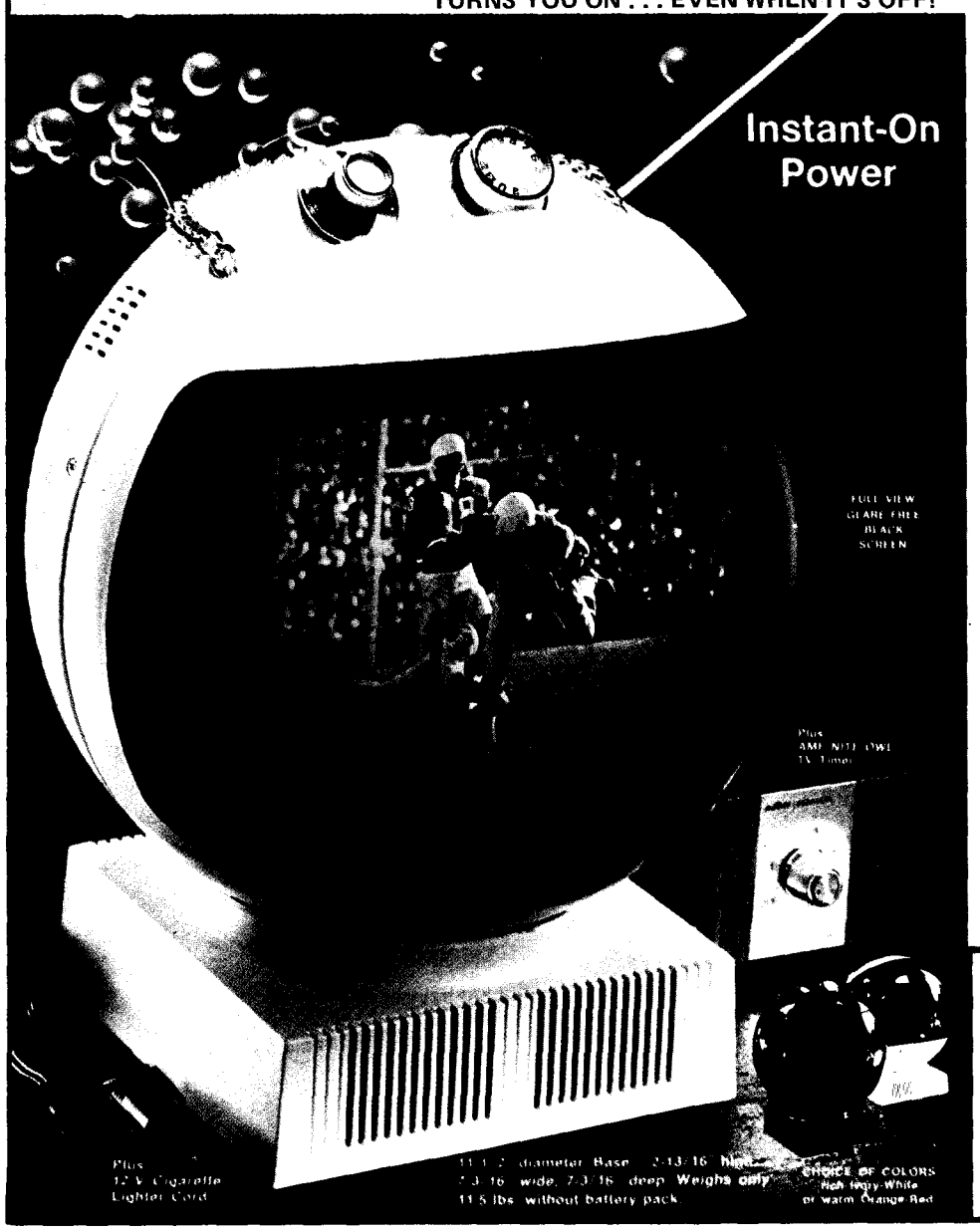
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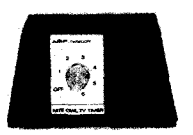

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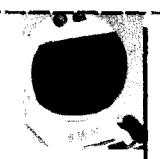

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since my last "Gunsmoke" with Doc Adams). The instruments reminded me of tea ceremony utensils—each probably an artistic achievement in itself and venerated and handled lovingly by generations of doctors. Despite all this, somewhere, deep in Tokyo, Japanese surgeons are unslanting eyes and transplanting hearts and kidneys and retinas.

March 20. Mrs. Hagiwara invited me to attend her Wednesday morning tea ceremony lesson with an eighty-two-year-old master. We practiced the routine several times at home so that I would be no embarrassment. I laboriously memorized "*Otema o chodai itashimasu*" (roughly, thanks for the tea) on the bus. Finally, in front of the teahouse in Yokohama somewhere, we rinsed our hands with water from a bamboo scoop. After we formally fondled the tea bowls, the Sensei prepared the bitter green tea, whipped it up, and placed a bowl of it in front of me. I remembered the ritual, thank goodness; picked it up with both hands, turned the cup twice toward me with the right hand, drank from it three times and finished it on the fourth, turned the bowl twice away from me, and set it down. The most difficult part was to maintain the required posture of sitting on one's legs. After thirty minutes, mine were asleep so that I had to crawl out the door when I took my leave. They, meanwhile, would continue to sit quite comfortably in the same position for three hours after I departed.

March 22. I left early for judo so I could visit a nearby landscape garden. I thought the park was a small one, and so it looked from the entrance. On one side it was threatened by the concrete girders of the Korakuen Baseball Stadium and on another by an ugly pink apartment building shaded by carefully manicured trees. I thought that a toothpick dropped on a bridge from the bleachers would be sufficient to destroy it. I was surprised later that the place seemed so large—so large in fact that I lost the feeling of claustrophobia in concrete. The Japanese are clever at that. They can make a three-foot plot seem like a full-fledged park by clever placement of path, rocks, and plants. The paths are winding and surrounded by dense foliage so that you're never aware that you are continually doubling back on yourself.

March 29. Now is the time to see all kinds of Japanese raised under different standards and coexisting—trying to make sense of things from their own points of view. The older people quietly talk among themselves, bow low, and utter a goodly amount of *gozaimasu* (very polite form of speech). Even though an eighty-year-old woman might impale you on her umbrella at rush hour, there is still a distinct aura of the past trailing on the fringes of her kimono. Those of the 30's and 40's are different. They wear Western clothes most of the time; they take care of their parents who might well live with them. The wives are charming, at-

This is the ad the Racing Form refused to print!

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Here I sit, trying to write about Larry Voegele. And all the while I'm working and sweating, the guy I'm writing about is out at the racetrack. Not a worry in the world—and probably making more money in a day than I make in a week.

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What's more, he went on a live radio show (The Pete Smith Show on KMPC, February 20, 1971) and did something that had never been done before. Mr. Smith really threw it to him: asked him to pick the winners in the 7 races that were being run at Santa Anita, while the program was on the air. Two out of seven would have been good enough to show a profit. Three would have been phenomenal. Larry Voegele picked *five!*

If he'd been at the track betting, say $20 on each race, he would have picked up a cool $404 . . . net profit! Not bad for an afternoon's "work."

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Why? Because you'll *know* more than 95% of the people who go to the track—and you're betting against *them!* The money they lose, *you'll* win! The track and the state take their cut, but there's plenty to go around.

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He's a college graduate. He was the editor of a newspaper. He was a legislative assistant to a congressman. He was a stockbroker, working for a major Wall Street firm. *Was* because he found out that investing in horse races was *safer*—and more profitable—than trying to beat the Bulls and the Bears at their own game.

And that's the secret of his book. He approaches handicapping as a *professional*. It's *scientific*. No "hunches." No "tips." No so-called "systems."

It isn't even "inside information." Just simple, hard *facts*. Facts that *anyone* could see if they knew what to look for. In short, if they knew what Larry Voegele knows—and tells in his book.

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Then if you do *exactly* as he says, step by step . . . if you don't get reckless or greedy . . . you'll be on your way to the kind of life you want.

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Ever heard of an offer like that? No. But there's never been a book like this either.

As to the price—*if* you decide to keep the book. Frankly, we didn't know what to charge. It isn't just paper and ink. It's *information*. Facts that dozens of people have paid $200 to gain—and were satisfied to pay.

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Winning at the horse races, traveling first class and living in the best hotels may not be your idea of fun. As for me, I think it sure beats working for a living. See you at the track.

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tractive, shy, quick to laugh, and usually study tea ceremony, *ikebana,* calligraphy. That is what is expected of an affluent middle-aged housewife. She may tire of the avaricious ways of her children, but she always is free with the yen when they beg. She seems comparatively "modern" and Western until Papa comes home. She hangs by his elbow, serves him his meals, and generally fulfills his every request. No matter what time he comes home, she is expected to await him at the door with tea and dried fish. Papa himself is all business. He wears his Rotary pin and company pin with pride; he gives his company the allegiance once his Emperor's. Every night is a night out on the expense account (if he's an executive)—and often in the security of a group of men from the same company. You can see them in trains, seven or eight in dark suits and thin ties, pointed shoes, and long underwear barely noticeable inside their cuffs. They all stand up until there is enough room to sit down together (which is never). Then, when Papa comes home, he gets out the golf clubs and practices for a while. The kids try to look through him and his clubs to see the TV.

The unfortunate in-betweeners (twenty-five to thirty-five years old) were raised either by indecisive parents or by traditional parents until their teen years and then more "modernly" from then on. They are not sure which group to identify with, so they hang on the border. Many of them feel obligated to the family, but at the same time are not satisfied with life at home. The "uncertains" are transitional: they put up with the traditional go-between system, but they feel free to decline marriage proposals arising from it and tend to use it just to date the opposite sex. Unmarried uncertains escape to work and cigarettes.

Those under twenty-five are quite prepared for most anything, but Japan is not really quite ready for them. Their parents have reacted to their own strict upbringing by being permissive with these children—who are not particularly guided by the mores of the Orient or the Western World. Parents are almost afraid of their offspring—afraid to be wrong or old-fashioned in their handling of them. The truth is that the children seem to suffer more from this indecision than they would from a misguided but firm approach. So the kids have no discipline and little sense of Japaneseness. They have lost all power to discriminate, and in an absence of quality, quantity is next best. They are blandly and not creatively imitative.

I certainly can't give up on the Japanese though, knowing the ones I do. They will someday recover from this overreaction, the youth will lead a "back to the grass roots" campaign, and hopefully what is being lost now will be regained. *("My Two-Year Flirtation with Japan" by Sandra Ser-Vaas will be continued in the next issue of* The Saturday Evening Post.)

There's going to be a cold, dreary day pretty soon, when you'll wish you'd listened to us.
Maybe it will be a day when the sky's like wet cement and the wind's so mean it makes your ears ache. Or when you're jolted by that cold slither of rain somewhere between your coat collar and your neck.
That's when you'll wish you'd paid attention. That's when you'll wish it were summer again.
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NEW WORLDS

continued from page 21

into pessimism and despair.

I have by no means exhausted my personal list of basic management principles that are insufficiently honored in the conduct of our national affairs. But, for reasons of space, I should like to stop with number nine instead of rounding out the list at ten.

The last principle summarizes everything I have said. It is that the means we use are always at least as important as the ends we seek.

It is easy to establish good intentions by passing a law, establishing a program and appropriating funds. But good intentions are useless unless they are backed by good management, and good management is never easy.

The worst mistake of all is to conclude that ends automatically justify means. No goal—not even public health or national security—can ever be so important that it must be pursued at any cost. By cost, I mean cost not only in terms of money but also in terms of such basic values as due process, individual liberty and personal integrity.

Reasonable men will always disagree over ultimate goals. But reasonable men can all agree on rules and methods that make it possible to resolve their differences in a fair and orderly manner and to live and work together in spite of conflicting values and interests. What makes a society truly civilized is not so much the quality of its ideals as the strength of the codes of conduct that govern its people in their workaday lives and daily relationships with each other.

We all need a sense of purpose to give meaning to our lives. But whatever new worlds we set out to conquer—whether as individuals, or members of an organization or as citizens of the nation—we should keep in mind that the way we go about it from day to day is as important as the purpose we seek in the end.

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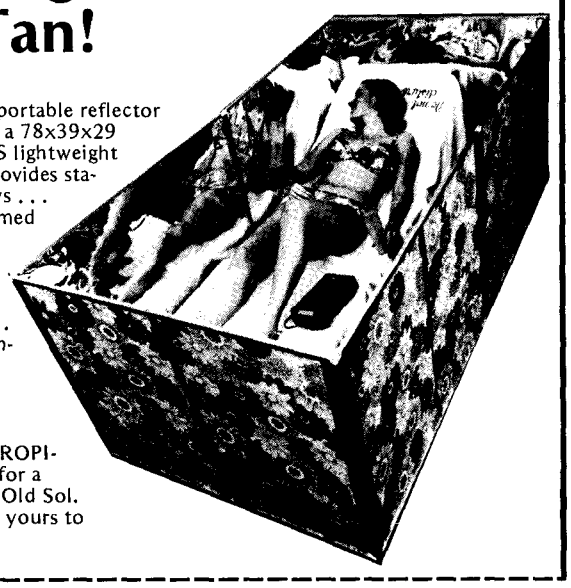

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Starkey Flythe, Jr.

A couple of years ago, a manuscript came to this office from Georgia. Among other things, it was convulsingly funny. It was about a transcontinental bus trip, and hence we knew that we were hearing from a masochist, a philosopher, and a man who knows the value of a penny saved. We also were hearing from a writer of writers, we could well see. The author's name was Starkey Flythe, Jr., one of those pure Anglo-Saxon Appalachian names, give or take 200 years, straight from the English countryside.

Many of the sentences in that article (which ultimately appeared in *Holiday* magazine, also published by Curtis) were not funny: they were overwhelming. "If you really want to find out about America, go into your room and lock the door behind you." "That is an unwritten law of the road: when a woman with children boards a bus the number must be eight." "It was at Laguna Beach I stepped, at last, into the Blue Pacific. . . .Where were the sweet potatoes that sprouted from the ground as they had when Sherman marched to that other sea? Out here, if they come up, they are bound to be plastic."

We telephoned Starkey Flythe. A soft southern voice answered. Islands in the mist off the Georgia coast. Plantations shrouded in Spanish moss. We invited him to come to Indianapolis and visit us.

He came, the Lord save us, by bus. And that was something we had to learn about Starkey. He is not for this world's wonders, for the world itself is wonder enough for him.

Now Starkey Flythe is the Assistant Managing Editor of the *Post*. He never went home again. Home to the law office in Augusta where he had worked. Home to the literary journals of the South, that heartland of superb writers where his Flythes of legato and staccato prose are not unhonored among worshippers of Wolfe and Faulkner. Last year his name appeared in the O. Henry Collection of Best Short Stories, the finest in American writing. His byline has appeared in national magazines as well as in the more closely guarded publications of academia. His short stories have appeared in the *Post*, more often his regular articles on such as Sonny and Cher, the piece on John Denver, and the cover story in this issue on Mike Douglas.

The Flythe technique is uncompromising. After reading one of his articles you know a little more about yourself than before you began: and so, you may be sure, does the subject of his scrutiny. There are sharp edges in them, but poetry hangs close over the knife's edge, and Starkey Flythe's hard blue eye softens ever so slightly as the snickersnee swings past the sticking point. If there's good to be found in his subject, it bubbles zigzag to the top of the sentences, having survived the keenest scrutiny this side of the west bank of the Suwannee River.

On Sonny and Cher: "Believable. . . And it is familiar. As much in one's own life as on the television screen. Repetition until it becomes recognition. She puts him down. He takes it. Ditto. Encore. But she's so beautiful, and he's so lovable. Who can be cynical about the performance?"

Starkey still travels, both literally and metaphorically, by bus. Plane tickets and rented cars are his for the asking, but somehow when the trip to interview the celebrity or the unknown-about-to-be-celebrated is over, a bus seems to crop up somewhere in Starkey's conversation. Sometimes the bus has astral connotations. Starkey served a hitch in the Air Force which took him to Ethiopia, tracking missiles in the sky only a league away from his opposites in a Russian army station. His travels are wide, yet for Starkey they are not really so. He only seems to be visiting his home in London, or going down the road a piece to look in at Athens. He is truly a citizen of the world. Home is where he hangs his hat, which he does not wear.

"Would you mind brushing your hair before we shoot the picture?" asked the photographer who took the above.

"I just did," said Starkey, the master of disarray in array.

You see what we mean? Words fail us about Starkey Flythe, as they never fail him. If you study the face of our Assistant Managing Editor, you may find the secret there of a man who, somehow or other, was disappointed by the Pacific Ocean but remembered the sweet growing things crushed under the hoofs of Sherman's merciless cavalry on the march to that other sea.

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In view of the multitude of good things about America—of which the POST proudly and frequently makes mention—we are not about to shriek "Crime Wave" from the housetops. But please note that THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has easily become The Most Stolen Magazine of our time. It is the apple of the eye, the purl in the smile, of filchers, smoochers, swipers, and just plain people who know a good thing when they see it. This magazine is the most treasured publication of today. Tomorrow it will increase in value, into tomorrows when it will become an heirloom possession.

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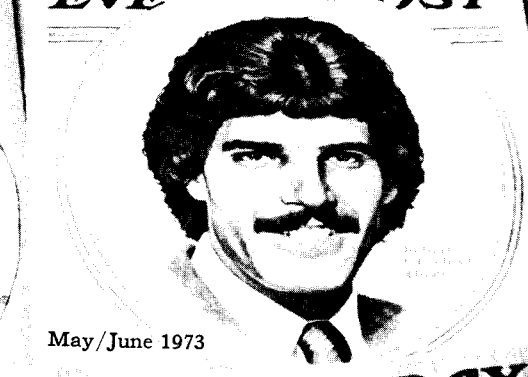

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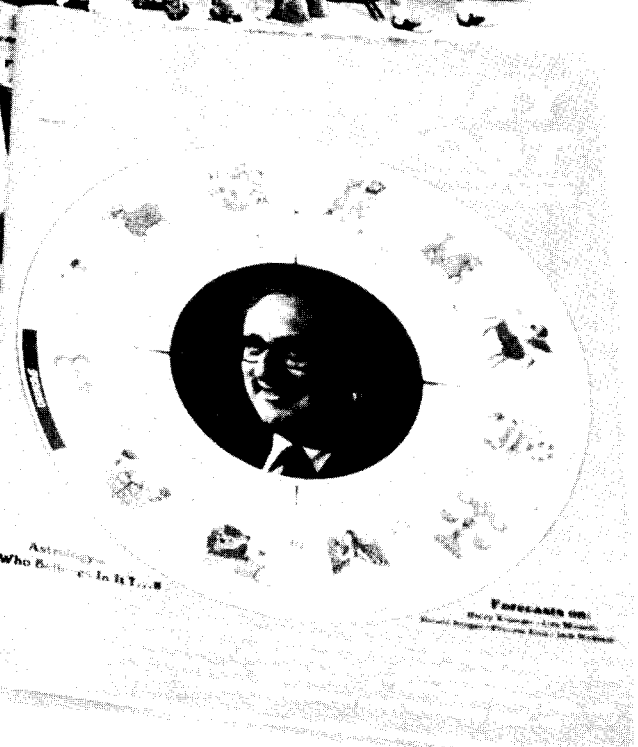

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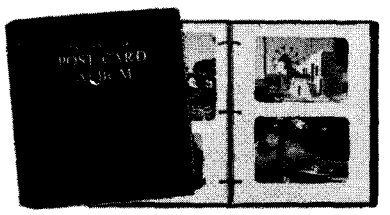
Post Shopper



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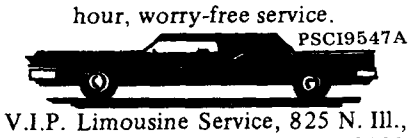

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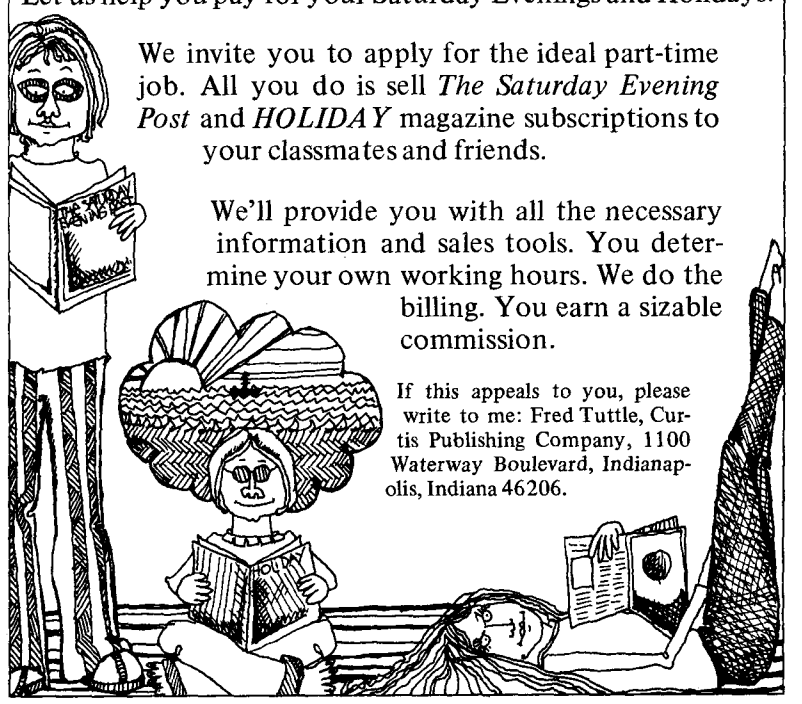

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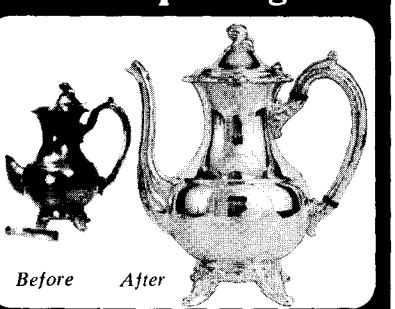

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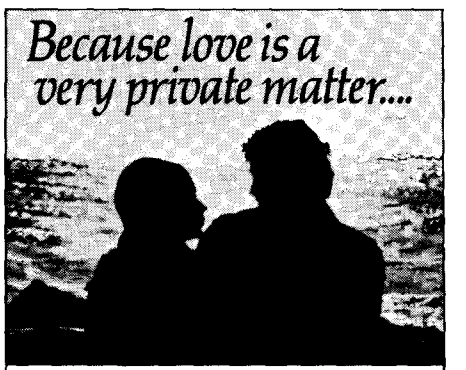

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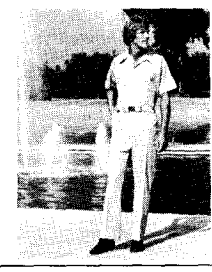

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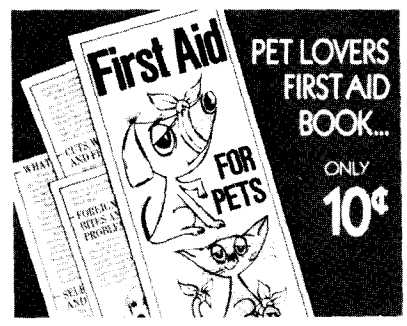

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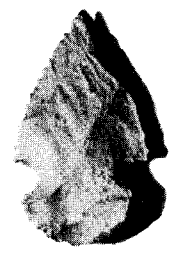

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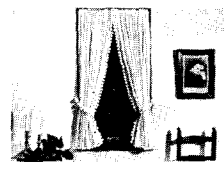

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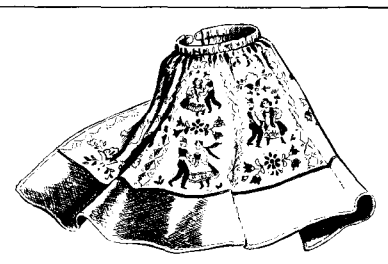

BALLOONING

continued from page 75

envelope in the balloon's basket or gondola.

In regions where balloons are seldom seen, a flight can cause considerable confusion. One was sighted a few months ago in northern Oregon by a farmer's wife who was outdoors feeding her chickens. Mistaking the aeronaut's friendly greeting for a distress signal, she frantically telephoned the local sheriff's office, which in turn requested the assistance of a National Guard helicopter; after searching for some time and investigating still more reports of a downed balloon, the officers found nothing. Nothing, that is, till someone located the balloon being hauled uneventfully away in a pickup truck, evidently following a routine landing.

Many farmers will provide transportation for the pilot and balloon back to the farmhouse to await the arrival of the balloonist's own chase vehicle. These vehicles are a most essential part of a pilot's equipment; landing at the same field from which you ascended is highly improbable.

After you've participated in an ascension, you may be quickly infected with ballooning fever. What then? First step should be to contact the Balloon Federation; its staff will supply names of the five American balloon manufacturers who will direct you to the nearest dealer or instructor. Most makers have a basic price of about $5,000 for a two-or-three-person balloon classified AX-6 with a 60,000 cubic foot displacement. (Hot-air balloons are designated "AX" and are subclassified from the smallest, AX-1, to the largest, AX-10.) This doesn't include a chase vehicle, of course, nor supplementary apparatus such as the gas- or electric-powered blowers for assisting inflation favored by some balloonists, nor a two-way radio communication system. It does cover the envelope—which may be sewn in almost any color combination of a high-tenacity, flame-resistant nylon or other synthetic—the steel-reinforced, rattan wicker basket or aluminum-fiberglass gondola, propane tanks, the burners which develop from four to six million BTU's per hour, and essential instruments such as a pyrometer for measuring heat at the envelope's apex, a compass, altimeter and rate-of-climb gauge. One manufacturer also throws in two helmets.

There are only two categories of ballooning licenses: student and commercial. Student pilots must be at least sixteen years old and understand the English language. The beginner must also qualify for a third-class medical certificate and is required to obtain a student-pilot certificate from an FAA inspector or designated pilot examiner. The student may fly only with a licensed instructor. He also may not carry passengers or accept payment for flying.

Once the student reaches the commercial pilot level (requirements are presently being upgraded by the FAA), he—or she—has passed a stiff test on the general operation of free balloons, weather conditions in the United States, analyzing weather maps and practical navigation problems. He must have completed no fewer than eight training flights averaging one hour in length with at least six of these under the supervision of an approved instructor, one flight in control to 5,000 feet, and one solo flight.

The student must also demonstrate proficiency in the following: ground handling and inflation, preflight checks, takeoffs, ascents, descents and landings. In addition, he must show an ability to exercise good judgment while flying, avoiding critical situations and observing accepted operational practices for whatever flight conditions present themselves. Some instructors believe that a student shouldn't solo until the instructor could confidently entrust his own child to the student's skill.

Flight training can cost as little as $350 if taken as a club member or as much as $1,000 if arranged privately. As of this writing, schools are located in Michigan, California, Massachusetts, North Carolina, Texas, Idaho, Minnesota, Iowa, Colorado and Alaska with more openings expected.

"Professor" Charles E. MacArthur of Tolland, Connecticut, teaches an adult education class in aerostation at the local high school, where the curriculum features construction of a full-sized balloon and handwoven basket. The test pilots, though, are nonhuman, just as were the sheep, duck and rooster who flew for the Montgolfier brothers preceding the first manned ascension. MacArthur has a standard 85-foot-tall balloon for student flights.

When at last you've successfully fulfilled requirements for your commercial license, you'll be free to soar into the blue as often as you wish, weather permitting. You may then concur with the opinion of the Contessa di Campello Della Spina who in 1907 made a honeymoon flight with her husband over the Apennines from Rome to San Severino Marche. "It is the sport of the gods!" she exclaimed.

Who, among the world's lucky balloonists, could disagree with that? ✿

> Life in the twentieth century is like a parachute jump: you have to get it right the first time.
>
> *Margaret Mead*

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Chevrolet

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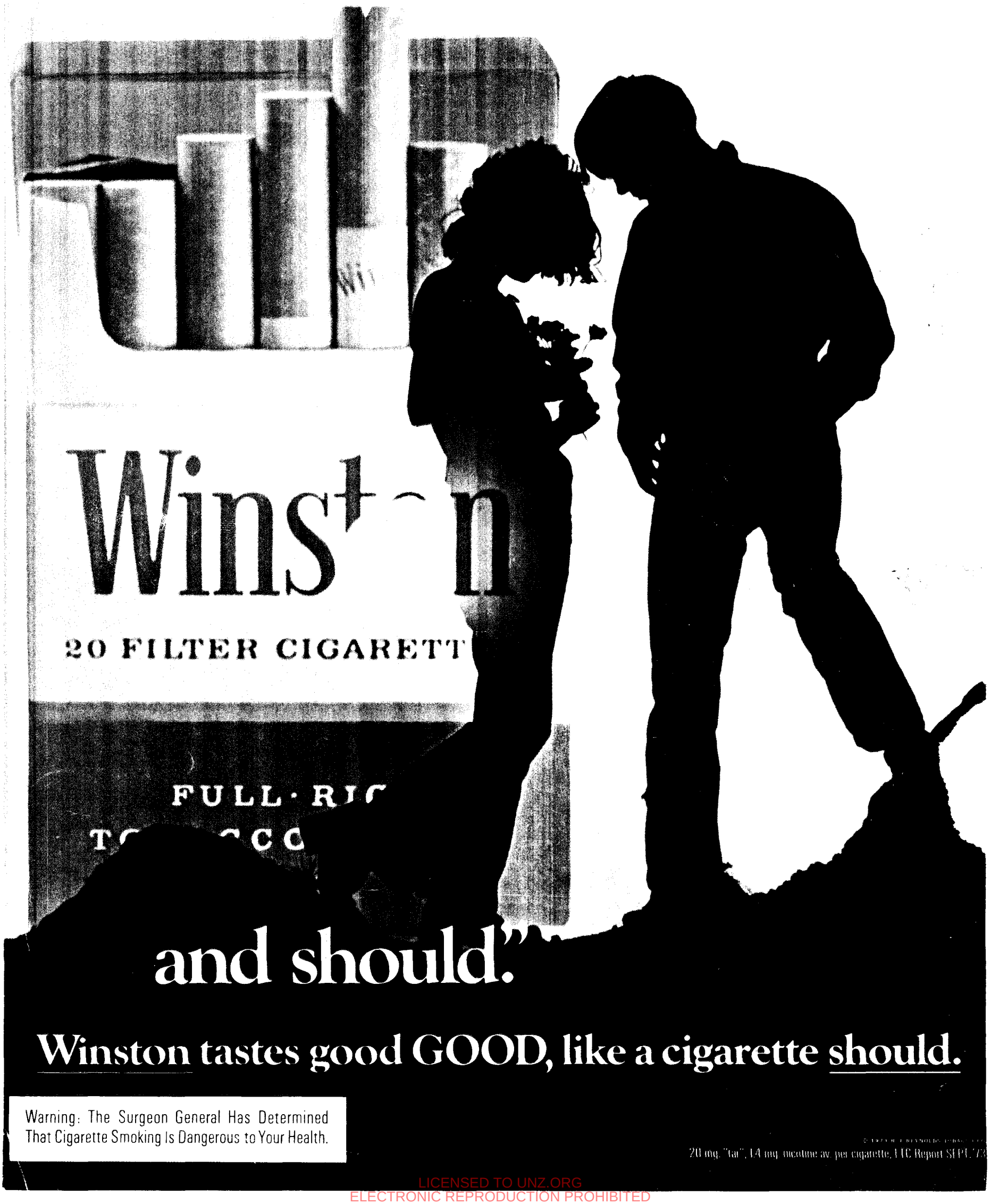
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